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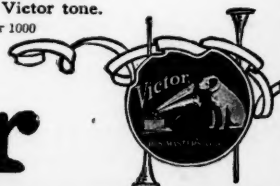
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Vol. XIV

SMITH'S MAGAZINE

No. 6

A PUBLICATION FOR THE HOME

CONTENTS

FOR - MARCH - 1912

Cover Design	H. M. Bunker	
Theatrical Art Studies Sixteen New Portraits of Footlight Favorites.		821
The Heritage—A Complete Novel Illustrated by G. C. Pugsley.	Eleanor Mercein Kelly .	837
Kinship—A Poem	George Foxhall .	870
Vindication—A Story Illustrated by H. J. Peck.	Marie Manning .	871
My Heart—A Poem	Delia Ellen Champlin .	879
The Jollier—A Story Illustrated by Robt. A. Graef.	Edward Boltwood .	880
According to Law—A Story Illustrated by Sigurd Schou.	Paul R. Martin .	887
On Giving Vent to Wrath—A Sermon .	Charles Battell Loomis .	894
In Worlds Not Realized—A Serial Illustrated by Mayo Bunker.	Anne O'Hagan .	895
Consolations of a Ne'er-Do-Much A Nautical Ballad. Illustrated by Hy. Mayer.	Wallace Irwin .	920
Better Than Precious Ointment—A Story Illustrated by R. Emmett Owen.	Anne Leighton .	922
Prexy's Niece—A Story Illustrated by Clarence Rowe.	Edwin L. Sabin .	931
Company for Dinner—A Story Illustrated by E. C. Caswell.	Marion Short .	939
Sun Upon Snow—A Poem	Jeannie Pendleton Eving .	948
The Idol's Cost—A Story Illustrated by R. E. Snodgrass.	Alma Martin Estabrook .	949
A Song—Verse	William F. McCormack .	954
Backing Sprott for a Winner—A Story Illustrated by Victor Perard.	Holman F. Day .	955
At Parting—Verse	L. E. Johnston .	966
Across the Footlights	Howard Fitzalan .	967
The Guest of Honor—A Story Illustrated by R. Emmett Owen.	Fanny Byrne .	973
A Lesson in Facial Massage Illustrated with Photographs.	Dr. Lillian Whitney .	980

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MARCH, 1912

NUMBER 6





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In "The Siren"

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MME. NAZIMOVA
In "The Marionettes"

THE HERITAGE



By
**Eleanor
Mercein
Kelly**

ILLUSTRATED BY G. C. PUGSLEY

IT seemed to young Macgillivray, clinging to a strap in his usual rôle of onlooker, that everybody in the crowded car, in the crowded world, for that matter, had some cause for laughter except himself. The day was one of those that come to Kentucky in late October, reminiscent of April, full of warm, blowing sunshine, and fragrance, and an indescribable *joie de vivre*. It is weather that has left its impress upon the nature of Kentuckians. All about him men were slapping each other on the back, and exchanging banal jocosi-ties; a group of young women, still in flowery summer dresses, chatted and laughed together musically, their soft voices rising and falling endlessly upon the endless theme of "him." Macgil-livray looked and listened with a sick distaste growing upon him. He was be-yond the reach of the buoyant weather, wrapped in the influence of his own scowl.

These were the people among whom he had chosen to cast his lot, these silly, superficial chatterers who were unable to recognize a gentleman unless he brought letters of reference, like a dis-charged servant. In his ignorance, he had at first mistaken their volatile cor-diality for kindness, their lack of re-serve for simple warmth of heart.

"Southern hospitality—bah!" he said to himself, and shivered.

Many were the glances that dropped

abashed before the coldness of the Mac-gillivray scowl. Towering by inches above any head in the car, the play of splendid muscles visible beneath a well-cut coat that had not yet had time to grow shabby, the young fellow had an unmistakable air of race and breeding that would have distinction except for a certain hangdog look about him. It is difficult, at twenty-two, to maintain the proper angle of the chin if the pockets are empty; and Macgillivray's were yawning caverns of emptiness, desolate even of the watch that had been his sole tangible inheritance from a father re-puted to be a millionaire.

It gave him sardonic amusement to recall the innocent pride of his going forth to show the world how simple a matter it was to redeem a tarnished name, if one went at it earnestly enough. Detecting pity in the offers of certain family friends, he had rejected them, kindly but firmly, explaining that he preferred to make his way quite unaided among strangers. "A selfmade man ——" The phrase had been very con-soling to him.

He had also pledged himself, non-chalantly, to pay off in a year or two such of his father's debts as had not been already covered by his own inher-itage from his mother. The family friends had protested, of course, point-ing out the unnecessary quixotism of the sacrifice he had already made. But

they had not smiled. Macgillivray envied them their self-control.

"A year or two!" Here, after weeks of the hardest work he had ever done in his life, he was returning to a third-class boarding house, without work, without a friend, without prospects, without money enough to pay his own ridiculous debt for a week's lodging. And he had learned a bitter lesson. The very name he was pledged to redeem had become a stumblingblock to the man who bore it.

"John Macgillivray—no relation, I suppose, to the Macgillivray of the Seaboard Insurance Company? Ah, yes. Sorry we can't do anything for you."

This was the phrase he had long ago schooled himself to expect from prospective employers.

The boy made an unconscious gesture of defeat.

"To-morrow I'll try the street-laboring gangs," he muttered to himself. "And I'll call myself John Jones."

Just then he became aware of an insistent, gentle tugging at his sleeve.

"C-could I please get by?" murmured a hopeful voice. "I've been trying to for a long time."

He turned, with an apology, to meet a pair of eyes that matched the voice. Out of a lined, sad, ugly face they peered up at him with the wistfulness of a young boy's. They belonged to an incredibly slender gentleman with straggling gray locks and a general appearance of helplessness. He was insinuating himself with meek persistence along the crowded aisle, peering ahead of him.

Macgillivray suddenly realized his objective point.

A few seats beyond, huddled as close as possible against the window, sat a young girl in a drooping hat that left visible only a knot of very black hair and the curve of a cheek that was growing very pink. Beside her sprawled a youth in a checkerboard suit, leering tipsily and exchanging pleased comments with a friend in the aisle.

"A peach, eh, Bill? Um—don't I just love frozen peaches! Whatcher biddin' for my seat? Well, you don't get it—not for fifty!"

He ducked to get a better view beneath the hat brim.

At that moment, the helpless-looking gentleman touched him on the shoulder.

"G-g-get up," he stammered. "I want that seat."

"I bet you do!" The other gave a genial roar. "Say, Bill, get on to Foxy Grandpa here, biddin' against you. Go 'way, you bad old man! Ain't you 'shamed? Say, sweetness"—he nudged the girl—"who'd you rather sit with—a man, or this here?"

The girl's cry rang through the car: "Take care, Timothy! He'll hurt you!"

But the helpless-looking one had already landed a tap on Checkerboard's ear, and Checkerboard rose with a joyous oath to do battle. Women shrieked. Men hurdled seats to get out of the way. The slender gentleman went down, but came up again promptly, bleeding at the nose. Checkerboard's friend was about to take a hand, when Macgillivray tossed him aside, crying, "Fair play, there!" At that moment, Checkerboard collapsed with a grunt, having received the point of a parasol full in the solar plexus.

"Don't you dare hit Timothy again! Don't you dare!" panted the girl, standing over him.

With some presence of mind, Macgillivray rang the bell.

"You'd better get off before this chap recovers," he suggested. "There might be complications—police, et cetera."

The girl whirled upon him, her black eyes flashing.

"Do you think for one moment that we're going to *run away*?"

"I think we'd better, really. My n-nose seems to be bleeding," murmured the slender gentleman. "Please come, Flower."

At the door she looked back rebelliously, and her eyes met Macgillivray's. They both burst out laughing. It was contagious. The car went on its way rocking with Homeric laughter, which verged upon hysteria when Checkerboard held up to view a fluffy pink parasol.

"Spoils o' war," he muttered sheepishly.

On an impulse, Macgillivray held out his hand for it.

"I'll take charge of that," he said.

Checkerboard looked him up and down truculently.

"Not on your life! You're pretty big, sonny, but you ain't much bigger'n me."

Macgillivray smiled at him.

"I don't need to be," he said pleasantly; and, somewhat to his own surprise, the parasol was surrendered without further parley.

The little incident served to restore his confidence to an astonishing degree.

"Guess I won't change my name, after all," he mused. "And the next time I ask anybody for anything, I'll grin at him," he added, unaware that he had stumbled upon a sound bit of practical psychology.

CHAPTER II.

At the door of his lodging house, a discouraged ex-mansion whose halls were haunted by a faint reminiscence of cabbage, occurred a contingency which Macgillivray had been trying for days to avoid. He met his landlady face to face. Any lover of beauty would have sympathized with his dismay. Everything about Miss Finnegan was unlovely, her appearance, her manner, the vague aroma that hung about her.

Nevertheless, as Macgillivray swiftly reflected, the unloveliest of landladies is better than none at all; and he at once put into practice his new theory of the smile. It was an appealing, uncertain sort of effort that should have melted the heart of the ordinary maiden lady; but Miss Finnegan had been in the lodging-house business for many years.

"I just been to your room," she announced grimly, "and I see you've took away your clothes." Macgillivray regretted the folly of leaving his impressive trunk unlocked. "I presume you'll be wishing to give up the room to-morrow, and I'll take last week's money now, if convenient. My gents always pays in advance."

"That's so—I forgot you last week, didn't I? How much is it?" he murmured, wondering what the trunk would bring at the pawnshop to which its contents had preceded it.

"Three dollars board. Fifty cents for daily use of bath. Fifty cents extry gas for cookin'," enumerated the relentless voice. "Fifty cents for cleanin' and pressin' them pants you got on. Four-fifty altogether. I'm a poor woman myself, and I got to pay my bills promptly."

Macgillivray thrust a desperate hand into his pocket and brought forth an unexpected dime. His eye brightened. He had a wild idea of asking her to accept it on account, but another glance at her deterred him. She was gazing fixedly at the forgotten parasol in his hand. A brilliant idea struck him. "Here," he said, thrusting it upon her. "I found this thing in a car, and brought it home for you."

Under his gaze a miracle occurred. Her eyes shone, her hard mouth relaxed into a smile, and he saw reflected dimly in her face, as in a dulled, distorted mirror, the prettiness of its youth.

"For me! Well, what d'ye know about that?" she murmured, stroking the pink silk with caressing hands. "Will ye look at the little ivory sticks of it, and the cute little bird carved on the handle! Say, I'd 'a' worked me fingers to the bone to buy me this a few years ago. And I'd 'a' looked good in it, too," she bridled. "But now—aw, g'wan wid ye! Wouldn't I look like a fool under a pink umbrella, wid me red hair and all?" She returned it to him with wistful reluctance. "Keep it yourself, and watch for the reward that'll be offered—unless you're too much the gentleman to take a reward?" she added, seeing his sudden flush.

"I shouldn't like to be tempted just now," he admitted, with a rueful laugh, taking advantage of her softened mood to gain the stairs.

But she called him back.

"Say, I'll trust ye one more week, and that's all," was her unexpected announcement. "Ain't you got you a job yet?"

Macgillivray flushed again. It was humiliating to discover that his misfortunes were the common property of the lodging house. He did not answer.

"I see you ain't," said Miss Finnegan. "Well, I been seein' what I could do for you. The manager of Jenkins' Shoe Parlors is me cousin. They'll be needin' an extry clerk for the holiday trade, and he'd be willin' to take one on now if he could find a good looker, a real swell dresser. Jenkinse's caters to the fash'nable trade. I says to him: 'Macgillivray's your man,' I says, 'if he'd only take that scowl off his face,' I says. Where you been clerkin'?"

"Nowhere," said the boy.

"Ain't you got no references?" she demanded.

"Rather the reverse."

"Oh, well, guess I c'd give you one meself," she said magnanimously, "seein' as how you wouldn't be handlin' much money. 'Tis a fine opportunity for any young gentleman. First thing ye know, you'll be fittin' shoes on all the society girls. And I wouldn't be surprised," she added, with a genial leer, "at anything that might happen!"

The boy winced. He had thought himself prepared for any sort of work that might offer itself, digging ditches, hewing rock, shoveling coal—anything that served to fill an aching void which he was not sure was his heart or his stomach. Muscles seemed to him an asset that no gentleman need be ashamed of. But selling shoes! What would the fellows think of this? Suddenly he remembered that "the fellows" were, no longer a part of his world. There was not a soul within a thousand miles who cared what he was doing, who knew him even by sight. A phrase that had long been current in his family came to him like an echo out of the past: "Where the Macgregor sits is always the head of the table."

"Thank you, Miss Finnegan," he said. "I'll apply at Jenkins' in the morning, and I'll do my best to live up to the reference you give me."

He entered the dingy hall bedroom he had so nearly lost with a new and pleasant sense of home-coming. There was

a glow of warmth about his heart as he realized that, after all, he was not quite alone, quite friendless in this cityful of strangers. Miss Finnegan had been "seeing what she could do for him." It was a rather curious state of mind for a young man who intended to make his way in the world without help from anybody. Vague thoughts of the universal brotherhood of the race flitted for the first time through his consciousness.

Presently his eyes dropped to the parasol, and the smile faded out of them. He stared at it dreamily.

"I should have liked to know that girl," he sighed after a while; and put the parasol away, with all it stood for, in the bottom of his empty trunk.

CHAPTER III.

There was a streak of Scotch thoroughness in Macgillivray's make-up that made it impossible for him to do things by halves. That he had managed to get through several years of college without distinguishing himself scholastically was due entirely to singleness of purpose. He had been unable to give his conscientious attention to both studies and athletics.

This singleness of purpose he applied to the matter of selling shoes, with such success that within a week, to his embarrassed chagrin, he was promoted to the Ladies' Department. Such a mixture of bland persuasiveness and determined deference had rarely been equaled in Jenkins' Shoe Parlors.

"That fellow," commented the pleased manager, "could sell tennis shoes to an old lady with corks legs."

Macgillivray viewed his own prowess with alarm. Perhaps this was his appointed place in the world, the fulfillment of his destiny. He began to picture a future of endless days filled with absurd, petty detail that left him more tired than a day in the football field; endless nights passed in Miss Finnegan's hall bedroom, with a book and the pink parasol for company.

Diligent search in the newspapers had failed to discover any advertisement for the parasol, and the boy had come to

look upon it as his own property. It served him like the Magic Carpet of the fairy tale; one glimpse of its fluffy pinkness, and his imagination was off to realms afar, wandering care-free among garden parties and the like, with charming girls who smiled upon him as a shoe clerk is rarely smiled upon. Although he was unaware of it, it was the pink parasol that kept him from forming affiliations with his all-too-willing fellow clerks.

One day he was summoned to wait upon a customer who was evidently a person of some importance, judging by the manager's manner toward her. Macgillivray glanced at her in some surprise. The manager was not usually impressive with shabby customers. Not very old, she gave the impression of being dressed in the costume of a past generation; voluminous black silk, a trifle frayed at the hem, a cape, a bonnet, and over one arm a large embroidered bag, which he recognized at sight as a reticule. Not very tall, she gave the impression of overtopping Macgillivray by several inches; and when she spoke, he understood at once the manager's empressment. Hers was a manner calculated to awe even the snobbery of salespeople.

"The younger Miss Jocelyn," she said, "will look at boots. Not the clumsy, thick-soled brogans that young women seem to affect nowadays, but something light and impractical, suitable for a gentlewoman."

"Aunt Margot, I believe I'll try these gilt slippers on first," murmured a voice near by. "Look! Aren't they darlings?"



"Don't you dare hit Timothy again! Don't you dare!"

Macgillivray's heart gave a leap, and sank heavily. He knew the voice. It did not need his furtive glance to assure him that he was about to fit shoes upon the owner of the parasol. She was hovering over a show case, intent and eager. There was something elflike, curiously foreign, in her lithe, swift movements, her flashing eyes, the flushed olive of her cheeks. She offered a striking contrast to the lady of the reticule; yet there was some elusive resemblance, that made the relationship between them unmistakable.

"Gilt slippers, Flower!" exclaimed the older lady. "What in the world do you need of gilt slippers?"

The girl flashed round upon her.

"Need! Am I never to have anything I don't absolutely need?"

A look of pain crossed her aunt's face.

"I'm afraid they'll be expensive," she said in a low voice.

The girl was already turning her foot from side to side, admiring the effect of the little slipper upon it.

"See how well they fit, and how becoming they are! Of course they're expensive. Do I ever like anything cheap? Oh, aunty, please let me have them! Please, please!"

The other hesitated.

"You need walking shoes, dear—you need so many things. Have you set your heart on them?"

It was the psychological moment for a sale. But just then Macgillivray caught a glimpse of the older woman's footwear, shoes so cracked and worn that no amount of careful attention had been able to make them quite "suitable for a gentlewoman." He committed an unpardonable error in salesmanship. He laid the gilt slippers aside.

"Walking shoes, I think you said, madam?" he murmured.

The girl took no further interest in the proceedings, submitting listlessly to all her aunt's suggestions.

"Anything you like. They're all hideous," she sighed. Macgillivray could have shaken her with pleasure. Once she remarked, brightening: "I'll make Timothy buy me those slippers to-morrow!"

"My dear! That would hardly be suitable," reproved her aunt.

"But nothing I do ever is suitable," shrugged the girl.

Macgillivray accompanied them to the door with their purchase, trying to broach the subject of the parasol. He found this difficult to do. The girl had evidently not recognized him in his rôle of the self-effacing salesman; but what difference did it make now whether she recognized him or not? She had managed to obliterate the charm of her first impression.

"Here's 'Liphalet at last!" she exclaimed. "I've got your reticule, aunty, and the clerk's got your parcel. Do hurry into the carriage and let's get home."

Miss Jocelyn had paused on the curb to examine her coachman. He sat very erect upon the box of an ancient station wagon, between the shafts of which

dozed an ancient steed; the hat was correctly aslant upon his gray wool, he held his whip jauntily, like a lance at rest; but upon the dashboard were displayed a pair of enormous bare feet.

"Eliphalet, you're drunk again," remarked the lady. "I suppose you've mislaid your shoes somewhere?"

The negro squirmed uneasily.

"Waal, now, ol' miss," he began, in a thick and unctuous voice, "it was dis-away. I jes'——"

"Are you too drunk to drive?" interrupted the lady.

"Reck'n I is, ol' miss. You knows bes'."

"Very well. Get into the back seat, where Miss Flower can hold you in, and give me the lines."

"Oh, aunty!" gasped the girl. "Not downtown, with everybody staring!"

"The Jocelyns need never consider public opinion," replied her aunt; and before Macgillivray could offer his services, she had awakened the horse with a touch of the whip and driven off.

"Why, the game old sport!" he exclaimed, staring after her.

Then he remembered that he was still in possession of the parasol, and asked the manager for Miss Jocelyn's address.

"Jocelyn? Never heard of 'em. Ain't on our books," replied the manager. "Say, did you sell them number two gills out of the show case? Where are they, then?"

Subsequent search failed to reveal the whereabouts of the gilt slippers.

"Shoplifters," commented the manager briefly.

"Impossible! Oh, impossible!" exclaimed Macgillivray; but his mind kept reverting against his will to his last glimpse of the girl, with the commodious reticule over her arm, hurrying her aunt into the carriage. It gave him curious satisfaction to make good the loss of the slippers out of his own pocket; an act of folly that reduced his finances once more to the lowest possible ebb.

CHAPTER IV.

It became Macgillivray's custom to beguile the tedium of his weekly holidays by taking long strolls through the

city and its suburbs, an inexpensive form of amusement that appealed to his growing imagination. He found a rather lonely pleasure in studying the habits of the various neighborhoods he explored, and his investigations led to occasional pleasant acquaintanceships among the free lances of society—street urchins, and dogs, and babies of the go-cart age.

He also discovered for himself the personality of houses; old homes in whose shelter the race has mated and renewed itself through generations; new and frailer homes that suggested hope, and romance, and mortgages, and other building materials as flimsy. He learned to study their expressions as the physiognomist studies the faces of men and women; and the dwellers in them would have been surprised to learn how much he guessed of their secret histories.

One day he wandered into a little settlement that had not quite made up its mind whether it was city or country. Cows grazed rurally along the edges of new asphalt streets. A field of cabbages halted beside a group of blatantly modern colonial cottages, with the skeleton of the ubiquitous apartment house rearing itself in their midst.

In opposition to the apartment house stood a tall, gray mansion, gazing off across the roofs of the intruding cottages as proudly as it must once have gazed across its rolling acres. There was something uncompromising in its severe dignity of architecture, its lack of any frivolous adornment in the way of portico or gallery. Macgillivray had no difficulty in classifying it.

"Gentleman in reduced circumstances, probably Presbyterian," he decided.

But the little garden left to it was distinctly out of character. Riotous with late roses, with dahlias, and zinnias, and sunflowers, it laid daring fingers of ivy and honeysuckle upon the grim walls, as if determined to make them beautiful in spite of themselves. And upon a line stretched between two gnarled fruit trees, flapping their tiny arms wildly in the breeze, hung a row of baby dresses.

"What!" said Macgillivray aloud. "A baby in that house? Impossible!"

And he leaned over the fence to investigate.

Near the back door, he discovered an old negro man, bending rhythmically up and down over a washtub, in time to a hymn he was chanting. In a moment, the negro extracted another small garment from the tub, and hung it beside its fellows on the clothesline.

"Hello, uncle!" smiled Macgillivray. "What are you doing there?"

The negro straightened up and glared at him.

"I ain't no oncle, an' I's mindin' my own business."

"Curious business for a man to be minding, isn't it?" remarked Macgillivray, moving on.

Then he stopped. Around the corner of the house shambled an antique horse, which he recognized.

"Why," he exclaimed, "I believe you're Miss Jocelyn's coachman!"

The negro turned his back.

"Joseph! Come heah, you Joseph!" he called.

A dog of several conflicting species waddled fatly forward, sat down in front of Macgillivray, and growled.

"I wish you'd tell the younger Miss Jocelyn," said Macgillivray, "that I have a——"

The negro burst into oblivious song.

"I's gwine away
To hallie-hallelujah——"

A little muscle stood out on Macgillivray's jaw.

"I think I'll have to come over and teach you manners," he said, and vaulted the fence.

He had underrated the dog's ability. Joseph secured a businesslike grip upon his right leg, and settled down to hold it against all comers.

"Good Lord! My only trousers," groaned Macgillivray.

The negro cackled.

"Gwine to teach me manners, is you? Reck'n Joseph's gwine to teach you manners! I's done had about enough of you mashers, snoopin' roun' after my Miss Flo!"

But rescue was at hand—a flying

figure in a pink kimono, with dusky hair streaming nobly behind her.

"Liph, are you crazy?" she cried as she ran. "Pull Joseph off! Don't you see he's biting company?"

"'Tain't company," grumbled the negro. "'Tain't nobody we-all knows at all."

But he reluctantly removed the dog.

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" she apologized. "Joseph's only a cur, and, of course, he's a dreadful snob. Has he hurt you very much?"

"Not a bit—only my trousers," Macgillivray assured her.

She promptly went down upon her knees to inspect the damage.

"It isn't a very bad tear. I'm sure I can mend it so it will never show. Come with me," she said, and led the way to the house.

He followed, protesting uncomfortably. Eliphalet and the dog exchanged glances. Joseph accompanied them.

The girl left him alone for a moment in a great, bare drawing-room under the unwinking surveillance of Joseph and of a grim young gentleman who hung above the mantel.

"The Presbyterian himself, in youth," decided Macgillivray. "The girl accounts for the garden. But what about those baby dresses?"

In a moment his hostess came running back with a workbasket and a basin of water. He was rather flattered to observe that she had taken time to fasten up her hair. In demure silence, she applied herself to her task, sitting in front of him on a small footstool, her needle flying deftly in and out. The smooth, dark little head was very close to him, and he was seized with an insane desire to touch it, to twist one of the childish curls about his finger. The dog, as if reading his thoughts, moved closer.

"That's all right, old man—I won't," murmured Macgillivray hastily. "Your dog's disposition seems to be as serious as his name, Miss Jocelyn."

"Joseph? Auntie named him that because of his coat of many colors," she explained. "He does take his duties very seriously—ugly people always do. Ugh! Don't you *hate* ugly people?

There! Now you're mended. Roll up your trouser and let me bandage the wound."

Macgillivray leaped to his feet.

"Certainly not!" he exclaimed, startled out of his manners. "Really, I couldn't. No, thanks."

She tapped her foot.

"Men are very silly! Would you rather have blood poison?"

At that moment Eliphalet passed in the hall, glaring in.

"He's quite right—I ought to be going," thought the boy guiltily, and said aloud: "Thanks very much, but I never do have blood poison, really. I—I was about to tell your servant, when Joseph interfered, that I have some property of yours, Miss Jocelyn."

"Oh, my parasol!" She clapped her hands. "I hoped you would find it after I left the car. I'm so glad!"

"Why," he said, "you knew me, then?"

She laughed.

"Of course! You're not the sort girls forget. I wanted to speak to you at Jenkinses'," she added naively, "only I couldn't before aunty. She'd have died of the shock."

Macgillivray flushed with embarrassment for the girl. Her reference to the shoe shop startled him. Was it innocence or sheer brazen effrontery?

"You are very good," he said stiffly.

"I am sorry to have given you so much trouble. I shall send the parasol out to you to-morrow."

She followed him to the door.

"Why do you send it out?" she asked, with a shy, sidelong glance. "Why don't you bring it yourself?"

If Macgillivray had heard the conversation which ensued upon his departure, he might have been less elated and embarrassed.

"Ain't you ashamed of yo'se'f, Miss Flo?" scolded the negro. "I's gwine to tell ole miss you been makin' eyes at one o' dem mashers—I sholy am!"

"You're an old goose," said the girl nonchalantly. "Don't you know that if I hadn't made eyes at him, he might have sued us for getting bitten by Joseph?"

CHAPTER V.

Having discovered a dozen reasons why it would be unwise for him to return the parasol in person, Macgillivray found himself late the following afternoon at the Jocelyn gate, pleasantly conscious of a frock coat freshly redeemed from the pawnshop. The lower windows were already ablaze with lights, and people passed to and fro before them as if some sort of entertainment were in progress. He paused in surprise. It had not looked like a house that would countenance frivolity upon the Sabbath day. While he stood hesitating, he was accosted by Eliphalet, transformed by an ancient swallowtail coat and a manner to match.

"Ef dat's de gen'leman with de par'sol," he said suavely, "Miss Flo say please to gimme it 'stid o' totin' it up to de house. She say much obleeged, and thank you kindly, suh."

Macgillivray's face fell. The girl had evidently repented of her hospitable impulse.

"O she does not wish me to return it in person?" he asked, rather forlornly.

"She p'intedly do not, suh. Ole miss might ketch you doin' it. Ole miss don't know nothin' about dat par'sol gittin' lost."

"I see," said Macgillivray.

A sudden suspicion had come to him that the parasol belonged in the same category as the gilt slippers. It seemed, now that he thought of it, a rather costly trifle to have been purchased by people of the Jocelyns' evident poverty. He turned away, disgusted.

"Whar you gwine, suh?" demanded the negro, in surprise. "Ain't you comin' up to de house to see de comp'ny?"

"I hardly think I should be welcome," he replied.

Eliphalet was touched in his tenderest spot, the racial instinct of hospitality.

"'Deed you is, suh, you most suttinly is," he cried. "Why, it's de salong! Ever'body what is anybody comes to our salong. Miss Flo's been watchin' for you 'bout an hour. Thar she is now."

He turned and saw the girl at the

door, beckoning to him. He could not have disobeyed her summons without rudeness.

"I was afraid you mightn't come, after all," she called out to him. "Aunty, here's Timothy's friend at last. Quick! What's your name?" she whispered. "Timothy'll never give us away."

Macgillivray, dazed, barely had time to murmur his name before he was greeted most graciously by the lady of the reticule and the black silk, to which were added touches of lace and a purple bow, in honor of the occasion.

"So good of you to come to my little salon," she murmured. "Any friend of Mr. Dobbs, of course— Flower, present Mr. Macgillivray."

He found himself being led from group to group down a room full of people of all ages, and sexes, and sorts; pompous elderly gentlemen, vivacious girls, ladies with the unmistakable manner of the unmarried, college youths, temperaments with prominent Adam's apples and eyes in a fine frenzy rolling, fashionably dressed dowagers.

"And here," said his guide at the end of the room, "is your old and dear friend, Mr. Dobbs. Timothy, aren't you *delighted* to see Mr. Macgillivray again?"

Mild eyes that he remembered peered up at him.

"Sh-should I be?" stammered an uncertain voice. "Have I ever seen him before, my dear?"

The boy took his first chance to protest.

"I fear I'm here under false pretenses, sir," he said uncomfortably. "I came to return—"

The girl stamped her foot.

"You ungrateful creature! Don't you see there was no way for me to know you unless my friends knew you, too? And I wanted to, terribly. So there was nothing to do but make you a social position. Now I'm sorry I took the trouble. But, oh, Timothy"—she laughed back over her shoulder—"isn't it the best joke on aunty?"

"I f-f-fear," stammered Mr. Dobbs, "that Flower is j-just the least little bit—ah—impulsive. But I do recall you



"Gilt slippers, Flower! What in the world do you need of gilt slippers?"

now. I remember your shoulders." He looked at them in wistful admiration. "You're the person who made us get out of the car that day. We thought you looked like a gentleman. Ah—are you?"

"Yes," smiled Macgillivray. "I am a gentleman, but——"

"Th-that's fortunate," murmured the other. "The last one was an unsuccessful poet, who took the sugar tongs. There are some young ladies in that c-corner making me signs to introduce you. Will you come? I believe," he added shyly, "that we are g-going to be glad of this latest impulse of Flower's."

The art of conversation flourished at Miss Jocelyn's salon. Macgillivray soon recovered from his self-consciousness sufficiently to hold his own, his boyish, winning smile atoning for any deficiencies in small talk. The society

of his own kind was exhilarating to him after months of Miss Finnegan's and the shoe shop. Flower seemed to have abandoned him, although he caught her occasional mocking glance from the other side of the room. He was determined not to leave until he had made his peace with her; but whenever he approached, she flitted away, leaving him with the rather foolish look of a St. Bernard teased by a kitten.

Presently an incident occurred which aroused his curiosity. A girl who had been playing softly upon the piano broke into a rollicking gypsy air, calling out:

"Dance to it, Flower! Dance the one you made up for me the other day—do!"

Macgillivray happened to be near Miss Jocelyn, and turned at sound of the gasp she gave. She was white to the lips.

"Dance?" she repeated hoarsely. "Has Flower been—dancing for you?"

Several older people exchanged glances.

"Just once, aunty, dear!" said the girl quickly. "I'm sorry—I forgot. I'll try not to do it again."

Miss Jocelyn recovered herself with an effort.

"Our guests will excuse you to-day, at least," she smiled. "Have you young people forgotten that it is the Sabbath?"

There was no more music. Shortly afterward Eliphalet entered with a tray of sherry and seed cakes; and Macgillivray, feeling that he could not accept further hospitality under false pretenses, made his reluctant adieux.

As he was leaving, a girl called out to him:

"Wait, please—don't go till you've explained yourself! Flower says you're from New York; but surely I've seen you somewhere lately, haven't I?"

He hesitated the fraction of a second. Many people were listening.

"At Jenkins' shoe shop, perhaps," he answered, moving on. "I am a clerk there, Miss Page."

She was too well-bred to show any surprise.

"Perhaps," she said composedly. "And the name—that's very familiar, too. 'John Macgillivray.' I know I've seen it in the papers, or the magazines, or somewhere? Do tell us who you really are."

It had come. He saw there was never to be any escape from that question. He squared his shoulders to meet the curious gaze of the room.

"I am the son," he said, "of the John Macgillivray who recently committed suicide, after embezzling the funds of the Seaboard Life Insurance Company."

The appalled silence lasted until he had reached the outer door. Then he heard a pitying cry:

"Aunt—quick! You mustn't let him go like that!"

The black silk skirts came rustling after him. In a sort of panic, he jerked open the door and hurried to the gate.

"Mr. Macgillivray—wait! One moment, please. Mr. Macgillivray!"

The calling voice followed him far down the street. He hurried on doggedly, breathing hard, like a man who is being hunted; as if by running he might escape from the pity of his kind.

CHAPTER VI.

The following day dragged interminably for Macgillivray. He was haunted by a morbid fear that some of Miss Jocelyn's guests might find themselves in need of footwear, and he looked forward to the dreary privacy of his hall bedroom as to a haven of refuge. It was with a sigh of thankfulness that he at last finished putting away stock, crammed on his hat, and slammed the plate-glass door of Jenkins' Shoe Parlors behind him. If only it might be forever!

Just outside, he discovered a slender shape muffled in a greatcoat, in spite of which it shivered visibly in the night air.

"I th-thought you'd never come,"

murmured a plaintive voice. "I've been waiting for you a long time."

"For me?" exclaimed Macgillivray. "But why didn't you come in, Mr. Dobbs?"

"There seemed to be so many young ladies," he explained. "I was afraid I m-might have to buy some shoes, and I d-don't really need any. Do you eat dinner?"

"Usually," said the boy.

"W-would you mind eating it with me to-night?"

Macgillivray's first surprised impulse was to refuse, but something wistful in the other's voice struck him. It suddenly occurred to him that he might not be the only lonely person in the world.

"Thank you," he said. "I'd like to very much."

Mr. Dobbs beamed.

"I was afraid you wouldn't," he said simply, "and I g-g-get tired of eating alone. Sometimes I'd rather go without dinner than have it all by myself. Do you like crabs? And ice cream, and a beefsteak smothered with onions—what?"

Macgillivray acquiesced with enthusiasm, and his companion, seizing him by the arm, hurried him along the street, responding jerkily to the bows of a surprising number of people. They came to a sudden halt in front of a show window, where haughty beauties in trailing, low-cut gowns shed their waxen smiles upon the public.

"I always like this window," murmured Mr. Dobbs. "That's the way the ladies ought to dress, eh? L-like flowers. In nature's colors. D'you ever see a black flower? Of course not. It would be ugly. Wh-what makes the ladies wear black?" he demanded fretfully.

Macgillivray was amused. He remembered the Jocelyn black silk.

"I believe it's practical," he said; "and some women don't seem built for nature's colors. The elder Miss Jocelyn, for instance—fancy her in spangled yellow tulle!"

The other gave him a quick, hurt glance.

"I think she would look v-very nice," he said.

"Of course," agreed Macgillivray hastily, "she would be handsome in anything; but black is so particularly becoming to her."

Mr. Dobbs looked appeased.

"An elderly romance! I must be careful," smiled the boy to himself, with the kindly indulgence of youth.

They came to another abrupt stop before a furniture shop, whose window exhibited a dining room complete in every detail—damask, china, silver, even to a jardinière with a growing fern in the center of the table.

"Wh-what do you think of it?" demanded Mr. Dobbs.

"Quite homelike and cozy, isn't it?" ventured Macgillivray.

"Just what I think—homelike and cozy," beamed Mr. Dobbs. "The question is: Is it stylish? You have to be very c-careful about that. Flower says New Yorkers always know about style. You—you're from New York, aren't you?"

Macgillivray, realizing that he was being consulted in his metropolitan capacity, gave the window his serious attention.

"It seems to be all right, sir," he decided. "It looks just like all the bride-and-groom apartments."

Mr. Dobbs sighed with relief.

"L-let's go in," he said.

A deferential clerk greeted him by name.

"Good evening, Charlie. I've come to buy your show window," murmured Mr. Dobbs.

The clerk gasped.

"It's the most expensive suite in the house, sir."

"Good!" Mr. Dobbs rubbed his hands. "Good! She'll like that. I want it all, you understand—china, rug, and everything. How often shall I have to water the little p-plant in the middle, eh? Every day?"

"But when will you want the furniture delivered?" asked the dazed clerk.

"Now. Right away. In t-t-time for dinner," replied Mr. Dobbs.

"To-night! But the wagons have all gone, sir!"

Mr. Dobbs' face fell.

"I'm afraid we'll have to eat dinner at a restaurant, after all," he said to Macgillivray. "Send the things out for breakfast, Charlie. Anyway," he added as an afterthought, "I m-m-mightn't have been able to get a cook in time."

Macgillivray did ample justice to the crabs, the ice cream, and the beefsteak, supplemented by a bottle of excellent Madeira and whatever additional details happened to occur to his host. Mr. Dobbs observed his trencher work with evident delight and envy.

"Gracious!" he murmured, when his appetite at last showed signs of slackening. "Can you always eat like that?"

"Usually," confessed the boy. "But of late I haven't often had the opportunity."

The obsequious waiter brought cigars and the evening papers, and Macgillivray settled back in his chair with a sigh of vast content.

"If you'll excuse me, sir, I'll just see what my friend of the *Clarion* has to say about the grafters to-night. By George!" he chuckled, reading. "This is 'personal journalism' with a vengeance! Here he mentions the names of several prominent citizens, and proceeds to call them categorically thieves and liars."

"They are thieves and liars," commented Mr. Dobbs mildly.

"But it takes some courage to say so in this hot-blooded community. Why, the chap's a regular fire eater! He'll get some of the trouble he's looking for before the election's over. A few of these 'thieves and liars' will be after him with a gun, if he doesn't look out."

"Or a horsewhip," said the other ruefully. "I've been getting a good many anonymous letters lately from a fellow who wants to wh-whip me. I wish he didn't."

Macgillivray sat erect and stared at him.

"You? You don't mean to tell me you're the editor of the *Clarion*!"

Mr. Dobbs gave him a whimsical smile.

"I suppose you thought my p-pen ought to stutter like my t-tongue," he said. "But I do hope I shan't g-get horsewhipped. There's something so ignoble about a whipping. If it were pistols, now—I suppose I could manage to shoot at a fellow if I had to. But look at these fists!" He held them out sadly for inspection. "Couldn't do much to defend me, c-could they?"

"I don't suppose," said the boy, "that it has occurred to you, in view of these threats, to—to moderate your zeal a trifle?"

"Oh, no," replied the other, rather shyly. "An editor has certain d-duties to the public."

Macgillivray blushed like a schoolgirl. "I'd like to shake hands with you, sir," he blurted out.

"L-let's talk business," murmured Mr. Dobbs hastily. "I thought—How would you like to be a private secretary?"

"A private secretary! Me? But I don't know shorthand, or bookkeeping, or typewriting, or any of those tricks. My accomplishments are limited to football and shoe selling. What does a private secretary do?"

"I don't know. It was Flower's idea. She said you would be just the person for me. She doesn't think it safe for me to be living alone or going about the streets all by myself after dark. On account of that horsewhipping fellow, you know. Flower always takes great c-care of me," he added apologetically.

Macgillivray stiffened.

"I see. She wants you to hire me as a sort of private bully."

"Exactly. A gentleman bodyguard, like kings have. It won't look so—so cowardly as if I took a bulldog or a negro about to protect me. And then I thought you could help me look up data for a little book I'm writing—a 'Political History of All Nations,'" he added modestly. "What do you think? Would you like to try it?"

The boy hesitated, torn by conflicting emotions. It was not pleasant to be in debt to the chance sympathy of a young girl, nor did the position of gentleman bodyguard appeal to the Macgillivray

pride. Still—his mind reverted to the humiliating daily routine of Jenkins' Shoe Parlors. Surely anything was better than that!

"I'll try it, sir," he said.

"Good!" beamed Mr. Dobbs. "You're so big and fierce-looking that I'm sure I shall be perfectly safe. What ought I to p-pay you?"

"Oh, anything you like, sir."

"Gracious!" exclaimed Mr. Dobbs. "And I mistook you for a Scotchman!"

CHAPTER VII.

Having exchanged affectionate farewells with the impressed Miss Finnegan, Macgillivray found himself ensconced for the night in a room referred to by Mr. Dobbs—and with reason—as the Rosebud Chamber. Rosebuds bestrewed the walls, the ceiling, the carpet; paper rosebuds filled the vases, ribbon rosebuds looped back the curtains, the washstand boasted the pinkest of china painted in rosebuds, and pink celluloid toilet articles were spread plentifully upon the dressing table.

"Heavens!" murmured Macgillivray. "How fortunate that my pajamas happen to be pink!"

Mr. Dobbs surveyed the room with modest pride.

"I think it's rather t-tasty myself," he said. "Of course, it wasn't meant for a man; but I'll have to put you here until I get another room furnished. You have to go slowly about furnishing a house." An anxious furrow appeared between his brows. "There are all sorts of things to be c-considered—whether colors match, and if rocking-chairs squeak, or drawers stick. And then when you get 'em home, p-perhaps you find they aren't stylish, after all."

"Why don't you get a woman to help you?" suggested Macgillivray. "Miss Jocelyn or her niece, for instance."

Mr. Dobbs blushed.

"That," he replied primly, "would hardly be suitable. But now that you are here, I can go right ahead. Which were they using in New York when you left—b-b-black pianos or mahogany ones?"

A less conscientious youth might have found the duties of private secretary to Mr. Dobbs of the *Clarion* far from arduous. Macgillivray, however, applied to them his usual singleness of purpose. His employer's interests became his interests. In a fortnight he had developed qualities as an interior decorator that astonished himself; the "Political History of All Nations" had gained several chapters; he had learned a surprising amount of detail in connection with the running of the paper, and had even been intrusted with the writing of a philippic against the grafters, a journalistic effort that made the town sit up and gasp. But somewhat to his disappointment, it brought no overt results. The anonymous letters had ceased. He began to fear that his daily practice with the punching bag was merely time wasted.

"We've g-g-got 'em scared!" chuckled the editor, with a proprietary glance at his secretary's shoulders.

It was Mr. Dobbs' custom to spend three nights a week playing chess with the elder Miss Jocelyn, Macgillivray accompanying him as a bodyguard. Sometimes there were other callers, and twice the girl was absent. On such occasions, Macgillivray occupied himself with a book, and was the prey of depression; nor did the chess game, he noted, proceed with its usual fierce intensity.

But usually she sat demurely in the light of a lamp, her fingers busy with white sewing, chatting, or silent, humming to herself, teasing Macgillivray into talk, as the spirit moved her. Often during the evening she would run to a window and fling it open, leaning far out to take deep breaths of air, while Timothy and her aunt shivered uncomplainingly.

Macgillivray could not accustom himself to the sight of those brown little fingers deftly stitching. There was something strange, untamed about the girl, her flashing glances, her sudden, restless movements, that made him think of a young, wild creature caged.

"Don't you *hate* a house?" she cried out once, springing to her feet. "Come—let's go outdoors and run!"

"My dear!" reproved her aunt. "At this time of night? Besides, it is raining."

"You'd think that rain was something to be afraid of," muttered the girl to Macgillivray, with a shrug. "Hear it out there, so soft and cool! Little drops, like diamonds running along the bare branches. The dear brown earth, and all the little things under the leaves smelling so sweet, so sweet—like babies asleep. And here we sit!"

She flounced into her chair, jerking viciously at the sewing Macgillivray picked up for her. He saw it was a baby's dress, and suddenly remembered the others he had seen hanging on the clothesline.

"I thought you and your aunt lived here alone," he said curiously.

"We do—except for Eliphalet and the animals."

"Then what's that for?" he asked.

"I'd like to tear it into bits!" she muttered. "When I'm married, I mean never to look at a needle again! Oh, this is how we make our living, aunty and I. Timothy sells them for us. He's our man of business. S-sh! Don't let aunty hear. Nobody else knows. She's dreadfully ashamed of it."

"Ashamed?" repeated the boy gently. "I should think she'd be proud of it."

Flower shrugged.

"Jocelyns are usually prosperous. But it's so silly, putting our eyes out over tiny stitches when I could take care of us both so easily."

"You! How?"

"With my feet," answered the girl; and at that moment the chess game came to an end.

Macgillivray was silent and drait on the way home.

"Why doesn't she sell that tumble-down old house," he blurted out suddenly, "and live in a cheap flat somewhere?"

Timothy looked at him in mild surprise.

"Miss Jocelyn in a flat? But where could she entertain her friends, Johnny? So many people come to the salon. The Jocelyn hospitality has always been fa-

mous. Anyway, the house was left to Flower. She c-can't sell it."

"A salon—ridiculous!" fumed the young fellow. "Why, she keeps a carriage, too!"

"Wh-what else could she do with it?" protested Timothy. "Surely you wouldn't expect her to g-give up a horse she's had for twenty years. It would be like selling a f-friend into slavery. Who would buy a horse as old as the Rajah?"

Macgillivray groaned.

"These Southern-ers! All I have to say is: It isn't right for a girl like that to be sewing for her living—it isn't safe!"

Timothy gave him an uneasy glance.

"B-but she teaches kindergarten, too, Johnny—surely that's safe? Ch-children are good for women."

"Their own are," said the boy shortly.

At the house they found numerous bundles, the results of an arduous day's shopping.

"Let's open everything right away," exclaimed Timothy. "Here's the bronze Moor—pretty handsome, eh? I'm not so sure about this sofa cushion with the Indian painted on it. Looks sort of uncomfortable, but the young lady said—"Wh-what you chuckling about, Johnny?"

"You've evidently been doing some shopping on your own account."

He held out a box of dainty white frills, and lace, and rosettes of pink and blue ribbon.

"Eh? Oh, those!" Timothy cleared



In demure silence she applied herself to her task, sitting in front of him on a small footstool, her needle flying deftly in and out.

his throat defiantly. "Why, you see, I—I collect 'em. Like some fellows collect etchings, or—or meerscham pipes. You've no idea what a choice there is in infants' dresses, Johnny. J-just look at these stitcles! Little roses, and grapes, and—and gussets, and tucks—all sorts of dewdabs. Might come in handy, too, if a fellow g-got married, eh? You never can tell."

But Macgillivray shook his head, laughing.

"No use, sir. I'm on to you. I've seen part of your collection before, hanging on the Jocelyn clothesline. Now I know who's paying for the carriage and the salon."

Timothy stopped him with a gesture.

"S-sh! Somebody might hear! You couldn't expect me to offer the handiwork of the Jocelyn ladies for sale in the marketplace. Why, Johnny, it wouldn't have been suitable."

CHAPTER VIII.

"Johnny," said Mr. Dobbs one day, interrupting the progress of the "Political History of All Nations," "now that the house is all f-furnished and p-papered and all, why shouldn't we give a p-party?"

"Why, indeed?" exclaimed his secretary. "Let's!"

"I—I thought we might invite, say, the Jocelyn ladies to dinner next Sunday—if you think our cook will do? Margot is particular."

"Oh, the cook's all right—but not to wait on the table. She's too fat."

"It was my idea," said Timothy craftily, "to invite Eliphalet, also, with that c-c-contingency in view. Eh?"

The boy entered into the scheme with enthusiasm. He had been merely amused, of course, with his recent attempts at interior decorating; nevertheless, he was not averse to seeing their effect upon the eyes of the sex that knows.

"A pink dinner, I suppose?" he said thoughtfully. "Most of our china seems to be pinkish."

"We'll have crabs, and ice cream, and beefsteak—with or without onions?" murmured Timothy. "Peppermint candies. Olives. Quails with sashes of bacon. Jelly sitting on the table—red jelly."

"Perhaps we'd better be sure of the ladies before we decide on the menu, sir."

"Perhaps we had," acquiesced Timothy; and took great pains with a note of invitation, which he dispatched forthwith to the Jocelyn house by his secretary.

En route, Macgillivray had a passing glimpse of Eliphalet and the Rajah, bearing Miss Jocelyn toward. He approached the house with hesitating eagerness, believing that he was at last about to see the girl alone. But he was

disappointed. The great doors stood open, and from far down the street he heard sounds of piping merriment, childish singing, shouts of shrill laughter, as if the little dresses of Timothy's collection had "come alive" and were romping madly through the grim old house. The dog, Joseph, incurably suspicious, received him at the gate, and escorted him, sniffing, to the drawing-room door. There he paused, unobserved and embarrassed.

Children were in possession, a ring of very small people hand in hand, squatting, and rising, and squatting, rhythmically, in earnest imitation of frogs.

"Buddledumph!" they croaked in unison.

"Butterfly caught in the swamp—

"Goin' to get her wings all damp.

"Buddledumph!"

The ring had closed about Flower, who stood writhing and twisting like a winged creature struggling to free itself. In a moment she broke away, crying: "Butterfly's free—catch her if you can, froggies!"

Down the long room she danced, arms waving, body lightly swaying, the children hopping grotesquely in pursuit.

"Here comes a breeze. You'll never catch me now!" she laughed.

One by one, the panting frogs gave it up. Faster she danced, faster; whirling, fluttering, drooping, drifting here and there, like a bit of thistledown blown upon the wind.

Macgillivray watched her in strange excitement. Her eyes were half closed, her cheeks flushed, her lips parted. He began to feel for the first time the intoxication of rhythmic movement. Unconsciously he entered the room, and followed her. The children shouted with glee.

"But you must hop—'tain't fair unless you hop!" they cried.

She floated away from him, smiling, keeping always just out of reach. Time and again he put out his hand to touch her, and she evaded it.

"Flower!" he burst out hoarsely. "Flower, don't! Wait! Stop!"

Instantly she paused, her hand at her heart.

"Oh, but you startled me! What's the matter? Wasn't I dancing prettily? Why did you make me stop?"

He gave a short laugh.

"I don't know," he said awkwardly. "I beg your pardon. You—you seemed to be dancing away from me."

"Of course! I was being a butterfly. If I hadn't danced away, you wouldn't have chased me." She gave him a wise little smile. "Now run along, froggies. Kindergarten's over for to-day."

When the children had filed out, she turned on Macgillivray rather defiantly.

"Are you going to tell aunty and Timothy that you caught me dancing?"

"Why shouldn't you dance if you want to?" he asked.

"Just because I want to, of course!" She flung out her hands in a little passionate gesture. "Oh, how can it be wrong to dance, any more than to paint, or sing, or play? Sometimes I can't help it. I just can't. And I wonder!"

He looked at her curiously.

"Where did you learn?"

"Learn? Nobody *learns* to dance. It just comes. Mine came from grand-mamma. She was a wonderful dancer. People are still talking about it. That's what they mean when they speak of 'the heritage.'"

She took a miniature from the mantel and handed it to him. "This is grand-mamma. Isn't she sweet?"

Eyes strangely like the girl's looked out at him, with a glint in their black depths, and a wild, rather frightened look that Flower's lacked. The face was Oriental in type, olive-skinned, almost swarthy, in striking contrast with the blond, dignified portraits of other Jocelyns upon the wall.

"What a charming face—poor child!" he said involuntarily. "I wonder where she came from, and who she was?"

"Oh, nobody knows," shrugged Flower. "People said she was a gypsy, or a singer, or something of that sort. But what did it matter so long as a Jocelyn married her? Grandfather brought her back with him when he made the grand tour. Of course, the

gossips whispered, but they had to be nice to her just the same. And grandfather educated her, taught her Latin, and spelling, and manners, and all sorts of things. To amuse her, he had parties all the time, gay people staying here, hunting, and dances, and private theatricals. And he bought her the finest of dresses and jewels, anything in the world she wanted. I suppose," she added parenthetically, "that is why we are so poor now. But somehow he couldn't make her happy. It broke his heart when she ran away."

"Ran away?" repeated Macgillivray.

"Just after mother and aunty were born. Twins and the Jocelyn traditions. I suppose they were too much for a little wild creature like that!"

"She was your *mother's* mother? But I thought," hesitated the boy, "that your real name was Jocelyn?"

"So it is," she assured him. "We don't know my father's name. Grandfather never cared to inquire. You see, he got a little queer after grandmamma disappeared—never smiled again, they say; just sat around writing books on religion, and glooming. He never liked anybody else to smile, either; which was rather hard on mother and aunty." She cast a shivering glance about the gray, bare rooms. "So," she added, "as soon as mother was old enough, she ran away herself. I've never quite forgiven mother for that. Of course, she had a right to run away since she was not happy here, but not two days before the day she had promised to marry Timothy. That was unkind."

"Well, rather!" gasped Macgillivray.

"Yes. That's why Timothy is so queer and shy. Aunty says he used to be quite the ladies' man. And it finished grandfather, too. He had a fit, or something. When he heard about me being born, he declined to have me in the house. Poor aunty was in a dreadful state of mind. Here was grandfather having attacks; and there was I, a little, brand-new baby, with nobody to look after me. Timothy settled things by going and getting me himself. Dear Timothy!" Her face softened tenderly. "You love him, too, don't you?"

"He's one of the bulliest old chaps in the world," said the young fellow.

"He's *the* bulliest—and he isn't so old, either," defended the girl. "Well, he went right up to the hospital in New York and brought me home. I cried whenever he put me down, so he held me in his arms all night long, till they were nearly paralyzed. You see, he was so afraid grandfather'd die without seeing me that he would not wait to get a nurse, but took the first train home. I suppose he knew that no matter how grandfather talked, his heart was just breaking for a sight of me. Timothy always understands things like that."

"Was he in time?" asked Macgillivray.

She nodded.

"Auntie was afraid to let grandfather see me; but Timothy just laid me down on his pillow, and left us alone. When they came back after a while, we had both fallen asleep, and I had hold of grandfather's thumb. He never woke up again."

There was a little silence.

"Old houses remember," said the young fellow under his breath.

The girl gave a long sigh.

"So you see," she said, with a comprehensive gesture, "why I am never allowed to do anything."

"Nevertheless," commented Macgillivray slowly, "your aunt makes a mistake about the dancing."

In her eagerness, Flower clutched at his hand.

"Of course she does, of course she does! It's always a mistake not to let me do things I want to, because—why, I just go and do 'em, anyway. The theater, for instance. Just because mother went on the stage, I have never been allowed to go to the theater in my life. Think of that! The sea of eager faces, the crashing music, people applauding, shouting, flinging flowers over the footlights! I have never known any of it. The nearest thing I have had is church. Ch-urch—bah!" She made a very irreverent grimace. "Listen. Tomorrow there will be a great dancer in town, La Masque—you have heard of her? Well," she announced, with pride,

"I have taken a dollar out of auntie's purse, and to-morrow afternoon I am going to see La Masque!"

Macgillivray's face sharpened with a sudden memory of the gilt slippers.

"Put back your aunt's money," he said quietly, "and let me take you."

She clapped her hands. "Oh, will you, will you? I'd love that!" Then her face fell. "But Timothy! Would it be safe to leave him alone in the house?"

"I forgot. It's the cook's day off, too, confound it!"

"Oh, surely those horsewhippers won't choose that one day to get after him. I tell you what," she cried, brightening, "I'll lend you Eliphalet! It's his day off, too; but it won't hurt him a bit to go without his weekly drunk."

"I'll make it worth his while," promised Macgillivray. "Is it a bargain, then?"

"It's a bargain!"

They shook hands on it solemnly; and not until he was halfway back to the office did the boy realize that he had forgotten to deliver Timothy's invitation.

CHAPTER IX.

It was a rather pale and serious young man who stood waiting at the theater door the following afternoon. He had discovered in Mr. Dobbs' library an interesting old book on gypsies, which he sat up half the night reading. It dealt with the traits of the Romany folk, their passion for personal adornment, their pride in expert thievery, their love of the open and hatred of confinement, their indifference to all natural ties except the one that binds a woman to the mate she loves.

He had lain awake the rest of the night, going over in his mind the subject of inheritance. It began to frighten him. If inherited traits persisted so strongly in this girl through two generations, what chance had he, the son of a thief, to escape his own heritage? He was unaware of the strength of his stern young face as he stood there, brooding.

"At least," he reminded himself, "I

shall never dare to sit in judgment on people—won't know whether it's themselves sinning or their ancestors."

And the smile with which he greeted Flower had a new quality of gentleness.

He watched her tripping along the street in a great hurry, unconscious of the men who turned to stare after her graceful figure, preening naively as she passed her reflection in the shop windows.

"Am I late?" she asked breathlessly. "I did want to look nice. Had 'Liphlet got there before you left?"

"He had, indeed, with his shotgun. I left him ensconced in the dining room, with one eye on the front door and the other on the back door, and instructions to let nobody in under any circumstances. He assured me that he would shoot intruders on sight."

While he spoke, Macgillivray was furtively studying the girl's face, trying to put aside the glamour of it and discover signs of weakness or degeneracy. The eyes were direct and fearless as a boy's, the nostrils delicately sensitive, the lips and chin, for all their soft and charming curves, bore an elusive, rather startling resemblance to the severe young Presbyterian above the Jocelyn mantelpiece. No degeneracy there!

"Well?" she said, laughing up at him. "Do you like it?"

"Very much. What?"

"Why, the marabout boa, stupid! Isn't it becoming? I've wanted it for months and months—and at last I've got it! I really oughtn't to be wearing it now, but I wanted to terribly. I had a dreadful time smuggling it out of the house."

He asked gravely: "You did not wish your aunt to see it?"

"I should say not! She'd have been horrified. You see, it belongs in my trousseau."

He was startled.

"You're not going to be married!"

"Oh, of course, some day. I've been preparing for it ever since I can remember. I've got the wedding chest that mother had half full of things now."

"What sort of things?" He hated his own curiosity.

"Well, there's a long pink willow plume—a perfect love! And a flowered petticoat, and some silk stockings; and that parasol—you remember—and the prettiest little pair of gilt slippers."

He interrupted her, very pale.

"Here are some violets I brought for you to wear, Miss Jocelyn."

She chuckled.

"I wondered when you were going to give them to me. You've been clutching them so tight they're almost smothered, poor dears! I'm not going to wear them—how would you like to be pinned onto anybody, with a long spike crushing your legs? But I'll smell them, and remember the woods."

The play was a musical comedy that served as a rather commonplace vehicle for the great danseuse. They sat in the front row, and the girl's comments, delivered in her high, unconscious treble, brought amused glances from everybody within hearing.

"Oh, look!" she exclaimed as the pony ballet gyrated in. "What beautiful legs they all have! I never saw girls in such short dresses, though. They're very young, I suppose?"

"Mere children," Macgillivray assured her, frowning down the delighted stare of a man on the other side of her.

But it was impossible to frown down all the attention she attracted. One man in particular offended him. He was a thickset, coarse-looking fellow in the nearest box, with a handsome diamond flashing in his tie, and a scar across one cheek that gave him a slightly sinister expression. Several times Macgillivray caught this man's furtive glance, and he was relieved when he got up in the middle of the first act and slipped quietly away.

Presently the stage was darkened, and a great lighted candle was placed in the center of it. Out fluttered a slender creature in diaphanous gauze, feathery wings upon her arms, and antennae sprouting from her forehead. The upper part of her face was concealed by a black mask, beneath which her lips parted in a faint, provocative smile. She began to hover about the candle, drifting away from it, only to hurry



La Masque stared at her a long moment.

back, in a dance that was curiously significant and interesting. Macgillivray watched her intently, with a puzzled frown.

Suddenly the girl caught at his hand. "Do you see?" she whispered. "It is my dance! She's doing the one I made up, the Butterfly—don't you remember?"

"No, no," he said quickly. "This is a moth and a flame, and you were only a butterfly, playing."

But he knew it was true. Every step, every gesture, every exquisite motion of the body had been familiar to him from the first.

They sat silent, he tinglingly conscious of the little hand gripping his, until the moth dropped, singed, at the foot of her candle. The applause was deafening. La Masque did not respond until the orchestra broke into a Hun-

garian czarda. Then she ran out in full Magyar costume.

"This is the best thing she does," said a voice near them. "You know she's supposed to be really a Hungarian gypsy."

Macgillivray did not look at the dancer. He watched Flower's growing excitement as she whirled and stamped about the stage to the barbaric music, uttering strange little cries.

"Yes," murmured the girl to herself, "I know that one, too!"

The audience had gone wild.

"Take off the mask! Take off the mask!" they shouted repeatedly.

Suddenly Flower sprang to her feet and flung her violets across the footlights.

The dancer paused. She stared at the girl a moment before she stooped to pick them up. Then she threw her a kiss with both hands, and ran from the stage.

"You seem to have made a hit with the lady," said Macgillivray.

But she did not answer. Until the curtain fell on the last act, she sat silent, a fixed, absent smile upon her lips. Macgillivray stole uneasy glances at her from time to time. He began to regret having brought her.

He regretted it exceedingly when an usher handed her a note, which she read and passed on to him without comment.

La Masque desires to see in her dressing room the young lady who threw the flowers.

"Of course we can't go," said Macgillivray firmly. "I'm sorry, but she's not at all the sort of woman your aunt

would care to have you meet. I am responsible for you while you are with me."

"Will you show me the way to the dressing room, or shall I have to ask an usher?" was her reply. And after one glance at her face, he capitulated.

CHAPTER X.

The dancer opened to them herself, quite unembarrassed by the informality of her costume. She wore a negligee of lace and chiffon, and her black, heavy hair hung unbound to her waist.

"Aha, it is the little girl of the eyes!" She spoke with a strong French accent. "And also M'sieur Le Fiancé. No? Ah, pardon. I thought—it is possible that I have been mistaken, but I thought I saw you sitting hand in hand—*hein?*"

She flashed a laughing glance at the blushing Macgillivray.

The girl had not taken her eyes from the woman's face.

"Oh," she said shyly, "why do you wear that mask? You shouldn't. It isn't fair."

The dancer flung back her head and laughed aloud.

"So! She finds me beautiful, this child. How that pleases me! Men sometimes say such things, but women—never. The mask? Ah, that is pride, shame, foolishness, what you will. It pleases me that the public shall not have everything of me. The face is for my lovers. Also, *ma chère*, a mask is like drapery. It enhances." She drew the girl close, looking deep into her eyes. "You liked my dancing, sweet? But yes, for I watched you."

"I loved it!" cried Flower.

"And me?" The vivid, witching face was very close to hers. "Is it possible that you love me also? A little?"

For answer, the girl flung passionate arms about her neck, and kissed her.

Macgillivray took an involuntary step forward.

"Aha, he is jealous, this youth!" smiled La Masque. "Calm yourself, *mon ami*. Why should she not love me, then? I am her old friend, perhaps the

oldest in the world. This is the child of Fleurette Jocelyn."

Flower clasped her hands.

"So you knew my mother! Then, perhaps," she cried eagerly, "you can tell me the name of my father?"

The dancer drew back slowly.

"The name of your father! They have not told you that?"

"You see," explained the girl, "Timothy was so nervous and excited when he went to get me that he forgot to ask anybody who my father was."

"Forgot?" La Masque laughed out suddenly. "Forgot? But how that is like—a man! Certainly I know the name of your father, *petite*. It was Leslie, Richard Leslie. He was an actor, a musician—ah, but a great genius, if there had been but ambition. Also he coughed too much. And how they loved, those two! It was beautiful, idyllic, truly a *grande passion*. It is a pity," she added, with a philosophical shrug, "that such loves do not last."

"Is he—dead?" asked the girl.

La Masque shrugged again.

"How should I know? But you inquire nothing about the mother, *chérie*. Ah, that little innocent Fleurette, how pretty she was, how charming!" The woman sighed reminiscently.

"I'm not very interested in mother," said the girl. "She did such a wicked thing, you know."

La Masque made round eyes.

"Only one? What discretion!" she murmured. "What was this wickedness, then?"

"She ran away from a man who loved her two days before she was to have married him."

"But how much better to run away before than after, eh? Perhaps he was ugly. Have I said that Leslie was beautiful as a sun god? Come, come!" She drew the girl close to her again. Her voice was exquisite in its caressing charm. "I see they have told you only bad things of the little *maman*—how naughty she was, how spoiled and willful. It is true. But have they told you how sweet she was? Nobody could be sweet like that Fleurette—when she chose. I have seen her lure the heart

from a man as a Romany *chal* whistles the horse he wants from its paddock. People could deny her nothing, nothing—not the simple Timothy, nor the good little shocked sister, nor even the father, so strict, and hard, and silent. Everybody adored her—he with the rest."

"Yes," said Macgillivray unexpectedly. "So much that he died of grief for her—loss."

La Masque made an impatient gesture.

"Well, was he not old? Men do not live forever! They called her Will-o'-the-wisp, *chérie*, because of her dancing. Who can hope to cage a will-o'-the-wisp? And how she could dance, that child! But you have seen——" She broke off abruptly, with a quick glance at Macgillivray. "It is from thy *maman*," she went on in another tone, "that I, I who speak to you, learned what I know of dancing."

The girl struck her hands together.

"That's it!" she cried. "That's why I know them, too, those dances! They were mother's. They're in the blood."

"What dances?" demanded La Masque. "Show me. No, not here—it's too small."

She dragged the girl out upon the half-lit stage, where sceneshifters were already preparing for the night's performance.

"Now show me."

With the simple confidence of a child, Flower began her imitation of the butterfly. The stage hands stood still to watch her. La Masque stared in growing excitement.

"Go on!" she cried when the girl stopped. "Do another! She's right—it is in the blood," she said half aloud and without a trace of accent. "The sweet darling! I want her! I must have her!"

"I don't think you can," said Macgillivray at her elbow.

She whirled round upon him.

"Why not? Who's to prevent me? You?"

"If I can," he answered quietly. "But remember, there's blood in that girl besides her mother's. Perhaps you don't know what care her aunt has taken of

her, what sacrifices she has made to keep her from——"

"What's that to me?" The dancer patted an impatient foot.

"They say," said the boy, "that a gypsy has no soul. Has she no heart, either?"

La Masque gave him a languid smile.

"Too much," she murmured. "If you were not so young, I should show you. But the girl is gypsy, too. You shall see."

She went to Flower, waiting, flushed and eager, for her praise.

"You shall be a greater dancer than your mother, my sweet," she said, and took her in her arms.

They moved out of earshot and stood whispering, with their arms about each other. Macgillivray watched Flower's face uneasily, as it flushed, and sparkled, and paled with excitement. He strained his ear to catch what the woman was murmuring. Once the girl cried out: "Rich? With jewels like yours? Wonderful dresses? And everybody applauding me, adoring me! How I'd love it!" Again she drew back quickly, shaking her head. Suddenly she turned and clung to the other, crying: "Yes, yes, so long as I'm with you! I'd go with you, anywhere!"

La Masque gave Macgillivray a glance of triumph. The girl turned to him.

"Quick, take me home!" she ordered. "I must tell aunty right away. I'm to be a great dancer! It's a wonderful chance, wonderful! Oh, she must let me go! If she doesn't, I'll run away."

La Masque caressed her hair.

"Of course you will," she cooed. "But why ask? You are of age. Don't go—I cannot let you go. I want you. Come, I will not dance to-night. What is a contract to me? And we will go away together now, at once. Just you and I, always together. Does that please you?"

The girl stood wavering. Macgillivray could restrain himself no longer.

"Miss Jocelyn! What are you thinking of?" he burst out. "You shall not listen to this woman. I am going to take you home at once."

He saw that he had made a mistake. The girl drew herself up coldly.

"I have decided not to go home," she said. "You will tell my aunt, please, that I am safe with an old friend."

"Not going home!" he cried. "Flower, think of poor Miss Jocelyn!"

"I am thinking of her. I'm going to make her very rich. She shall never have to touch a needle again as long as she lives."

"But the old house—how lonely it will be without you!" He was fighting for time. "And your garden, the kindergarten, and the animals, and Timothy——"

She gave a little cry. All the light died out of her face.

"Timothy! Why, I'd forgotten him."

The dancer laughed.

"Not the Timothy of your mother? *Mon Dieu*, but, of course, you had forgotten him! He is old, he is hideous!"

A red spot burned in each of the girl's cheeks.

"He is the dearest man in the world," she said. "Of course I can't run away from Timothy. He needs me. Why, I must have been crazy! That's just what my mother did."

La Masque stared at her a long moment. Her face, robbed of its vivid charm, showed suddenly old, and tired, and indefinitely coarse.

"Timothy—ah, bah!" she muttered; and turned and went into her dressing room.

"Wait!" cried the girl, running after her. "Don't leave me like that! Wait! When shall I see you again? Oh, please——"

The dressing-room door slammed in her face.

The two spoke very little until they reached the Jocelyn gate. Then Macgillivray said:

"Flower, I am very poor, and—you know about my father. When I have paid his debts, will you marry me?"

She gave him a surprised glance.

"Why? Are you in love with me?"

"I—I think so," was his honest answer. "I know that I want to take care of you."

Her smile was rather listless.

"Thank you," she said politely, "but I'm going to marry Timothy."

CHAPTER XI.

Macgillivray walked home in a daze. That exquisite child to marry Timothy, vague old Timothy of the stuttering tongue and the soft, unseeing eyes! He struggled with an impression akin to nightmare, his heart hot with bitterness against a man who could take so cruel an advantage of her inexperience, her warm impulsiveness, her sympathy. The disaster to follow was, of course, inevitable.

And what a fool he had been not to understand! Timothy's anxious house-keeping, the shopping orgies, his meticulous preparations for the little dinner party—it had all seemed rather touching when associated with an elderly romance. But with Flower as victim—Macgillivray recalled with a shudder of loathing his own part in these preparations for the sacrifice. He could not bear to face his friend. Slower and slower he went as he neared the house. He made up his mind to get away from the sickening farce at once, even if it meant a return to Jenkins' Shoe Parlors.

His attention was attracted to two men who approached him in the dusk, laughing softly together. One of them was a negro. The other stopped to ask Macgillivray for a light. In the glow of their meeting cigarettes, the boy noticed a scar on his cheek. After they had passed on, he turned suddenly and stared after them. It was the man whom he had seen in the theater.

A presentiment gripped him, and he began to run, mounting the steps two at a time. He rang the doorbell, at the same time fumbling for his latchkey. Then he saw that the door was very slightly ajar. He flung it open, and a loud sound of snoring greeted him. In the dining room sat Eliphalet, sprawled comfortably across the table, with the shotgun ready in one hand and an empty decanter in the other. He had not seen the necessity of postponing his weekly drunk.

Macgillivray ran up to Timothy's study, hoping against hope to find the author there absorbed in the "Political History of All Nations." The study was empty. Not so the rosebud chamber. In one corner of it, barricaded behind some overturned furniture where he had evidently made a last stand, lay the editor of the *Clarion*, face downward and stripped to the waist. His back was one raw wound, and a stain of blood widened slowly across the rosebud carpet.

"My God!" said Macgillivray.

Timothy stirred slightly under his touch.

"They g-g-got me, Johnny— B-but it took two of 'em to do it," he murmured faintly, and relapsed into unconsciousness.

In the week that followed, Macgillivray's slight journalistic experience stood him in good stead, for he became the acting editor of the *Clarion*. One idea had fastened itself in Timothy's brain, to which he clung with the tenacious stubbornness of the gentle. The public must not know that he had been whipped.

"They'd laugh at me," he insisted. "Anybody'd laugh at a grown man who let himself be whipped."

So the secretary reported to his friends and to the office that Mr. Dobbs was confined to the house with a cold; and meanwhile, under the direction of the invalid, he continued to launch defiance at the grafters in the *Clarion's* best manner.

In the intervals of writing editorials, he occupied himself with his punching bag or prowled the streets, looking for a man with a scar.

"The fellow wouldn't even whip me himself," Timothy had said pitifully. "He had a nigger do it—a nigger! While he just looked on and laughed."

The doctor was not altogether pleased with his patient's progress.

"Nervous shock's a pretty serious thing to a man of his temperament," he told Macgillivray. "Can't you keep him from taking it so hard? Get some women in to cheer him up. How about

Miss Jocelyn?" The doctor was an old friend.

But Timothy received the suggestion with modest horror.

"While I'm in b-bed, in paj-jamas? It wouldn't be suitable! Besides, she'd manage to worm the truth out of me, Johnny, and then she'd be sure to laugh. C-c-catch Margot Jocelyn allowing anybody to whip her!"

One day, however, when Macgillivray returned from the office, he found the ancient station wagon drawn up in front of the house, and Miss Jocelyn herself in heated argument with the frightened but faithful cook.

"Hoity-toity, what's this?" she exclaimed, turning on Macgillivray. "Here I have come to sit with my sick friend, and his wretched servant will not let me in at the door. Out of my way, woman!"

The cook, seeing reinforcements at hand, fled.

"Why, you see," explained the secretary, "Mr. Dobbs isn't able—that is, he really does not wish to see anybody to-day."

"I am not 'anybody,'" remarked Miss Jocelyn; "and it is I who wish to see Timothy. Young man, you may as well explain all this mystery at once. I have got part of it out of my niece. I know that you and she went off gallivanting somewhere last Saturday. Eliphalet is in it, too. He's been sneaking around for the past week as meek as a wet cat. Come—what is it?"

Macgillivray's wits refused to rise to the occasion.

"Very well. I shall see for myself," remarked the intrepid lady, and marched upstairs.

Timothy, his appearance not improved by a week's growth of gray stubble, lay listlessly counting the rosebuds on the wall beside him. He turned at the familiar rustle of the black silk, and Macgillivray was positively startled by the radiance of his smile.

"Margot! You!" he cried. Then his hand flew to his exposed throat. "D-d-delighted to see you," he stammered unhappily. "J-just a moment. You see, I wasn't expecting—Johnny, a collar,

quick!" he hissed, in an agony of modesty.

But Miss Jocelyn went straight to him.

"Timothy, Timothy!" she cried. "What's the matter? What have they done to you?"

He tried to meet her eyes nonchalantly, but his gaze wavered, and a dull flush suffused the gray stubble.

"N-nothing at all. I just— That is—they whipped me, Margot."

Miss Jocelyn flung up her head.

"Whipped you? Oh, no. They couldn't do it!"

"But they did—quite easily, Margot. My b-back's all raw."

The lady laughed, as he had said she would.

"Your back!" she exclaimed scornfully. "Is that all? Why, I thought from your sheepish manner that they had managed to whip your spirit!"

After a moment, he touched her hand.

"Th-thank you, my dear," he said. "You always were the best man of us two."

To the alarm of her audience, Miss Jocelyn burst into tears. Macgillivray turned to escape, but Timothy's beseeching look held him.

"I've brought Flower to take care—of you—now," she gulped between sobs. "Her place is—here."

The bewilderment on Timothy's face grew into a sort of fright.

"No, no; not yet. Let her meet some young fellows, Margot—I-lots of young fellows. Perhaps she—"

"She knows plenty of them, and you know as well as I do that not one of them would be willing to marry her. Oh, Timothy, try to be selfish!" she urged impatiently. "Do think of yourself a little now. You need a woman so dreadfully. Look at this!" She pounced upon a house coat that made up in spots what it lacked in buttons. "And consider Flower, too. Don't you think she's waited long enough for this fine house you've built for her, and furnished so beautifully? She's ready. I've taught her everything I know, and given her all the trousseau I can afford—more, too!" she added.

"But she's so young, Margot!"

"She's of age, and she loves you."

He gave her a wistful look.

"Are you sure of that?"

"Of course she does—she always has!" exclaimed Miss Jocelyn. "It was she who begged me to bring her here. She's down in the carriage now. Call her, young man."

A voice spoke from the doorway.

"I'm here, aunty."

"Flower, my little girl—" Timothy held out his hands to her. "Tell me—do you really *want* to marry old Timothy?"

Miss Jocelyn, dragging Macgillivray with her, closed the door upon the girl's answer, and resumed her tears.

Macgillivray awkwardly thumped her shoulder, somewhat tempted to join her.

"I'm so happy!" she wailed. "Flower is safe! Timothy will be taken care of! Everything is settled! Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" After a moment she dried her eyes. "Now," she said, "I shall attend to Eliphalet."

"What are you going to do to him?" asked the boy.

"I am going to teach him not to get drunk on duty. Of course, it was his fault that the horsewhippers got to Timothy?"

"No," said Macgillivray. "It was mine. I had no business trusting him with a decanter of whisky in the room."

Miss Jocelyn gave him a glance of approval.

"That is quite true. But as I cannot punish you, I shall punish my servant. Somebody has to be punished. Eliphalet," she called from the window, "you may tie the Rajah to a tree and bring me your carriage whip."

The negro obeyed, walling his eyes in trepidation.

"Remove your coat. Get down upon your knees, and bend over—so!" ordered the lady, and applied the carriage whip with both arms.

"Wow! Help! Ouch! Dat hurts! I'll be good, ole miss, I'll behave," moaned the negro, with a slightly histrionic effect; and, catching Macgillivray's startled eye, he winked.

"I was under the impression," said

Macgillivray when he could command his voice, "that the custom of whipping negroes had quite gone out of fashion."

To which Miss Jocelyn replied with dignity:

"I pay very little attention to the prevailing modes."

CHAPTER XII.

It was decided that Flower and Timothy were to be quietly married as soon as he had sufficiently recovered from nervous shock to bear the excitement. But the prospective bridegroom was oddly dilatory about the business of getting well. He seemed content to sit day after day propped up with pillows in an armchair, attired in a pink eiderdown dressing robe that fulfilled his ideas of naturelike dressing, but consorted oddly with his wan and grizzled face.

Macgillivray was no longer in demand as a sick nurse, and he spent as much time as possible away from the house. He could not accustom himself to the shock of seeing Flower in possession, demure in her little housewife's apron, reading aloud, or embroidering, or darning the rainbow footwear in which Timothy's color-loving soul found unrestrained expression. The contrast between his homely old face and her blooming loveliness was so painful to the boy that he began to lose sleep brooding over it. He felt that some thing would have to be done to prevent the wanton sacrifice before it was too late. Yet who was there to interfere? Not himself, certainly. Timothy was his benefactor.

So the days passed with horrible rapidity, and Timothy grew visibly stronger, and the scowl returned to take permanent possession of Macgillivray's brow. Timothy noticed it, and wondered. His eyes were neither as vague nor as unseeing as they looked, and he had long ago discovered that a scowl is not always the sign of a crossgrained disposition.

Meanwhile, the girl played very happily with her new toy, the house, wearing a pretty dignity in keeping with her responsibilities, treating Timothy with

the firm tenderness of a mother with an ailing child. It was a side of her nature that Macgillivray had not seen before, and the womanliness of it aroused yearnings in the lonely young fellow which he could no longer mistake for solicitude about her future. She had grown a trifle pale from so much sitting indoors, a trifle grave and quiet. This, too, did not pass unnoted by the watching eyes of Timothy.

It was Miss Jocelyn's custom to send the carriage for her niece daily at about the hour Macgillivray returned from the office; but one evening Timothy asked her to dismiss it.

"I want you to walk home," he said. "You need exercise. You're p-pale."

She inspected herself in a mirror with her usual naïveté.

"Why, so I am! But isn't it becoming, Timothy? I look so interesting, don't I?"

"I p-prefer roses," he smiled. "Johnny, t-take her home, will you?"

"No, no," she protested quickly. "Mr. Macgillivray doesn't want to—he's tired. I won't mind walking alone. It isn't dark yet."

"Johnny won't mind," repeated Timothy, with his gentle persistence.

But Johnny did mind very much. Friendly as they always were before Timothy, chatting and joking together with a seeming freedom from constraint, Macgillivray had come to dread nothing so much as the possibility of having to be with her alone. Of late, the temptation to touch her, to lay his hand on her soft hair, or catch those busy brown fingers to his lips—sometimes it was almost irresistible. Nothing but Timothy's presence restrained him; and, with that safeguard removed, he dared not think what might happen. What was worse, the girl's eyes occasionally met his at such moments with an uncanny look of understanding that made his pulses leap.

After they had started, Flower surprised Timothy by rushing back to give him a fierce little hug and kiss.

"Good-by, you dear!" she whispered.

The two walked for several squares in constrained conversation that was

worse than silence. Then Macgillivray realized that the girl was more nervous than he was.

"Why," he thought, with a pang of remorse, "the little thing's afraid of me!"

And he set himself at once to the task of putting her at ease. Lights were showing in the upper windows of many houses.

"That means kids getting put to bed," he said. "They're sitting around the nursery tables now, gorging themselves on cambric tea. Were you brought up on cambric tea? It's a luscious combination of milk, and hot water, and sugar, and nutmeg—just a dash. Um! The cambric-tea bats

of my childhood! Or maybe their mothers are telling 'em fairy stories and hearing their prayers. I like to watch these first lights twinkle out, don't you?"

"Don't they make you homesick?" she asked.

He laughed.

"You can't be homesick for a home you've never had—one advantage of growing up in hotels, eh? Oh, I suppose I must have had a mother—fellows usually do. But somehow I don't recall her. As soon as I outgrew cambric tea, they sent me to boarding school. In the summer, dad's valet looked after me—an awfully decent chap, Johnson, though he didn't go in for fairy stories and prayers. However, I understand that such things are generally attended to at this time of day."

"They will be in your house, won't they?" commented the girl softly.

He winced.



He crunched back those pitiful sobs with his lips.

"I'm not a marrying man," he said.

She gave him a quick, shy glance, and started to speak, but thought better of it.

At that moment a man passed, his face shining out in the sudden glare of a street lamp. It was the man with the scar. Macgillivray paused abruptly.

"I'm afraid I'll have to let you go home alone, after all," he said. "You won't really mind? There's a man I've got to see."

"Why, I'll wait for you," she answered. "I—I want to talk to you some more."

"No, don't wait, please. It may take some time. Go straight on, and don't look back. To tell the truth, it's the fellow who whipped Timothy."

"Oh!" she exclaimed, paling. "Then hurry, hurry! He's getting away!"

The man turned with a start as he felt a heavy hand on his shoulder.

"Hey? What do you want?"

"I guess you know," said Macgillivray.

The man looked at him more closely. "Why," he grinned, "if it ain't Dobbs' private secretary!"

"His hired bully," corrected Macgillivray. "Keeps me instead of a nigger and a horsewhip. Step this way."

"Where to?"

"Just up the alley, where we won't be interrupted till I've done with you."

The man hung back, temporizing.

"Say, young fellow, I ain't got no quarrel with you, nor with Dobbs, neither. We're quits. He called too many names, and somebody beat him up. What makes you think it was me? Why, you can't prove I laid a finger on him!"

"I shan't bother to prove it. Take off your coat."

"What—before ladies?"

The man searched the deserted street with an anxiety that belied his mocking tone.

"Damn you, I can't wait!" said Macgillivray suddenly, and punched.

The man went down with a thud. Instantly on his feet again, he came at Macgillivray, snarling, and the boy realized the possibilities of the cornered rat. His opponent was short but powerful, and he knew how to fight. Macgillivray smiled with satisfaction. This promised to be more interesting than his bouts with the punching nigger.

Throughout the fair imitation of a prize fight that followed, the boy's smile remained fixed, a little swollen toward the last, a trifle gory, but still recognizable as a smile. The man made vain and furious efforts to remove it.

"Good one!" gasped the boy once. "I believe you could have whipped old Timothy without the nigger!"

At that they clenched, and went down together, rolling over and over, growling like two great dogs. Over them stood Flower, watching. She was shivering uncontrollably, and white as death, but she did not cry out. She might have been the referee; except that she gripped a stout stick, ready for use in case the wrong man came out on top.

Her assistance was not needed.

Macgillivray emerged, panting with triumph.

"Had enough?" he demanded.

The body beneath him heaved slightly.

"Better punch him again," advised Flower.

Macgillivray complied, rather dizzily.

"There—that's enough," said the girl. "He's blubbering."

CHAPTER XIII.

After a moment, Macgillivray became gratefully aware of a guiding and sustaining hand beneath his arm.

"Go on," he murmured. "Groggy—all right in minute—no condition walking street with lady——"

"Just a little farther," she urged. "Don't give up! We're almost home. Here's the gate. Now the steps—so! Here we are."

She left him collapsed in a chair and ran for water. He gulped it down in great mouthfuls.

"Better now?" she asked, after a while.

He nodded up at her, with a shamed, apologetic smile; and suddenly she bent and kissed him, full upon his bruised mouth.

They drew apart, and stared at each other. He was the first to recover.

"I know why you did that," he said tremulously. "It was because I avenged Timothy."

"It was not!" she cried. "It was because I love you. It was because you're my man, my man! Oh, John!" She began to sob. "What are we going to do about it? What are we going to do?"

The boy, being human, did the only thing that occurred to him at the moment. He crushed back those pitiful sobs with his lips.

Twilight deepened in the quiet room, became darkness so dense that the accusing eyes of the portrait above the mantel could no longer penetrate it. A young moon came and looked in at the window, and doubtless found her investigations satisfactory. Not so Eliphalet, entering to light the lamps. He with-

drew on tiptoe, his eyes round with apprehension.

"Lawsy, if ole miss ketches 'em! Reck'n I better be watchin' at de gate," he muttered.

Presently the girl stirred a little, sighing happily.

"And to think," she murmured, "that I almost married Timothy!"

Macgillivray came to himself with a groan.

"Flower, I'd forgotten there was such a person!"

"People are always forgetting Timothy, aren't they?" She snuggled against him comfortably. "Never mind other people now, Johnny. Let's just talk about you and me."

"But we've got to face this. Remember what he has done for me. I was a stranger, penniless, the son of a thief—and he trusted me. In his house, among his friends, with you. Oh, my girl, we *must* think of Timothy!"

She patted his cheek softly.

"You're so splendid when you talk like that," she murmured.

He held her away from him.

"Have you no sense of honor?"

"Not a bit," she said.

"But remember what you owe him—more than you know, Flower! Remember your mother's debt to him."

"Debt?" She smiled a wise little smile. "People like mother and me have no debts, Johnny. It's enough for us just to live and be sweet—isn't it? Like flowers, and song birds, and lots of nice, useless things that people love just the same. Oh, I understand my mother now. Of course she couldn't stay with poor Timothy when she knew what loving meant. Why, Johnny, he isn't—attractive! He's only half a man. He hasn't enough strength in his arms to hug people, let alone fight for them. He's never even kissed me properly. He doesn't know how—he just pecks."

The boy shuddered.

"When you talk like this," he said sternly, "I don't know you."

"But you love me just as much!" she cried, in triumph. "See. You can't let go of me even when you want to. Oh,

I'm no angel, Johnny. Who likes angels? Auntie had no right to expect so much of me. I'd have tried anything to please her—her and Timothy. But how was I to understand? I wasn't a woman then. Now I am. Dearest"—she held his face between her hands—"aren't you glad we found out in time? Isn't it much better to take me now than as Timothy's wife?"

He recoiled in horror. It seemed to his overwrought senses that not the girl, but La Masque herself was tempting him, urging him to dishonor.

"You can't know what you are talking about!" he groaned.

"I don't argue very well," she admitted humbly. "I only know that I want you, and when I want anything very much—why, I just take it."

He flung her from him.

"Yes, that is the doctrine of the thief," he said through clenched teeth. "But, by God, you shall not make a thief of me!"

Miss Jocelyn was intercepted at her gate by Eliphalet.

"Why have you not lighted the lamps?" she asked.

"Didn't darst, ole miss. She's in thar, cryin'."

"Who—not Miss Flower? But she never cried in her life."

"She's a-doin' of it now," he muttered. "Oh, I knowed dat masher was gwineter bring us trouble—I knowed hit. He better not run into me when I has my gun."

Miss Jocelyn hurried to the drawing-room, her hand at her heart. "Things can't be going wrong now, at the last moment—they can't! God won't let them," she assured herself.

"Flower, are you there?" she called. No answer. She pushed open the door. "Come, dear, see the present aunty's brought you this time. Nothing much—just that little coral chain you had set your heart on for the trousseau."

Out of the darkness, the girl sprang at her like a wild cat. She seized the present and trampled it underfoot.

"Don't you dare speak to me about a trousseau—don't you dare! What do

you know about loving and marrying? You're nothing but an old maid. I want my mother! Oh, I want my mother!"

It was the cry Margot Jocelyn had been dreading for twenty years.

CHAPTER XIV.

Macgillivray went straight to Timothy's study, too excited to think of removing the traces of battle.

"Mr. Dobbs, I've done what I was hired for, and now I want to resign," he said. "No, don't ask any questions, please. I want to go away to-night."

If he had been less absorbed in his own trouble, he might have noticed a sudden gleam behind Timothy's glasses.

"Tired of me, Johnny?" he said soothingly. "I don't blame you. It must be s-stupid being hands and feet and wits and fists for another fellow. But c-couldn't you wait till to-morrow morning? Just to give me a chance to explain your new d-duties."

"What new duties?"

"Why," said Timothy, rubbing his hands, "I f-forgot to tell you that you've been appointed assistant editor of the *Clarion*."

The boy flushed to the roots of his hair.

"Assistant editor? Oh, you don't know! There are a dozen fellows at the office who could do the work better, sir. What'll they say to me being put over their heads?"

"I'm the owner of the *Clarion*," Timothy reminded him. "I'm getting old enough to take things easy now. And I'm not such a f-fool as you think me, Johnny. There's a sort of sticktoitiveness about you that's going to be useful to the *Clarion*. The salary," he added slyly, "ought to be big enough for a young fellow to g-get married on." Observing the flush die suddenly out of the boy's face, he hurried on: "B-but I hoped you would go on living here with us—to amuse Flower, you know. Young people like each other's society. It would be pretty dull for her in the house with j-just me."

The boy stifled an exclamation.

"What was that you said, Johnny? It sounded like 'I'll be damned'!"

"The telephone," muttered Macgillivray, and strode from the room.

Timothy looked after him, chuckling. But his eyes took no part in the chuckle. They were rather dim and sad.

Macgillivray started as he recognized Flower's voice over the telephone, strained and quivering.

"Come quick!" she cried. "Bring Timothy if he's able. Oh, I'm frightened. I must get back to the house—it's aunty. Oh, hurry!"

"Yes, yes—what's happened? What's wrong with your aunt?" he demanded; but Flower was gone.

"Mr. Dobbs, something has gone wrong at the Jocelyns'," he cried, bursting into the study.

Timothy was already getting into his street clothes.

"I heard you. Get an automobile. Be quick!"

All the gentle indecision was gone from face and manner. It was he who hurried into the street half-dressed, he who curtly ordered the chauffeur to drive like the devil, he who kept calling "Faster!" though his heart was in his mouth with the terror of their whirling progress.

"What can have happened?" wondered Macgillivray. "I saw Miss Jocelyn as I was leaving the house, not half an hour ago. She seemed perfectly well."

"Her father died of a stroke," was Timothy's reply; and the boy cowered under a sudden fear that his treachery and Flower's might be in some way responsible.

They found the door closed and bolted. Under their pounding, it opened a crack, and the barrel of a shotgun protruded.

"Tain't a mite o' use tryin'," blustered a shaking voice. "Ain't nobody gwineter step foot inside dis house till Mr. Timothy gets here!"

"It's me now, you fool! Open the door!" Timothy was too agitated for the niceties of speech.

The negro obeyed, crying, "Please Gawd! But is you seen Joseph any-

whars? Ef I only had Joseph, I bet dat fella wouldn't come pesterin' us no mo'!"

His knees shook under him, and his face was gray with fear.

"Where's your mistress?" demanded Timothy.

"I am here," spoke a calm voice from the drawing-room, where Miss Jocelyn stood dressed for the street, in cape, bonnet, and reticule. "I feared I should have to leave without telling you good-by, my friend. You see, they are after me. He has been here twice. The third time he will doubtless force an entrance."

With a terrified little cry, Flower ran to Timothy, and hid her face on his shoulder.

"After you! Margot, wh-what are you talking about?"

"The police, Timothy. I wished to explain to you before you heard of it from others. I shall be glad if you can keep it out of the public prints. Unfortunately," she said, with a rather tremulous smile, "I must have been seen—shoplifting, I believe the expression is. Oh, nothing valuable. Timothy—merely trifles that Flower has wanted from time to time for her trousseau. You know I have always felt it—safer—to give the child anything she sets her heart on within reason. Lately, somehow I have not been able to make much money. My eyes are getting old. I can't embroider as fast as I used to. I thought of asking for credit at the shops, but—they might have refused. It seemed easier just to put the things under my cape and bring them home. I've kept a memorandum, of course."

She read it to them. The coral beads figured in it, also the marabou boa, the parasol, and the gilt slippers.

"The heritage!" groaned Macgilivray under his breath. "Flower, forgive me!"

But the girl had no ears for him. She was staring at her aunt, her face as set and stern as the portrait of the young Presbyterian over the mantel.

"Aunt Margot, do you mean to say you have been *stealing* for me?" she demanded.

"Stealing!" Miss Jocelyn drew herself up to her full height. "I? *Stealing*? My dear, what an extraordinary question! I merely borrowed these trifles, intending to pay for them after your marriage, when my expenses will be lessened. Of course, it was always possible that shopkeepers, policemen, people of that class, might detect me and misunderstand. That was a risk," she said magnificently, "which I chose to run."

Timothy made a sound in his throat.

"Of course you did! Having g-given the child everything else you had, naturally you would want to make her a p-present of your reputation. Margot, come with me. There's an automobile out in front, and we will get a license and be married across the river inside of an hour."

She stared at him aghast.

"Married!" she whispered.

"Exactly. Married. Do you suppose any policeman in this town would dare try to arrest my wife? Why, Margot," he announced, with pride, "I am the *Clarion*!"

She laughed a little painfully.

"Flower, he's not himself—don't listen to him, dear. Don't worry. Auntie will make it all right."

"Johnny wants Flower," remarked Timothy.

"Wants—oh, but don't *you* love her?" cried Miss Jocelyn.

"Of course I do. Who wouldn't? J-just as I loved her mother, Margot. An ugly, dull fellow like me is bound to love p-pretty things, young, gay things, th-that sort of keep him in touch with life. You thought it would be a good idea if I should marry her. So did I, since I couldn't have you. Oh, I know very well you've never cared for me," he hurried on, as she did not speak. "I could see that. That's why I didn't bother you about it. B-but now I think you need me; really I do. Would you mind? We've been friends so long, and—and—"

Still she did not speak. He peered at her wistfully. Suddenly he took a step toward her.

"Why are you looking at me like

that, Margot! Have—have I been blind all these years?"

Macgillivray turned his back. He thought that he must have been blind himself. Miss Jocelyn was beautiful.

"Mr. Tim, heah he is!" shouted Eliphalet from the hall. "Come quick, you-all! I cain't hold dis do' all by myse'f!"

"I've always cared," said Miss Jocelyn quietly. "But you've come too late, my friend. I can't let you marry me out of jail."

"I'd marry you," cried the gentle Timothy, "out of hell!"

And at that moment the front door gave with a crash.

"That nigger of yours must be drunk again," exclaimed an irate policeman on the threshold. Then he jerked off his helmet, mumbling: "Excuse *me*. Wasn't aimin' to butt in."

Miss Jocelyn turned the soft radiance of her smile upon him.

"It's all right. We understand, officer. Do your duty."

"Certainly—do your duty!" Flower stepped in front of her aunt, her head very high. "I'm quite ready to go with you. Yes—yes, I am the person you are looking for. Pay no attention to anything Miss Jocelyn may say," she added confidentially. "She's just gone quite crazy—the shock, you know."

"Look here, officer!" demanded Macgillivray. "What do you want in this house, anyway?"

The gaping policeman turned with relief to the voice of authority.

"It's that dog Joseph, sir. He's went an' had pups in a neighbor's coal shed, an' they dassen't go in to get no coal, so——" He stopped abruptly, adding to himself: "Bughouse, sure!"

The two gentlemen were shaking hands and laughing like maniacs. The girl had crumpled into a sobbing heap at her aunt's feet. Miss Jocelyn alone maintained the traditions of her caste.

"Eliphalet," she said, with regal calm, "you will at once remove Josephine and her family from the coal shed. But first offer this gentleman a glass of sherry—to drink our healths," she added, with a shy smile at Timothy.

CHAPTER XV.

Some weeks later, the same moon that had pursued investigations at the Jocelyn drawing-room window beamed her full approval upon a pair of entwined lovers who strolled up and down the Dobbs' back yard, raptly oblivious of the nipping zephyrs of November. The Jocelyns had been transplanted root and branch, even to Josephine's progeny sprawling numerously underfoot, even to the Rajah, who was audibly munching the oats of idleness in the near distance.

"Who's the old chap calling on the bride and groom?" asked Macgillivray, glancing in at a window as they passed.

"Mr. Page, aunty's lawyer. The one who's settling her accounts with the shops she—borrowed things from, you know. We certainly had a time persuading her to let him do it, too! Aunty was for driving around in state from shop to shop with the money, explaining the circumstances to each shopkeeper. 'What if they do misunderstand—people of that class?' she said. 'What difference does it make? We Jocelyns never need to consider public opinion.'"

"Good old girl!" chuckled Macgillivray.

"But Timothy reminded her that she was no longer a Jocelyn, and that Dobbses do have to consider public opinion because of the *Clarion*. 'Why, my dear,' he said grandly, 'we Dobbses *belong* to the public,' which was just the sort of thing to say to aunty, of course. So at last she consented to return the money anonymously, through her lawyer. Let's not talk about them any more," she broke off, rubbing her cheek against his sleeve. "Let's just talk about you and me. Johnny, when are you going to propose to me again?"

"In a few years," he answered hopefully, and sighed a little. "Just as soon as I can offer you a clean name. You know I've saved a good deal already."

She stamped her foot.

"What do you suppose I care about 'clean names'? Bother your father's debts! I tell you what. We'll get married right away, and sell the old house

—it's mine!—and pay your father's debts with that. Timothy'll let us put up a tent in his back yard. I've always wanted to live in a tent, anyway. Let's!"

He kissed her fingers.

"Sweetest, the old house wouldn't be a drop in the bucket. Thanks just the same."

"Well, but if I were married to you, I could help you earn the rest—don't you see? With my feet, of course! No, don't laugh. You remember what La Masque said."

"Somehow I'm not very fond of being helped," he said seriously. "And I certainly don't fancy the idea of a lot of ogling chaps falling in love with my wife over the footlights. No, thanks, Mrs. Macgillivray! But whenever you want to dance 'just terribly,' you may dance for me. Do it now, if you like. I don't care."

Flower shook her head.

"I haven't wanted anything 'just terribly' for weeks," she said, "except to marry you. Surely that's reasonable enough. Anybody would want that."

Just then Timothy's voice, tremulous with excitement, called them into the parlor.

"Why, aunty, you're crying!" exclaimed the girl, running to her.

"Am I? Oh, my dear, such a wonderful thing! Tell her, Mr. Page."

The lawyer cleared his throat.

"Recently a lady who was passing through the city commissioned me to draw up her will. She was a stranger to you, Miss Flower, an actress—a friend of your mother's, I believe. She made you her heir."

The girl gave a sharp cry.

"She's dead, Johnny—La Masque is dead! I shall never see her again; never!"

"What?" gasped her aunt. "You have seen her, then—you knew?"

Flower was staring before her with strange, wide eyes.

"I have dreamed of her ever since. She'd sing me to sleep, and kiss me. Last night I dreamed that she was pleading with me, begging me to come

to her because she was lonely and tired, horribly tired. And I wouldn't. I kept dancing away from her, telling her I was a will-o'-the-wisp, laughing back at her when she tried to catch me." She buried her face in her hands.

In the pause that followed, the lawyer cleared his throat again.

"She left you something else in my charge. She thought it would be of more value to you than to her. Here it is."

The girl listlessly accepted the box he gave her, and opened it.

"A wedding ring? 'R. L. to F. J., June 3, 1890,'" she read on the inner side. "The year before I was born—why, it must be my mother's ring!"

The tears were pouring down her aunt's face.

"Yes—yes, dear. Your mother's wedding ring. And our father died without knowing! Flower, your name is not Jocelyn. It's Leslie."

"I know," said the girl indifferently, "but I like Jocelyn better—or Macgillivray." Suddenly she turned to the lawyer. "Is there much money?" she demanded. "A great deal?"

"A very pretty little property," he replied, rather shocked; and mentioned the amount.

She whirled upon her lover, crying:

"Is that enough?"

He nodded.

"But, Flower," he reminded her gently, "it's *your* money."

"Mine to do what I choose with. And I choose," she cried gloriously, "to pay your father's debts!"

Something in his face sobered her.

"You don't mean that you won't *let* me?" She ran to him. "Johnny, it means that we can be married at once, it means that you can have a home, and—and everything! Don't you want to?"

He looked away from the eager, quivering face. This was a decision that he knew he must make alone. Every instinct was urging him to accept his happiness as a gift of the gods; and thank Heaven for it. Surely it was poetic justice that it should come to them through La Masque; the old generation clearing

the path for the new. But after all his fine promises, to buy back a clean name with money earned by another, a stranger, a woman—

"Why, dear, it's only money!" pleaded the girl. "Won't you take it from me?"

His pride died hard, but it died.

"I guess I'd take anything from you," he answered simply.

With that she turned upon the startled lawyer and passionately embraced him. She seized Timothy by both hands, and spun him round and round like a top, so that his glasses flew off and his hair stood out about his head like a grizzled halo. Josephine, the shocked ma-

tron, fastened herself upon a passing coat tail and spun with them.

"I'm going to be married!" chanted the girl. "I'm going to be married, and I'm happy, happy, happy!"

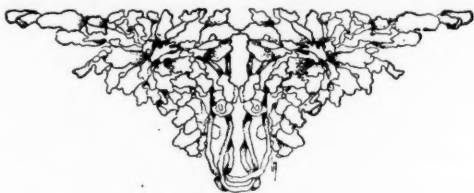
"Flower, stop! Hush!" cried her aunt, aghast. "She has only just died, and she was your—"

But Macgillivray laid a warning finger on his lips.

"I wonder that you—dare," she whispered to him. "I should think you'd be afraid of the heritage."

He smiled. Unconsciously he squared his broad young shoulders.

"That for heritages!" he said, snapping his fingers.



Kinship

OUR neighbor's boy, in our neighbor's yard—
Happily, noisily—

Plays on the grass through the care-free hours,
And, wise in mischief, he plucks the flowers,
Just as a dear little-rogue plucks ours—

Impishly, teasingly—

And our neighbor captures the tiny hand,
And our neighbor utters a dread command—

But, somehow, tenderly!

And the pride of his eyes is a pride like ours,
As it follows the sweetest of all the flowers

That bloom in our neighbor's yard.

Our neighbor walks in his lonely yard—

Heavily, somberly—

And his head is bent, and his face is drawn,
And he seems to seek on the dew-kissed lawn
Footprints that *might* have slipped there with dawn—

Wistfully, hopelessly—

And our neighbor's eyes tell of age-long hours,
And our neighbor stoops, and he plucks the flowers—

Dear God, so tenderly!

And our fingers meet, and his grief is ours,
And we pray that we never may pluck our flowers .

Like that, in our lonely yard.

GEORGE FOXHALL.

VINDICATION



BY
**MARIE
MANNING**

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. PECK

JANE FARRINGTON was essentially Gothic in type—high-arched nose, hair parted in an apex over a towering forehead, and as lofty a bearing as a cathedral. She was giving a tea party to the Morton girls, who, though they were respectively fifty and fifty-five, had never been called anything else.

The Morton girls were small-boned and plump with brown eyes; and their present alertness of attitude, one felt, was more in deference to Miss Farrington's personality than to any constitutional stiffness of vertebræ. Tea was served in the blue willow ware that had been in their hostess' family since before the Boston tea party, and there was not a nick or a chip to be found in it anywhere.

One of Elvira Morton's cautious brown eyes, quite within its province of well-ordered restraint, saw there was plum cake on the lower shelf of the tea table; and Elvira determined accordingly to refuse a second tea biscuit. At the same time, she noticed a girl walking rather aimlessly past their hostess' lawn.

Strange figures were indeed strange figures in that town where life had gradually crystallized about the scant

dozen or so of ladies who dwelt on either side of the elm-arched street, in houses that were not exactly new when their grandsires had gone off to fight King George's redcoats. Sometimes a niece would come from somewhere out in the world to make her home with an aunt, and she would inherit the family estates. Thus the society of the stiff-necked little town perpetuated itself by a sort of conventual succession. But of marriage and giving in marriage there had scarcely been an instance in thirty years.

It is more than probable that Elvira Morton would not have lost sight of the young stranger had not Jane Farrington offered the plum cake at that moment; for it was an unwritten law of the town that one should then lead Jane to the point of discussing the manifold advantages of soaking the spices in rum a good twenty-four hours before mixing the cake. And when, after many gentle purrings and murmurs of assent, Elvira at last was able to detach her gaze from her hostess, she saw that the girl was standing before them framed in the casement window.

The three women had become aware of her simultaneously, and started in a manner wholly out of proportion to the

incident. No one had heard a footfall; but there stood an indubitable girl, smiling easily, as though it were the most everyday sort of thing to invade one of Miss Farrington's tea parties.

There was about the intruder a vividness and depth of color that gave to the ladies grouped about the tea-table something of the tint of old ivory. She had the dark hair that, in sunlight, has the bluish iridescence of a plum—the face rather severely modeled but for the beautiful ripple of the mouth. So far she was but a pretty girl of whom you might meet a score—it was the eyes that made of her something to look at, and look at again. They were, indeed, a strange legacy for "sweet and twenty," and held in their depths much of woe and something of the blank horror that the dead who die by violence carry to their graves.

Jane Farrington half rose—the ancestral cup clattered to the table. She looked suddenly very old, all her Gothic aspect replaced by shuddering dread. The Morton girls, puzzled and frightened, huddled together like two inquisitive little seals. Where had they seen that face? With what sinister connection was every line of it associated?

"Who are you?" demanded Jane Farrington, in a cracked voice.

And the girl, wholly unconscious of the impression she was creating, thought, perhaps, all New England people were like this. She had been told they were not friendly, like Southerners.

"I am Betty Carter, of Virginia." She bowed. "I am here with a friend sketching and taking photographs—your town is lovely."

The unmistakable Southern accent was reassuring. Jane Farrington sank rather heavily in her chair. The sisters unconsciously separated.

"Did you ever see such a likeness?"

Their hostess was recovering a shade of her presence of mind. Whoever it was that Miss Carter resembled, the thing seemed in the nature of an unwarrantable liberty.

"Likeness, yes?" queried Abigail Morton. "But I can't place it."

"You can't place it, you can't place it?" Jane Farrington seemed to lose all patience. "What's the matter with you? I've never seen such a likeness in all my life."

"I can't place it, either," said Elvira Morton, in an undertone; "but there is—isn't there?—something awful about the——"

Miss Farrington looked from one to the other pityingly.

"Please tell me who it is I am like?" pleaded the girl.

The three women seemed to have forgotten that she was alive.

"I beg your pardon"—Miss Farrington inclined her Gothic head—"but you so closely resemble the portrait of a woman whose history this town——"

"Oh," the sisters exclaimed, "the locked portrait!" their sleek little faces paling and sharpening. "The portrait of——"

"Sh-sh-sh-sh!" commanded Miss Farrington; and to the girl: "Pray be seated. You say your home is in Virginia?"

"Yes; in Albemarle County. I have a letter of introduction to Miss Ludlow. Isn't one of you ladies she?"

"No. Miss Ludlow lives next door; but she is away at present visiting in Boston. Her house is closed."

It was the hardest thing the Mortons ever had to do; but they rose tentatively in obedience to their code, feeling that their hostess, in common humanity, would beg them to remain. But she did not, and they were forced to take their departure.

"You have a letter of introduction to Miss Ludlow?" Jane inquired when they were alone.

"From Mrs. Austen, of Washington. You may remember her as Miss Ludlow's guest? I have always wanted to come here since I saw Mrs. Austen's photographs of the place. I illustrate a little, and I thought, perhaps, I might find an abandoned farm in the neighborhood."

Miss Farrington looked at her a long time in silence, then said abruptly:

"If I were you, I wouldn't think of

such a thing. I would go away to-morrow."

The girl's face flushed, the rebuff seemed so unnecessarily brusque. Then she remembered that sometimes elderly ladies did not approve of girls setting up studios anywhere. But Miss Farrington's next words left no room for doubt.

"I wouldn't stop here an hour longer than necessary. There must be other places suitable for studios."

"May I ask why you so particularly

was taken away and given another name. Her house has stood vacant all these years, free to the first who would claim it; but there is not a vagrant that can keep to it overnight, let the weather be what it may. Years ago, when this town swarmed with little boys, not one had the courage to throw a stone at the window of that house or take an apple from the orchard.

"Her portrait hung in our museum for years—as like you as your face is to



"Who are you?" demanded Jane Farrington, in a cracked voice.

advise against my stopping here? Is it that you think I should be so undesirable?"

"Personally I am sure you would be all we could wish. But it is your misfortune to resemble to a startling degree a woman concerned in a tragedy the most terrible this town has ever known. It is no ordinary tale of human wretchedness. In all my life I've never heard of its parallel. Her family were wiped out by the blow—all but one little child too young to realize the hideousness of the crime and its punishment; and it

its reflection in the glass. There was a young man here, the son of our doctor, who made a wager with a friend that he would spend the night in the woman's house. In the morning he did not appear, and search was made. They found him in the old paneled room at the back, with his knees drawn under his chin, dead. And the look on his face—" She did not finish; but the old face grew older, and the lines about the mouth sharpened. "The portrait was taken from the museum. I have it here, in the house, locked."



The picture held its replica in a spell.

Miss Farrington rose, motioned to her guest to follow, and led the way up the wide stairs to her bedroom. The girl watched her fit a key to a pair of paneled doors about two feet square. They swung apart, and disclosed the portrait of a woman.

The picture held its replica in a spell. She did not speak; and when she raised her head all the young confidence was gone. The minute hand of the clock had made some progress before she could pull herself together, and inquire: "Was the name—this woman's married name—Pentrieth?"

"Then you know the story?"

"No, I've never heard. But there is a tradition—one that has been kept a secret—that five generations ago our family name was Pentrieth. An ancestor of mine was adopted by Keith Carter, of Virginia, who gave him his own name. I did not know this till I came across an old letter of Keith Carter's speaking of the adoption of Archibald Pentrieth. There was but one page of the letter, the rest was gone. If my father knew of this he never mentioned it."

"Is your father living?"

"No; my immediate family are all

dead; but through the Carter connection I call half Virginia cousin."

"If I were you, Miss Carter, I should go back to my home. This town is no place for you."

"I mean to go back; but before I go you'll tell me about this ancestress of mine, won't you?"

Jane Farrington sat very straight in her high-backed chair, a thin, capable hand resting on either arm. Few episodes in her life had been more trying than the prolonging of this interview. The perverse

beauty of the girl opposite was strangely repellent, the resemblance to the locked portrait no passport to Miss Farrington's good graces. When the older woman had told the stranger of the young man who had made a wager with a friend that he would spend the night in the haunted house, hoping that if Mistress Betty were as beautiful as her portrait her ghost might come, she forbore to speak of the jealousy that the idle words had cost her or to tell that the youth who had come to such an untimely end had been her accepted lover, and that from the day of his death the portrait had been locked.

But Miss Farrington's standards did not permit the harboring of unjust antipathies, and the high-backed chair became her judgment seat from which she sharply questioned her conscience as to whether she should tell the girl or follow her own inclination of silence.

Her Bible rested on a small candle table by the bed; and to the book she submitted decision. Holding the volume loosely in her spare hand, the leaves fell apart, disclosing at the top of the page the sixteenth verse of the eighth chapter of Zachariah.

These are the things that ye shall do; speak

ye every man the truth to his neighbor; execute the judgment of truth and peace in your gates.

She closed the book, questioning no further.

"Briefly this is the story of Betty Pentrieth: At seventeen years of age, the girl, whose sympathies were wholly with the colonists, was married against her inclination to one of the king's soldiers, Captain Archibald Pentrieth. He was the age of her father—a drinking, roistering man of camps and adventure, who treated his young wife badly. Before her marriage there had been a man of her own choosing, Lieutenant Hubert Wiltsie, of whom her family disapproved. When Wiltsie went to Boston with his regiment, she was married forthwith, protesting bitterly, to Pentrieth, who, according to report, would insist upon his wife's presence at his drinking bouts, compelling her to toast the king and the Tories and to drink destruction to the colonists. He was said to urge the matter with his riding whip when she demurred.

"The son she bore Captain Pentrieth was undoubtedly your ancestor—the one whose name was changed in common mercy after the tragedy. When this child was about a year old, Captain Pentrieth sailed for England, where he was in high favor with the court. Meantime, Wiltsie came back, and Mistress Pentrieth revenged herself for the riding whip in her own way. She did mad things for the colonists, went through the British lines twice, was a spy; no enterprise was too desperate to enlist her sympathies or her daring co-operation. She was the toast of the colonists, the most beautiful woman in the State. She and her lover did not attempt to silence gossiping tongues. They went their way, and let the rest of the world do the same."

The girl sat on the edge of her chair, pressing forward. Not a muscle relaxed as she listened with aching attention. Was it a fancy, or did the eyes in the picture ask something of her? Jane Farrington's smooth, colorless voice kept on:

"Suddenly Mistress Pentrieth with-

drew to the seclusion of her home, saw no one, nor showed herself at a window. Her servants said she kept to the big room at the back of the house, and that no one went or came but the mysterious half-breed Indian woman who waited upon her; not even the little son who had grown well during the two years of his father's absence.

"There was a woman in the town who had no cause to love Mistress Pentrieth, seeing that Lieutenant Wiltsie had courted her daughter after his first disappointment, then deserted her when the Tory captain's wife called him back to her. This woman, one Mistress Fessenden, chose to regard Betty's absence from the townsfolk as an issue demanding neighborly intervention. If she were ill, she needed nursing; if she were in trouble, friendly counsel.

"So, one day when she saw the half-breed woman disappear down the road on one of her mysterious errands, she forced her way into the Pentrieth house, and, seeking out Mistress Betty's chamber, knocked and rapped, called and threatened entrance with friendly aid—till the door was opened to her."

"It was Fessenden's cruelty—and hatred," the girl interrupted. But Miss Farrington continued, without noticing:

"There stood Mistress Pentrieth, tall and slender as a poplar, but white—white as dead—and angry—women are. 'Seek what you may find, Mistress Fessenden.' And Betty turned her back on the woman, and walked toward the window singing. Fessenden declared afterward, on her oath, at the trial, that when first she entered the room, she could hear faintly muffled cries that sounded like a smothering infant, but that she could not tell whence they came. During the enforced visit, Fessenden further declared that Mistress Betty strove to calm her agitation, and besought her not to hurry the visit, it having been so uncommonly welcome. So Fessenden took a chair, though none had been offered, and sat the better part of two hours, neither woman speaking. What had seemed like the crying of an infant stopped after a little while, and

Fessenden made ready to return to her home.

"She had not gone far before she made up her mind to turn back for a second look, and found Betty Pentrieth standing with the dead body of a young child lifted up, as if beseeching God. The lid of the window seat where she had concealed it was raised—but there was no sign of life in the babe.

"Mistress Fessenden gave the alarm of murder, and the king's soldiers came and bore off Betty Pentrieth before his excellency the governor; and she was tried, convicted, and sentenced to be hanged for the murder of her infant.

"In those days executions were public, and the occasions of hideous merry-making which was supposed to serve as a warning to the spectators. The parson preached what was called the 'scaffold sermon,' and the condemned one stood on the gibbet with bound hands and listened to the last admonition.

"Mistress Pentrieth was standing thus when a crowd of redcoats, returned within the hour from England on the king's ship, forced their way close to the gallows. They had not heard the condemned one's name, only that she was a woman no better than she should be; and they had hurried lest the town wench should have paid her penalty before they should be there to see it. In the lead was their captain—Archibald Pentrieth—and he and the woman looked long at one another—and they hanged her."

The girl put her hands to her neck, and felt of it. Smooth and bare though it was, she breathed chokingly, as if something was tightening.

"Pentrieth and Wiltie fought, and both died of their wounds. Hideous things happened to the woman's family within the year—madness chiefly, and suicide. Her child was adopted by a colonial officer, taken South, and lost sight of. The Pentrieth house, which was the finest hereabouts, was free to the first comer; but there was none brave enough to take possession. Neighbors moved as far away from it as they could go. To this day not a house stands closer to it than three miles.

"Women brooded over the horror of the thing till they went melancholy, many families moved from the township, the village became a sort of byword in the adjacent country. People came to look at the house, the gallows where the husband and wife had met; and they had their thrill and went away again; but few came to settle."

Miss Farrington finished. Neither spoke. It was absolutely still in the old house. The silence held strange reverberations like the sound of the sea in a shell. A horrid obsession was beginning to seize the older woman. She fancied she saw above the collarless blouse of her visitor a red ring. The girl pulled herself together with a mighty effort. Her youth seemed to have run out, like the sand in a broken hourglass.

"It's getting late, and I've a long way to go. I'm stopping in the new town at the hotel."

"It is a long way," Miss Farrington agreed uncompromisingly. "If you'll excuse me, Miss Carter, I'll not go down with you. I'll ring the bell, and Deborah will show you out."

The girl had struggled to keep a brave front during the interview; but as she hurried down the elm-arched street with the sedate houses on either side, the horror of the tale swept over her, and dragged her under like a wave.

The temper of the weather had changed while she had been inside the house. The whimsical April day that had been as warm as June had turned suddenly chill, and there was a humidity in the atmosphere that threatened rain.

It was a good five miles to the new town. She had driven from the new town earlier in the day, with the intention of walking home in the cool of the afternoon; but, with spirits sunk to their lowest ebb, the exertion seemed intolerable.

There was no conveyance to be had in the town, so her driver of the afternoon had warned her, and she dared not ring a bell and ask permission to rest for fear of repeating her adventure with Jane Farrington. She met no one on

the street. The place was as deserted as Pompeii after nightfall.

When she had gone a couple of miles, the prospect began to change. She felt she must have missed the road, not recalling on her way over the thick grove of trees that began to loom before her. The day seemed to have resigned itself to fitful April rain. There was no color in the sky but a pale light along the horizon—child points of flame like candles that burn in a chamber of death. Her mind was busy with the dead-and-gone Betty Pentrieth.

The trees in the grove were lombardy poplars, growing thick and unpruned. There must have been a great many of them, dozens and dozens, to make them look so dense; and then she saw that there was a house in the middle of them, and its long, one-storied back building trailed beyond the trees. There were lights in this back building—cheerful, ruddy lights that made the panes glow hospitably in the dark.

Betty pictured the scene within—the big fire, the savory dishes cooking for supper, the farmer and his sons waiting in hungry zest while the women stirred and baked. She was eager for a glimpse of it. The homely scene would help dispel the horrors of that earlier visit. But did these people, too, know of Betty Pentrieth and her crime?

She felt the same blind impulse to enter the house that she had felt to come North and see the old town—an impulse as insistent as it was inexplicable.

The front of the house was very dark in its grove of trees. Then, as if to quicken her decision, a pelting rain began to fall, and she hurried to the front gate. But the latch would not yield. It seemed to have rusted, and the rust held



And to the book she submitted decision.

like steel. She did not reason about the impulse that impelled her to open the gate, even prompting her to hammer the latch with a stone that was lying in the road. This she did till the rusted iron snapped; and she tugged open the gate that groaned on its hinges.

It had grown so dark that it was impossible to see the thick shrubbery with which the place was overgrown. She could hardly feel the path, and stumbled once or twice on her way to the door. She knocked sharply twice—she was so eager to get in to the family, the fire, and the light. The knock sounded far off and echoing, as if the rooms might be bare and the ceilings high.

She waited, but there was no response. Evidently the family lived in the back of the house, and it would be hard to hear the knock through the pelting rain. Again she knocked, pounded; it was inhuman to keep any one out on such a night. Then came a splitting crack of thunder, and, by the accompanying flash, she saw that the door had opened a little.

"Please let me come in. I'm wet and cold."

Her voice broke. As if in answer to her request, an angry gust of wind drove the door wide open, and she found herself swept in with it; or, rather, it was as if some human agency had shoved her down the wide, empty hall, with the great bare rooms on either side.

She was in for it now. She'd make her way back to the kitchen and explain—and she'd pay them well for the broken latch, and their trouble, and for driving her back to the hotel. She'd pay them well for everything if she could only find them and break this sense of utter forlornness that was closing in on her.

Down the long hall she groped her way. Nothing manifested itself to the touch but walls, doors, windows—not a stick of furniture anywhere. At the end of the hall were the stairs, then a passageway leading to a big, square room that was lighter than the rest of the house.

It was bare, and festoons of cobwebs hung from the ceiling and from the old pewter sconces, still holding their candles, that hung to either side of the wall. A seat, the lower part of which was paneled, ran around the four sides of the room, and the wall above this was also paneled, and matched in design. She tried to catch some sound of voices—the family must be near by this time—but the whole house was as still as a grave.

Fear seized her with an actual clutch, and she cried out:

"You must come to me! I can't find my way! Please come!"

In the room where she stood calling, three windows faced the west. The rain was falling yet. She caught the last pale afterglow along the horizon—its feeble glint still shone on the pane. This, then, was what she had mistaken for the ruddy light of the fire; and she knew that the house was empty.

No, not empty—for when she had called, "You must come to me, I can't find my way," she had become conscious of a presence in the room. Terror prevented her from moving; and she could feel her scalp twitch, twitch,

and tingle, as if a million elfin fingers were tugging at the roots of her head. Her breath came hard and gaspingly, and there was a hammering at the drums of her ears, as if water were closing over her head.

"Oh, God, take me out of this!"

And the empty old house took up her cry, and repeated it, echoing.

Then in some inexplicable way she became aware that the thing in the room was more afraid than she. It did not speak; but she knew that it was entreating her to remain, and that if she wished it to go, it would have no choice but to obey. She began to grope for the door, making a detour about the place where she felt it to be. But in the next flash of lightning she saw—and it was what she had expected from the first realization of a presence in the room—the shrinking figure of Betty Pentrieth.

Was it Betty Pentrieth, or was it her own Doppelgänger? For the space of the flash, it was like looking at her own face in the mirror. The room darkened, and she could feel that it was making its way toward her, hear the faint sweep of its drapery. She backed away from it toward the door, half falling on the wall seat at the back of the room.

There was no alternative but to remain. Cold, gnawing fear robbed her of the power of moving; while in the long flash of lightning that tore the blackness from the sky and illumined that cobwebbed room to its uttermost corner, she saw that which made her acquit her ancestress of the crime for which she had been hanged. Saw her anguished predicament when the rapping at the door disclosed the presence of the spying woman—the thrusting of the child in the window seat to conceal it, for the time—her grief-crazed movement when she saw that it was dead. All this she saw by the zigzag of blue-white light across the sky that, like some mighty character—the shorthand of the storm—spelled the innocence of Betty Pentrieth.

Some flash of the courage that had sent the dead-and-gone woman through

the enemy's lines awoke in her descendant. She made an anguished effort, and fought her way out of the hideous place. She would go back to the town, back to the house of Jane Farrington, and compel her to listen. At the door of the old Pentrieth house the storm seemed to lift its voice in a summons that was as tremendous as the summons to judgment.

Through the black and howling night she fled back to the town—her errand imperative, a divine mandate. Betty Pentrieth should sleep in peace in her grave at last. It was obligation to the hanged woman that had brought her to this place; that had made the very name of the town ring in her head, like some maddeningly reiterated phrase of music, giving her no peace till she had gone there.

She ran disheveled, soaking, breathless. It was to her as much an errand of life and death as if Betty Pentrieth again stood on the scaffold, and there yet might be time to save her if she hurried—hurried!

The streets of the town were whirling yellow rivers, every tree the victim of the storm's wrath. It seemed as if some divine intelligence directed her to

the Farrington house, for the town was black. She grasped the knocker, and beat till she made it heard above the clamor of the storm.

The old serving woman, Deborah, candle in hand, opened the door. Back of her stood her mistress, who, when she saw the storm-blown wraith of Betty Pentrieth, screamed in fear.

But fear and prejudice gave way before the calm insistence of the messenger. What she had to tell must be told now; and she stood her ground till Miss Farrington again led the way to the room of the locked portrait. And when the girl had told all, the old woman bowed her head.

"In the face of these wonders it is not well to doubt," she said.

They sat long in silence. The storm had broken. Without was the intense stillness that follows such a tempest. The girl rose.

"I shall go now; but there was no rest for me till I had told."

Then the grim old woman did a strange thing. Timidly she put her arms about the girl and said:

"Stay with me to-night. She will rest in her grave more easily because of you."



My Heart

THEY said my heart was locked,
And none could find the key,
And really, now I think of it,
It seems just so to me.

But lo! When first you saw me,
You waited not to knock;
You found no key, but then— Ah me!
You went and picked the lock.

DELIA ELLEN CHAMPLIN.

THE JOLLIER

BY EDWARD BOLTWOOD
ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERT A. GRAEF



WHEN the morning train slowed down for Enburg, the eleven members of "The Summit" company, jaded and hollow-eyed after an all-night rehearsal, languidly collected their belongings. Rosie Bland picked up Miss Gilbert's suit case, as well as her own, and struggled into the aisle of the car, closely behind a masculine and unencumbered stranger.

"Did you ever see such capable shoulders, Helen?" said Miss Bland, with marked distinctness.

"Rosie, you're a little terror!" whispered Helen Gilbert, after the young man had blushed, turned, and bashfully taken the suit cases. "I do believe, Rosie, that you'd try to jolly the Recording Angel."

Miss Bland winked good-naturedly. She had a wholesome, good-natured face, and looked more like a country girl than a second-rate actress. As they descended the car steps, she clasped Helen's slender elbow.

"Brace up now, dearie!" said she. "There's Kessel on the platform, talking to Maxie Werner. Don't let Kessel get wise to how sick you are, Helen, or it's the blue envelope for yours, and we're a thousand miles from Broadway. Thank you, sir." And she relieved the bashful stranger of his burdens.

At the end of the platform, Mr. Kessel, the manager of the show, was privately talking to his assistant, who had

brought the company to Enburg for the first public performance of the new comedy.

"Well, Maxie, it's lucky I got here yesterday," announced Kessel. "The local stage hands here are about ready to strike. Cronin is going to have trouble, setting our stuff, and if he can't do it—I dunno—I——" Kessel swore plaintively, and punched his cane at a passing truck. "How'd the piece rehearse last night, Maxie?"

"Rotten," said Mr. Werner, with a hopeless gesture.

"The syndicate scouts'll be in front this evening," continued Kessel. "If we slip another failure over on 'em, they'll call their loan, and we'll strand, sure. This 'Summit' is a dandy book. What's wrong, anyhow?"

"Oh, old Logan's on the booze again," complained Werner. "And that Bland girl is no use to us at all—she's only a jollier. And Gilbert's half sick. And the Rathbones are having some kind of a family scrap. Mrs. Rathbone won't speak to Ratty, and I'll bet you a tin dollar she crabs his work to-night,

and the show to boot, even if she is the leading lady."

"Darn her!" groaned the manager.

"I dunno—I—"

"Now, then!" said Werner sharply, bustling about among the members of the company. "Recollect, we rehearse at the theater prompt at noon. It's not ten o'clock yet. You've time for a good rest. Get a move on, can't you?" And he laid an urgent hand against pretty little Rosie Bland's gracefully rounded waist.

One of the actors wheeled as if his square figure were rigged on wires. He had a square face, too, which, as was evident, could be hardened disagreeably. His name was James Ryall, and he was the character comedian.

"Who are you talking to?" snarled Ryall. "We'll move when we're ready. You can drive us at rehearsal, Werner, but nowhere else, and don't you forget it!"

The two scowling men, each with the weirdly combative doggedness which tells of frayed-out nerves, confronted one another in dangerous silence. Then Miss Bland's musical voice broke the pause.

"Thank you so much for a chance to rest, Mr. Werner," she said. "You're very thoughtful. We all appreciate it, don't we, people? Don't we, Mr. Ryall?"

Mrs. Rathbone, and Kessel, and Werner climbed into the luxurious motor bus belonging to the Egerton, Enburg's best hotel. Rathbone chose to walk there, and the rest of the company found a trolley car, which would take them to the plebeian Congress House.

Rosie Bland settled back in her seat with an inaudible sigh. She was very tired and discouraged; she wondered foolishly if the people in the sunny street guessed how tired she was. At a corner, an automobile carrying fashionable ladies waited for the trolley car to pass. Miss Bland stared morosely at the ladies with their fresh, exquisite dresses and contented smiles. One of them was apparently laughing at a gro-

tesque poster on a billboard, which advertised "The Summit." Rosie clenched her dimpled fist. She knew what might happen if the new comedy failed. The very worst things may happen to a girl stranded in the West in mid-season, with three failures behind her, and no money. Rosie shuddered slightly, and helped Miss Gilbert off the car.

The only window of their narrow bedroom in the Congress House opened on a sunless and malodorous court, noisy with the clatter of dishes and the thud of the elevator pump. Miss Bland walked to the window, sniffing, and Helen Gilbert threw herself on the anæmic pillows, and whimpered frankly. Rosie bent over the footboard of the pine bedstead.

"Yes, this Congress House is rank enough, but a cup of tea and a nap will go all right," she hinted.

"I asked that grouchy clerk," lamented Helen. "They won't give us an outside room, or send up a thing, except at meal hours. How can I sleep in this hole? Rosie, I'm so tired! I couldn't eat any breakfast, and I'm afraid I can't work to-night. I wish I was dead!"

"You've got to work to-night, or the show'll bust," said Miss Bland. "Quit that, Helen! Remember that your little Aunt Jemima has horse power for the two of us."

Nevertheless, as she descended the shabby stairs, Rosie's face was gray and wan; at the corner of the office she halted, and visibly pulled herself together, and forced a cheerful smile. Standing near the desk, old Mr. Logan was gazing at the adjacent barroom, with an air strangely compounded of anticipation and furtive dread.

"Hello, Mr. Logan!" cried Rosie. "Aren't you glad we put up here at the Egerton?"

"It's not the Egerton," corrected Logan heavily. "It's the Congress, and a poorer joint I never expect to—"

"Why, I thought it was the Egerton!" Miss Bland interposed. "Everything is so fine and up to date that I thought it was the Egerton."

She beamed enticingly on the youth-



She beamed enticingly on the youthful clerk, who simpered and bowed.

ful clerk, who simpered and bowed. A fat, baldheaded man, sitting behind the desk, laid down his newspaper.

"Good morning, sir," said Rosie to the clerk. "Gracious! I came near calling you George Cohan, you're such a ringer for him. By the way, when you order our pot of tea, you won't mind asking your chef, will you, to send along some of his nice milk toast? A friend of mine, home in New York, told me that the chef at the Congress House in Enburg had got the Waldorf beaten on milk toast, and plenty else besides."

The clerk turned doubtfully to the stout man, who strolled to the counter, and scrutinized Rosie with an unpleasant interest in his hard eyes.

"Why, sure!" he grunted. "We'll attend to that, Miss—Miss—" He glanced at the clerk's finger on the reg-

ister. "Miss Bland," said he, "my name's Grote—Dan Grote—and I own the hotel." And Mr. Grote extended a not overclean hand, which Rosie pretended not to see.

"Sure!" resumed the proprietor. "Toast and—how about a cold bottle? No? Too early, hey? Well, suit yourself, sister. Anything more? Folks that treat me right aren't sorry for it." He stroked his flashy and capacious waistcoat, and studied the alluring curve of Rosie's white neck. "You bet!" said Mr. Grote. "When folks go halfway with me, I go the other half."

Miss Bland, with a charming glance, repressed a shiver of distaste.

"Yes, Mr. Grote, there is something else, now you mention it. May we have an outside room at the same price?"

"Certainest thing you know," chuc-

kled Grote. "Front! Transfer Miss Bland into room sixty-one!"

"And Miss Gilbert," amended Rosie.

"And Miss—what's her name?—of course," concluded the landlord unwillingly.

A square-jawed person, smoking behind a pillar in the office, watched Grote's evil eyes as they followed Rosie to the elevator. Then Mr. Ryall threw away his cigar, and joined old Logan, who was still hesitating at the threshold of the barroom.

"Going to the theater, Logie?"

"Presently, Jim," replied the veteran.

"I was just thinking that—er—a couple of—er—what do you think?"

Jim Ryall's lean face darkened.

"What do I think?" he snapped. "A couple of drinks for you now means a steady soak this afternoon, after rehearsal, and your scenes wabbly tonight. That's the best thing you can do, Logan, if you want to bankrupt Kessel, and throw that girl—all the girls, all of us—out of a job, stranded and flat broke in a shady hotel. Haven't you got any backbone? Any decency?"

Without waiting to hear Logan sputter his angry reply, Ryall proceeded to the street. As he passed the barroom window he saw the old actor majestically caressing a decanter.

On the stage of the Enburg Theater that forenoon, Ryall was conscious of a tense spirit of battle. The stuffy atmosphere seemed to be charged with it, like the close air in a thick wood before a thunderstorm. Cronin, Kessel's stage carpenter, glowered at the sullen theater crew as they belligerently set the new scenery under his shrill directions; and Genevieve Rathbone, having discovered that to her husband had been assigned a better dressing room than her own, hysterically ordered a cab to take her to the railroad station.

"Will she cool down in time for the evening, Ratty?" said Ryall to the handsome leading man.

Rathbone smiled patiently, and shrugged his shoulders.

"She always has," he murmured. "Lord! I don't even know what started

this row. Jim, don't ever let a girl jolly you into matrimony."

"No girl will ever jolly me into anything," retorted Ryall. "I don't believe in jollying; it only makes trouble afterward. Here's Kessel, telling your missus to behave herself. Precious little jollying there!"

"Or effect on Genevieve, I'm afraid," groaned Rathbone. "Ryall, 'The Summit' is a fine play, but this production to-night stands no more chance than a snowball in— What's the matter?"

The matter was that Cornelius Scully, boss of the local stage force, had dropped a brace on Mr. Cronin's foot. Cronin had a high-pitched voice, irritating as the whine of a buzz saw, and his comments on the accident and on Scully's ancestry were brisk and comprehensive. Cornelius strode out of the litter on the stage, waving his hammer.

"That'll do, b'ys!" he roared.

"If they quit, we're dished, by thunder!" sighed Rathbone.

In this opinion Kessel and Werner very evidently agreed, for they almost leaped at Scully, arguing, threatening, gesticulating desperately, but the rebel shook his gray head, and moved toward the alley door. His exit, however, was suddenly blocked. Rosie Bland appeared in the doorway. On one arm she carried an unlovely, ragged girl, five or six years old; from the crook of the other dangled a workman's dinner pail.

"Isn't she a perfect little beauty, Mr. Kessel?" exclaimed Rosie. "She and I are great friends. Aren't we, Margaret? I found her in the street with her father's dinner. She says her name is Margaret Scully." Miss Bland held up the child in her hands. "Who's the lucky man?" she laughed, and the child laughed, too.

The simple episode was oddly quieting; it somehow suggested home and children at play. A bashful grin wreathed the stubborn face of Cornelius.

"She's mine, miss, and—and thank ye kindly," he faltered.

"I'll bet you're a good, hard-working



"Who's the lucky man?" she laughed, and the child laughed, too.

father to raise a peach of a kid like this," pursued Rosie. "And to dress her so nicely, too! Here's your dinner, Mr. Scully. I'll tell Margaret a story while you and the boys get the stage ready for us to earn our own bread and butter on."

Cornelius Scully swung the pail, rubbed his cheek, and turned sullenly to Mr. Kessel.

"Well!" he growled. "If that scut takes back what he said—and if we gets paid extry time—maybe—hey, you Sliver, catch a holt o' that flat!"

The picture of Miss Bland with the child in her arms seemed to have a curious attraction for young Ryall, who observed her gravely as she strolled about the shadowy stage. The rehearsal, at length, was commenced, and while Helen Gilbert and Logan worked

through their opening scene, the character comedian accosted Rosie in the dressing rooms' corridor.

"What was it you said to Mrs. Rathbone just now," he inquired, "that made her take off her gloves, and look sober, and speak to Ratty?"

"I told her how those ladies, in the auto we passed this morning, were all talking about her husband, as if they were dear old friends of his," responded Rosie.

"But they weren't talking about him, were they?"

"How do you know, Mr. Ryall?" parried Miss Bland. "Anyway, it's done Mrs. Rathbone good to think so, hasn't it? She's an awful goose, but she's stuck on Ratty. She won't run a chance—even the craziest chance—of his getting interested somewhere else."

"So you lied to her?"

"Why, Mr. Ryall, it was only a jolly!"

"Only a jolly!" he echoed, with scorn. "Must you be forever deceiving people? What does it lead to?" And

Ryall, remembering Grote at the hotel, passionately struck his palm on the plastered wall behind him.

Rosie Bland was aware of the faint moisture of incipient tears, a rare phenomenon which always exasperated her. She bit her lip, and turned away from Ryall. At the same time, she was vaguely puzzled at her own mood. She had known Ryall for only a month. Why should she be afraid to cajole this stern young man also? When she caught sight of Mr. Logan, sauntering down the corridor and bearing with him a pungent odor of cloves, Miss Bland raised her chin defiantly.

"We were just speaking about you, Mr. Logan," she declared. "Mr. Ryall and I were just speaking about the season you starred in Shakespeare. Now, I'm going to hold you to your promise

to read 'Hamlet' and 'Macbeth' to me some day. How would this afternoon do, after rehearsal? Really, I'd love to hear you! Everybody says that your 'Hamlet' was glorious. And you've nothing else to do this afternoon, have you?"

"Why," said the tiresome barnstormer, much flattered; "why, to tell the truth, Miss Bland, I have made an engagement for this afternoon in the hotel—er—restaurant. But I will abandon it cheerfully on your account. Let us have an hour or two of the immortal Shakespeare, by all means."

It was midnight when Miss Gilbert and Rosie finally returned to their comfortable quarters in the Congress House. Rosie was silent and abstracted, but the overwhelming success of the new play had gone to Helen's head like a stimulative drug. The quiet of the bedroom brought on reaction. While she was loosening her gown, she collapsed feebly. Miss Bland undressed her, turned the gas partly down, and sat by the bedside, rubbing the invalid's temples with cologne, until she slept.

Rosie reclined in the chair, and contemplated her wrist bag on the table. In the bag was an envelope which she had received from Kessel an hour ago. It was not a blue envelope, but it contained her notice, nevertheless. The manager had given no reason for discharging her; Max Werner, in his excitement over the triumph of "The Summit," had been more communicative.

"You don't seem to hand out your lines with a punch, girlie," had been Werner's explanation in her dressing room. "You seem to be thinking about everybody on the stage except yourself. To tell the truth, you ain't much of a help." Here Mr. Werner had paused to listen to a burst of distant applause. "That's for Logan and Genevieve Rathbone," he had said. "Logan, cold sober, and the missus taking care of her husband's points, like they were her own! Helen Gilbert on the job, too, and the scenery crew working fine! What have I done to deserve such a

change of luck since morning? We'll be sorry to lose you, Rosie."

Miss Bland smoothed Helen's pillow, and recorked the cologne bottle. A church clock struck one. But it was not the sound of the clock which brought her to her feet and across the floor. It was the sound of the rattling to the doorknob.

"Who's there?" muttered Rosie.

"Aren't you 'most ready for that wine supper?" demanded Grote through the panel. "I ain't used to be kep' waiting in my own house, peacherino."

"Oh, please!" implored Rosie softly. "My friend's sick—you mustn't wake her—please!"

"Turn the key, then," Grote said.

Rosie turned the key, and stepped



"I'll fire the both of you in the street, I tell you!" blurted Grote.

into the hall, and closed the door behind her. She had heard of such miserable incidents as this, and she was badly frightened, but no one could have guessed it. Mr. Grote lurched toward her unsteadily.

"That's better," he grunted. "Got your hat on, and everything, hey? Come on down to the cab, and quit bluffing."

"Cab? What do you mean, Mr. Grote? I don't want any cab, or any supper. All I want is for you to go away, and not disturb Helen Gilbert. She's very unwell—she's—" Rosie's even voice broke. "You beast!" she whispered.

Grote laughed, and clutched her hand in his grimy fingers.

"I ain't forgot the glad eye you gave me in the office," said he. "I'll have a kiss right here, sure's my name's Dan Grote!" And he encircled her shoulders.

Rosie was helpless in his embrace. The loathsomeness of him sickened her; she felt faint and dizzy; she could not think. It was quite without the conscious aid of her will that a certain homely name fell from her trembling lips.

"Jim!" she gasped mechanically. "Help me! Jimmy!"

She was instantly released; how or why, she did not know. When her brain was working again, she perceived that she was leaning against the wall of the corridor, blinking at the pudgy cheek of Mr. Grote, whereon a livid mark rapidly turned purple. Stationed close beside her, Ryall coolly brushed his knuckles with his coat sleeve.

"I'll fire the both of you in the street, I tell you!" blurted Grote. "I'm running this house, and—"

"Then run downstairs, you low-lived whelp!" said Jim Ryall.

The landlord tottered out of sight, mumbling hoarsely.

"I don't understand, Mr. Ryall," hesitated Rosie. "Did you—how did you happen to—"

"I happened to be around the corner," Ryall said, and nodded at a bench in a recess of the hall. "My room was

hot, and I couldn't sleep, so I happened to be around the corner."

"Happened?" she repeated, glancing up at him gratefully. "Of course! Thank you, Mr. Ryall! I can't ever thank you."

"You didn't call me 'Mr. Ryall' just now. You called me 'Jim'—for the first time."

"Did I?" wondered Rosie.

"But that was when you thought I couldn't hear you," he added. "Let's wait for a while, and see if that dog raises any Cain."

She followed him to the bench. The dreary corridor was half lighted by a whistling gas jet. They sat down, and through an open window near by a breeze drifted pleasantly.

"That fresh air's good," said Ryall. "Put's a fellow in mind of the country. I've got a little farm, down on Long Island. Farming has this business whipped. Mother handles the place all right, but she's lonely and growing old, and she kind of needs me at home."

Rosie clasped her fingers in her lap, and stared down the gloomy corridor. The bare solitude of it abruptly seemed to typify her homeless life; the darkness at the end of it was like the constant doubt and danger of her dubious to-morrows. Her eyes filled.

"Don't cry," begged Ryall gently. "I know they gave you your notice, Rosie. After saving the performance, too. How? By your ability to jolly people!"

"That's my only stock in trade," she returned, with a pathetic attempt to smile. "It's all I have to fight the world with. And now I've got to quit it because I see it's nothing but deceiving and lying. It leads to—to—oh, Jim!"

Suddenly she was locked in his arms, and her heart stood still, as if powerless to beat for joy and wonder.

"It has led me to you," he said. "When I heard you call my name to-night—I realized—I—Rosie, dear, I want you to marry me—to be my wife, Rosie."

"Oh, Jim!" she sobbed. "You're not jollying, are you? Say you're not, Jimmy! Say you're not!"



ACCORDING TO LAW

BY PAUL R. MARTIN

ILLUSTRATED BY SIGURD SCHOU

IF Angela Tomaso was the Venus of Eddy Street, then Pietro Lupo was surely its Adonis. Angela was plump and rosy. Her black eyes, soft, and liquid, and dreamy as those of the Madonna which hung back of the high altar in the sea-girted Italian village where she had been born, could also come to life and flash fire like the crater of some rejuvenated volcano. When she thought of Pietro—Pietro, the handsome knight of her dreams—they took on their tenderest hue, but when her father came to mind at the same time they would snap and burn with the passionate anger that filled her heart.

The gossips of Eddy Street—and they are as thick along that narrow, short, and very dirty thoroughfare as hairs upon the back of a dog—all said that it was a shame that a couple so admirably suited to each other as Angela and Pietro should not be allowed to marry. They talked of it as they

hung out the wash on the back porches of their tenements or nursed their mussy *bambinos* on the front doorsteps. But Angela's father said "No," and Antonio Tomaso was not a man to be crossed in his will.

Of course, had Angela and Pietro been modern young Americans, they would easily have solved their difficulty. Some day, when Angela had summoned the courage necessary to break her parental bonds, they would have quietly slipped away, and then the heartless Antonio would have received a telegram bluntly informing him that he had a son-in-law. But, alas, neither Angela nor Pietro were Americans, and such proceedings would have been looked upon with horror in that particular part of Italy from which they came.

"So," said Angela to Pietro, in her limpid Italian, "I must obey my father much against my will, for would I not draw down the curse of Heaven upon

my soul if I were to go against the wishes of him who has been given as my natural protector? No, Pietro, *amigo caro*, there is but one thing to do. You must work hard, save much, and then when you can buy your pushcart and start in business for yourself—well, then perhaps *padre mio* will relent. But not now."

"But why, oh fairest Angela," questioned Pietro, "is your father so against me? Surely when he came to the beautiful free America, he was just as poor as I am, and spoke no more English."

"Yes," agreed Angela, as she patted Pietro's long, slender, artistic hand with her short, chubby one, "but that was long ago. Now he owns the finest fruit store on the avenue, and is as proud of his English as the silly Rosa of her new *bambino*."

Thus it was that their conversations always ended, and Pietro, saddened, but

not discouraged, went back to his work—the only work he had been able to secure—sorting rags in a junk shop. He starved, and went half naked, and out of the pittance, politely called his wages, he saved a little each week, and that little was hidden under the poor mattress he utilized as a bed, against the day he should be able to buy his pushcart, stock it with bananas, and proudly walk down the street in business for himself.

If Antonio Tomaso had raised a barrier between his daughter and the humble Pietro, and hated Pietro with the hate that comes only from hot southern blood, the two men had one thing in common. This was their fervent regard for the great American law. In this they were as much alike as the shining brass buttons on the blue coat of the lordly Officer O'Flynn, who represented that law, and to whom Pietro always raised his hat, while for



They talked of it as they nursed their mussy *bambinos* on the front doorstep.

whom the cigar case of Antonio was always open. O'Flynn knew the differences that existed between the two men—there was no one in the neighborhood that did not—and it made a direct appeal to his Irish humor.

"Tony, ye spalpeen," he would say, as he helped himself to a handful of peanuts from the little steam roaster in front of the fruit store, "why the devil don't ye come off yer perch a bit? Ye have plinty, and could make Pietro yer pardner. Thin ye could give him Angela an' yer blessin'."

"Ah, Signor O'Flynn," Antonio would sigh, "I know you are da wisa man, butta you don' knowa da Pietro. He isa da bad—allla bad. He no hasa da mon, he no spika da Eng'. He sorta da rag—bah!"

And he would shrug his shoulders disgustedly as O'Flynn marched down the street assuring himself that he had no right to meddle in the scrap of the "crazy dagos," but wondering how things would be if Pietro's name was Patrick, and Angela was a Moira.

Months went by. Autumn changed to winter, and winter faded into spring. June came, and with it fortune for Pietro. It seemed to drop from Heaven just as if the good San Antonio del Padua had opened his store of favors, and directly answered the pious prayer of a humble supplicant.

While sorting rags in the musty junk shop, Pietro picked up an old pair of trousers. They were ragged and dirty, little resembling the magic box of Pandora. Pietro shook them, and, behold, something round and shiny slipped to the floor with a bell-like ring, and after spinning a moment lay still at Pietro's feet. He stared at it, uncertain as to what it was—then the light dawned. It was money, real American money. Pietro had no way of knowing how much it might be worth, but he knew it was gold and heavy—thanks to the blessed saints of Heaven—heavy enough to pay for the pushcart, the stock, and the peddler's license as well. To-morrow it would be *addio* to the junk shop, and Pietro would begin to live the American life in earnest.

He pictured to himself the joy of breaking the news to Angela, and his dramatic Latin mind could not help but dwell on the moment when he should push his cart boldly along in front of Antonio's store. Some day, perhaps he, too, would have a store, bigger and better than Antonio's, and Angela—but what was the use of dreaming? Was he not to see Angela in the park that very evening? Then he would tell her all, all about the miracle of the gold piece, and she could probably tell him how much it was worth.

The afternoon was long to Pietro, but it gradually wore away, and finally, after what seemed an unbelievable age, he sat beside Angela on the park bench.

"Ah, *carissima*," he breathed, "here it is, the money which has come to me from Heaven. To-morrow morning I go to buy the license which the great American law requires of all who sell fruit. You shall go with me, for I shall need your beautiful, wonderful English to keep me from making mistakes. I, too, shall learn the English in time, but now I shall need you."

Now, Angela's English was neither beautiful nor wonderful. During the ten years of her life in America she had lived in an Italian neighborhood, where, far away from association with those who spoke the harsh and unpleasant language of the country, she had picked up a mere smattering of the tongue of which her father was so proud. But she gladly consented to go with Pietro to buy his license, for didn't she want to help him in starting the career which some day she might share?

She took the gold piece in her hands, and examined it carefully. The printing on it carried no meaning to her, but the size—ah, it was the same as her father had given her on Christmas last—yes, that had been twenty dollars.

She returned the money to Pietro, who wrapped it in a piece of paper and put it in his pocket.

"To-morrow," he whispered, "to-morrow I will show your father that Pietro is a real business man. I will show him that I, too, can become a prosperous American, for will I not

have a pushcart and a business all my own?"

Thus it was that early next morning Angela met her gallant Pietro on a distant corner, and together they went to the great building where the licenses were sold. Up the long flight of steps they climbed, and then at the door paused in bewilderment. Off the big corridor opened rooms and rooms, all with wire cages and queer little windows. People hurried hither and thither, intent upon their own business, not even casting a glance in the direction of the couple who felt so strangely alone in this vast temple of the American law.

All the doors bore signs with gilt letters, but these meant nothing to Angela and Pietro. They were uncertain which way to turn when Angela spied one of those stalwart representatives of the law who she had long ago learned was the source of all information.

"Where is the leecense?" she inquired, in her halting English.

"License, is it?" said that official, a smile covering his broad and freckled face. "Come along, me childer, an' Oi'll show ye the license all right."

Meekly they followed down the corridor to the elevator. The officer pressed the button, and in a moment they found themselves on an upper floor before the door of a room crowded with other couples.

"Get in line there," ordered the policeman kindly, "an' take yer turn at that windy there—an' I wish ye good luck."

He turned and was gone. Pietro looked at Angela, and Angela smiled back at Pietro. The line moved little by little. Those in front stepped away from the window with papers in their hands and smiles on their faces. What a lot of peddlers there must be, thought Angela, and all with their young ladies with them. She wondered if the other girls were as proud of their swains as she was of her Pietro.

Finally she found herself at the window, looking through at a blond young man with a pen behind his ear. Pietro

cast an appealing glance in her direction, and Angela picked up courage.

"Leecense," she gasped, trying hard to remember all the English she knew.

The clerk nodded, and turned over a page in a big book. Scratch, scratch, scratch went the pen as he wrote something. Then he looked up.

"Name?" he inquired, looking at Angela.

"Me?" she asked, puzzled.

"Yes."

"Angela Tomaso."

"Where do you live?"

"Sixteen Eddy Street."

"Age?"

"Twenty."

"Father's name?"

"Antonio Tomaso."

"Were you ever married?"

The clerk asked this question clearly and distinctly. Surely Angela had heard aright, yet she could not see what her being married had to do with Pietro's getting a peddler's license.

"No," she answered, consoling herself with the thought that the American law was thorough in all its methods, and feeling more important than ever she had in her life since she was called into court as a witness against the automobilist who ran over Ciccone's little boy.

Angela's answers were all carefully set down in the book, and the clerk turned to Pietro. He fired a volley of questions at him very similar to those he had asked Angela, and which she interpreted into Italian. This finished, the clerk tore out a page of the book, affixed a big gilt seal to it, and handed it to Pietro.

"Two dollars, please," he said.

And in response to the interpretation of Angela, Pietro laid the money on the counter, grasped his paper—which was an important element in his new-found happiness—tightly in his hand, and, with Angela clinging tightly to his arm, made his way through the crowd and out into the corridor. The unmitigated joy which shone on his own face was reflected in the countenance of Angela, and as he thought of the pushcart which he would launch on the sea of

commerce that afternoon, his white teeth gleamed through his smile.

They were turning toward the elevator in which they had ascended with the policeman, when a fat man stepped in front of them.

"Say," he accosted the couple, directing his remarks at neither of them in particular, but with his eye on the document which Pietro was carrying. "Don't yuh' want to have the job finished up before yuh leave the building?"

Pietro stared at their questioner, and turned to Angela.

So, there was still more to be done, thought that young lady. Of course, they wanted to finish it up, and the quicker the better. Didn't Pietro want to sell bananas from the new cart that afternoon? Her thrifty mind told her that Pietro should be about his business without delay.

She answered the man's question without consulting Pietro, who was still staring, like a trusting, helpless child.

"Then come with me," said the man, leading the way to another room almost as crowded as the one they had just left.

Pietro hesitated a second, but a word from Angela and he was assured, following their new friend meekly.

"It'll take a little while before the justice can get to yuh," the man explained, "but I guess yuh'll be willin' to wait that long. Jest set down here," and he motioned to a couple of chairs, "an' he'll tell yuh when he's ready."

With that, he left them only to return in a moment or so with another couple who held each other by the hand, and seemed almost as much at a loss as the young Italians by whom they sat down.



She took the gold piece in her hands, and examined it carefully.

Angela looked around the room. Her glance took in the other couples, who, like Pietro and herself, occupied chairs ranged around the wall. Some sat silently, apparently absorbed in their own thoughts. Others giggled hysterically or examined the papers which they held in their hands. Behind a high desk at one end of the room sat a small, gray-haired man who wore immense spectacles. He beamed as couple after couple were summoned before him. The papers were examined, a few words were said, and there was more pen scratching.

Finally it was the turn of Angela and Pietro. They walked up as they had seen others do, and put the license into the outstretched hand of the little man behind the desk. He glanced at it casually, and said something to Pietro. He spoke as though he had mush in his mouth and in a singsong voice. Most of the words he uttered were strange to Angela, and she looked at him in a puzzled manner.

"Say yes," prompted the little man. Angela interpreted, and "yes" repeated Pietro parrotlike. Another sentence

was rattled out, the little man nodded his head, and Pietro said "yes" again.

Then it was Angela's turn, and, although the words shot at her fell on uncomprehending ears, she knew what she was supposed to say, and gave the affirmative answer, proud of the fact that they were progressing so swimmingly. The little man said something else, smiled, and, picking up a pen, wrote something on their paper. Two men who had stood near by during the transaction came forward, took the pen, and each scribbled in turn. The paper was then returned to the little man, who tore off one end of it. This he placed in a drawer in his desk, while the remainder he handed to Pietro.

"Two dollars, please," he said, much as the clerk in the other office had said it, and in response to Angela's prompting, Pietro laid the money on the desk.

Never did conquering hero return to his native city in higher spirits than Pietro as he made his way back to Eddy Street. Angela was no less proud than he, and as she left him at the corner, she made him promise to come by the house that very afternoon that the *madre* might see the new cart, and, best of all, Pietro pushing it.

Pietro was only too glad to keep the promise, and early started forth.

"Banan!" he shouted loudly, using up his entire English vocabulary in the one word. "Banan! Banan! Banan!"

He walked along behind the new cart with its two bunches of yellow fruit. Up one street and down another he trudged, rejoicing more and more as the stock of nickels and dimes in his pocket grew larger. Past the house of the fair Angela he went, pausing long enough to see that his young lady and her mother were watching from a window.

Now his hour of greatest triumph was almost at hand. A block down Eddy Street, then around the corner into the avenue, and he was near Antonio's store. He changed his gait to a slow, measured stride.

"Banan!" he cried, more loudly than before, and a great feeling of satisfaction swelled up in his breast as he beheld Antonio standing in his doorway.

Slowly Pietro advanced, while Antonio gazed at him, rigid, it seemed, with astonishment and anger. Finally the older man, unable longer to restrain himself, rushed out onto the sidewalk, and cast a swift glance at Pietro's cart. Apparently not satisfied with what he saw, he ran around it, examining it from the other side. Suddenly his face lit up with unholy joy, and, planting himself firmly in front of the humble vehicle, laid hold of it with his hands.

Pietro dropped the handle, and prepared to protect his property with his fists if need be, but Antonio, evidently divining this move, was too quick for him, and the shorter and less bulky Pietro found himself stretched full length in the middle of the avenue.

"Police!" yelled Antonio at the top of his voice just as Officer O'Flynn came around the corner.

"I tell you, Signor O'Flynn, this Pietro is one badda man. See, he wanta my girl; now he sella da banan without da permish. Looka da carta, he no hava da tag, da leecense tag from da city hall. He no respect da law."

O'Flynn looked, and sure enough the little tin tag was not to be seen tacked to the cart.

"How about that?" he asked, turning to Pietro, who by this time had scrambled to his feet, his eyes sending forth fire and his cheeks burning with shame and resentment.

"He no spika da Eng'!" jeered Tony. "I aska heem!" And he shouted a sentence in Italian at the outraged Pietro.

If Pietro was wrathful before, he was livid now. The worst insult of all had been heaped upon him. He had been accused of trying to defraud his beloved American law by peddling without a license. He would show this Tony Tomaso, and he dived into his inside pocket for the license paper, which he handed to Officer O'Flynn.

The policeman read it through, and then whistled long and loud.

"Pincha heem, pincha heem," urged Tony.

"Oi 'spect Oi could," said O'Flynn, "for 'tis true he has no license." He glanced at the paper again. "He had a



"You say my Angela marry Pietro? I will—I killa——"

license, but that was this mornin'. Now, he's got somethin' else," he added.

"Whata he got?" inquired Pietro, his curiosity getting the better of him.

"Well," answered O'Flynn, "he seems to have a wife. Accordin' to the law of this great commonwealth, he was married this mornin', an' the bride's name was Angela Tomaso!"

"What!" screamed the father of the now Mrs. Pietro Lupo. "You say my Angela marry Pietro? I will—I killa heem—I——"

He stopped short, breathing hard. He reached out his hand, took the paper from O'Flynn, and gazed at it earnestly, unmindful of the fact that he held it upside down. Pietro meanwhile was muttering under his breath in his native Tuscan dialect, and casting prayerful looks at O'Flynn. Antonio

was the first to speak aloud, and he voiced his inquiry in tones far softer than he had previously used.

"Signor O'Flynn," he said, "you tella me da law say Pietro can marry my Angela? Da great American law thinka Pietro da gooda husban' for Angela? I am da American cit'." He drew himself up proudly. "I vota for da mayor, I vota for da preseden', I obey da law."

He turned to Pietro, spoke rapidly in Italian, returned the paper to him, and the two men shook hands. The choleric looks had melted from their faces as if by magic.

"Signor O'Flynn," said Antonio to the officer, "come in da store for da smoke—da smoke on da firm. To-morrow we changa da sign—Tomaso an' Lupo."

On Giving Vent to Wrath

By Charles Battell Loomis

I'M selling lightning rods this morning. The lightning of your anger often strikes where it is least expected, and after a bolt has been launched you are sorry you let it go. The victim is even more sorry. I have known of some cases where he has carried the scar of your wrath to his grave.

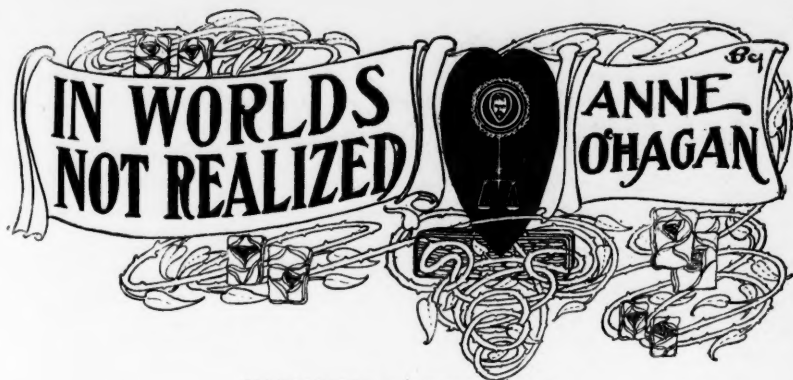
Now, why not provide yourself with some of my lightning rods? They are cheap, and within reach of every one who has a temper. I am not "on the make" myself; and you needn't buy of me. Go to the nearest drug store or stationer's, and you can get all you want at prices to suit your purse.

They come in a box, these lightning rods, and they are made at the paper mill. Get a quarter's worth of letter paper and a bottle of ink and a pen, and the next time your vials of wrath are filled to the bursting point, hurry away from the object of your indignation, and pour out hot words on your letter paper. Say what you will. Empty out all your spleen while you're at it. Getting rid of spleen is the best thing you can do with it.

Now—got it all down? Is it good and sizzling? Well, then, address it, and put it under your pillow, and go to sleep on it. You will sleep better for having gotten it off your mind.

In the morning, if the weather is chilly, put some kindlings in the grate, then get a match, and carefully light one end of the letter you have written. Place it under the kindlings, and in a short time the room will begin to get warm. Your letter will have been of real use in the world, you will have relieved your feelings; and the object of your wrath will feel far better than he would if you had addressed the words to him instead of merely addressing the envelope. And in a week's time you'll be glad you took my advice unless you are of a sullen temperament. If you are sullen I cannot prescribe for you. And sullenness is another matter; one which I cannot touch upon to-day. Let sullenness go on smoldering for the present. It's an ugly frailty, far worse than temper.

Lightning rods, lightning rods! Who'll buy?



ILLUSTRATED BY MAYO BUNKER

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

Winthrop Lowell, a young Boston physician who has been studying for some years in Paris and who tells the story, receives a cablegram announcing the suicide of his college mate and closest friend, Dennis McVeigh. Dennis had married Grace Wallis, for whom Lowell did not care much, and leaves two children. He had made a large fortune, and lived on his estate, Windy Hill, near Peekskill. Lowell cannot believe it a suicide, and plans to leave at once for America, but meets with an automobile accident, and is laid up in a Paris hospital for some months. Finally he reaches New York. He finds Mrs. McVeigh a victim of nervous prostration, attended by Doctor Lorimer Stearns, an old suitor of hers. Dick Weston, a lawyer friend, scoffs at Lowell's idea that McVeigh did not commit suicide, but Lowell finds McVeigh's beautiful sister, Kate, quite in accord with him, and he determines to unravel the mystery.

CHAPTER V.

OF all discouraging undertakings I know of none more trying to the soul than for a man, without a scintilla of fresh evidence, to attempt to set aside a verdict already rendered, to change a conclusion already formed. To gain adherents to a new theory of creation or evolution, to start a new religion, would be mere child's play compared to this, I am sure.

Weston, it was easy to see, was impatient with me. He regarded me as one obsessed by a fixed and totally untenable idea. His advice to me could be summed up in the command to "go and see a nerve specialist before you're any worse, and are obliged to make it an alienist." I did not follow his counsel. Instead, I went up to police headquarters at Peekskill, and interviewed the men who had been detailed to the tragedy at Windy Hill.

There was nothing new to be learned from them. The chief told of having been roused from a semistupor—it had been an uneventful night in the town—

by the jangle of the telephone at his elbow on the desk. He told of the agitated voice which had communicated to him that Mr. McVeigh had been killed in his bed; of course, it had been the belief of Denny's servant, finding him dead in his bed, that he had been killed. The man had seen him at eleven o'clock the night before, alive, and in good spirits, planning an active morrow. Murder and robbery were, naturally, his immediate explanation of the inert body he found on going to wake his master. Fortunately, as the police captain pointed out, he had been a man of sufficient intelligence not to disturb anything whatever in the room.

The chief went on to tell about sending out his best officers to investigate and to arrest, if necessary. He told how the official automobile that went speeding up Windy Hill met half a dozen others bound for the same destination—cars of the half dozen physicians who had been frantically summoned when it was learned that Doctor Stearns had not returned from New York.

"But not all the physicians in Peek-

kill, or in the world, either, could do anything for Mr. McVeigh then," declared the captain. "Except to look wise and to say the same thing, they weren't much use. Oh, yes, I suppose they were, too. Mrs. McVeigh needed them more than poor Mr. McVeigh did."

"There turned out to be almost as little for your men to do as for the physicians, I understand," I commented.

The captain nodded his head.

"Yep," he admitted. "It wasn't a case for anybody except the undertaker. Though why he wanted to do for himself passes me. Gee!" He spat reflectively into the large cuspidor beside his desk. "Gee! but the world's a queer place. Give a man everything to make life worth living—health and money, family and friends—and what does he do? He gets so bored with it all—or that's the way it looks—that he plain shoots himself. But make him a cripple, give him a case of tuberculosis, take his job away from him, get the landlord in the notion of evicting him, and he clings on to life with all his might and main."

Evading the invitation of the captain's words toward a philosophical discussion on what seems to make life worth living, I asked if I might talk with the officers who had been detailed to the investigation. The chief was all affability, and permitted me as much freedom as I could possibly want in this respect; but it was useless. There was nothing to be gained from any of them but the same old story. The career of every servant at Windy Hill had been investigated, and they were all found to have led lives of an almost monotonous blamelessness. The complete absence of motive on the part of any one was again reiterated.

"And there aren't any exhibits?" I remarked.

"Well, there's the pistol," replied the chief. "That doesn't seem to throw much light on the subject, though. Would you like to see it?"

I replied at first that I did not care to see it. Why I changed my mind I shall never know, but change it I did, and

before I left headquarters I said to the officer:

"Oh, by the way, Captain Agard, if you don't mind, I should like to see the revolver, after all."

I was a little ashamed at the impulse which made me contradict my first answer to his offer. One hates to appear too wavering, too capricious, in the eyes of a man of robust common sense. But the captain did not seem to criticize my vagary, and amiably produced the weapon from the safe. And so, for what seemed to be the merest whim on my part, a link in the chain of evidence was forged.

I held the thing in my hands and looked at it—an ordinary, six-barreled revolver, of a well-known make. I looked along the steely blue barrel. I felt the handle, but all with a sort of impersonal, remote touch. I could not whip my dulled imagination into realizing that this was the last material thing on earth that Denny had felt, that his palm had been warm where mine lay now.

Idly I emptied the cylinder of the cartridges that remained in it—there were five of them; one bullet had sufficed to do the deadly work of that May night.

I was conscious of a singular stolidity of emotion as I looked at the handful of little brasses in my palm. I told myself reproachfully that not thus would Denny have looked upon any weapon which had caused my death. But for some reason I could not spur my fancy into reconstructing the night in which this instrument had played its evil part. Yet I continued dully to stare at the cartridges. By and by, starting to reload the pistol before returning it to the chief, I heard a voice remarking: "U. P. M."

"Huh?" inquired Chief Agard, not unnaturally.

I started, and looked at him.

"I beg your pardon," I said, for I was not altogether conscious that I was the person who had spoken, or of what the chief meant.

"I thought I heard you saying the al-

phabet in a kind of uncertain manner," said the chief jocosely.

I understood, and I laughed.

"No, I suppose I was reading aloud the mark on the cartridge rim: 'U. P. M.' it is," I said. "See—it is very fine—scarcely visible."

The captain seemed relieved as to my sanity, and voiced his relief in a full-chested: "Oh, I see!"

I went out of police headquarters, it seemed to me, no wiser than I had gone in. Was there, indeed, anything more to be known? Why should I not accept the situation as the rest of Dennis' friends had accepted it? In spite of their affection for him, in spite of their loyalty to him, they had finally come to believe that his death—his suicide—was to remain among the unsolved mysteries. I had been inclined to criticize their inactivity, to cavil at it, to make comparisons in my mind between their behavior and what Denny's would have been had the situations been reversed, and had any one of them, dying, left a clouded name.

But, after all, had they not probably exhausted every means of investigation, followed every clew as far as it led, while I was lying, cased in bandages and plaster, in that wretched Paris hospital? They had spent months on the case, and I, coming back to America and taking it up where they had taken it up, at the beginning, was disgruntled because none of them seemed to wish to take it up again with me. And yet, after a comparatively short time, here was I confronted by the same blank wall which had reared itself before them.

And then I thought of Kate McVeigh. She, at least, had not acquiesced in the general verdict. She was as unconvinced as I had been. The months had not dulled her belief in Denny, her faith in the possibilities of his vindication. I realized that but for what she conceived to be a higher duty to Denny—the care of his children—she would be giving all her time, all her superb energy and strength, to the solution of the mystery. But, even so, what could she find?

From Denny's sister and Denny's

children my mind traveled to Denny's wife. And from Denny's wife as a woman, as something of a friend, it went on to Denny's wife as a case. How long, I wondered, had this nervous prostration of hers lasted? How had it begun? In mere idleness and mental vacuity, as so much nervous prostration has its origin, or in some physical shock, some obscure physical disease? Had Stearns been in charge of her throughout her illness, or had she had other advice?

I began to wish that I knew him a little better, so that I might ask him some questions upon the subject, or—more flattering to me—so that he might ask me some questions on the subject. Some day, I must lead the conversation around to the use of hypnosis in such diseases.

As if in answer to my thought, I was hailed from an automobile slowing in the roadway. It was Doctor Stearns, sallow, smiling, suave.

"Like a little ride, doctor?" he asked, and I clambered into the machine.

There was always an initial embarrassment to be overcome in my intercourse with Doctor Stearns. Easy and fluent in conversation with the rest of the world, he always seemed to find difficulty in his search for an opening word with me; and I was similarly tongue-tied before him. Always, when we had exerted ourselves to pass this period, words came trippingly enough, and for all my prejudice against him I was obliged to admit him an entertaining talker. He had a certain cynical wit, not always immediately apparent, but it was rather as a man of thought and experience than as an epigrammatist that he commanded my attention.

To-day we faced our usual difficulty; for some inexplicable reason I felt even less inclination than usual toward frankness and candor with him; I was possessed of a desire, not particularly rational it seemed upon reflection, not to let him know that I had just been with the chief of police. However, he was able to toss the conversational ball more readily than usual, and it was only a second before we were amicably off.



Yet I continued dully to stare at the cartridges.

We started, I remember, on automobiles; it had seemed an innocuous subject, and not too likely to lead to the all-pervading topic of Denny's death. We compared our experiences with the different makes which we had from time to time been inveigled into buying, and Doctor Stearns related some rather amusing yarns of his pursuit by various agents. But from motor cars to motor accidents was only a step, and from motor accidents in general, I, of course, was forced to take the brief mental journey to the motor accident which had kept me a prisoner in France the preceding summer. Before I knew it I was telling the tale, and, as usual, Denny's fate and Denny's household were promptly uppermost in both our minds.

"Ah, yes!" Doctor Stearns' voice was properly grave, sympathetic, and sad, when my awkwardly insistent lips had framed the words: "It was as I

was starting home upon the news of McVeigh's death."

"Ah, yes!" He looked solemnly ahead, and speeded up the car.

I ransacked my mind for some avenue of escape from the topic; after all, I did not want to be actually overtaken by the reputation with which Weston threatened me, that of a monomaniac. But before I had thought of anything which might prove a not too abrupt transition, Doctor Stearns slowed down again, and turned slightly toward me.

"Speaking of Mr. McVeigh," he began, "I am thinking of asking for a consultation in regard to Mrs. McVeigh. She is not making the progress I

had hoped. You have seen a good deal of her—would you be willing to come into a consultation?"

It was the opening for which I had been anxious half an hour before. But I did not take it with alacrity. Something within bade me go cautiously.

"It is very good of you even to think of me in the connection," I answered, "but if you're going to ask for a consultation, ought it not to be with some of the big men? How about Mitchell or Graves?"

Stearns shook his head decidedly.

"Each of them is a man of one idea. Mitchell wants to cut for every ill, from the cradle to the grave; and Graves, to tell the truth, is developing into a sort of religious faddist. 'Cast your burdens on the Lord' seems to be the gist of his advice lately, and though I dare say it's very good for those who have the temperament to follow it, it leaves the rest of the world much where it was before."

"How about Mowry?" I asked.

It was Doctor Mowry who had first turned my own attention toward the specialty which I had studied so long in Paris. Although the claims of his general practice had made it impossible for him to do the special studying which I had done, I felt pretty sure that he would suggest something of the same sort of treatment as I had in mind.

To my surprise, Stearns flushed darkly and fairly snapped out his reply:

"That charlatan? Never on any case in which I am interested."

I was promptly pugnacious. I had always felt that I owed more to Mowry than to any other man in the profession in America. I longed, boyishly, to punch the head of the conceited provincial physician by my side, but I answered, in an amiable enough voice, or so I flattered myself:

"Charlatan? He wasn't considered that in my day."

Stearns had regained his usual self-control before he spoke again. When he did, it was much more lightly.

"He isn't generally considered one now," he answered. "And, if it comes to that, perhaps I'm more of an old fogey than I realize. I remember now that your specialty is hypnotic therapeutics. So, of course, you wouldn't regard his experimentations as I do."

"He's been going in for that, has he?" I asked. "Of course, I knew that the subject interested him, and that he foresaw great possibilities in hypnosis for the cure of nervous disease, but I have been so out of things in this country that I had not realized he had gone ahead with it."

"He has gone ahead with it," replied Doctor Stearns snappishly. "You mustn't misunderstand me or regard me as a hopeless reactionary because I disapprove his methods so strongly. What I object to is that he has made each sick room, as it were, his experimental laboratory."

"That is a practice by no means peculiar to him," I interrupted.

"Perhaps; but he has seemed to me, from what I have seen of his work and

read of his book, to be a particularly dangerous and reckless experimenter. I may as well tell you frankly," he added, looking straight at me, "that I think all this hypnotic experimentation vastly more interesting to the physician than valuable for the patient. I don't believe in it at all. I should never sanction it in the case of any patient whose interests I really had at heart."

"I thought the theory was that a conscientious physician had no other patients than those whose interests he had 'really at heart,'" I retorted, with something of a sneer. The man irritated me in every way. His personality, his views, were alike distasteful.

"Poppycock!" he replied vigorously. "Do you mean to tell me that you have no gradations in your feelings of interest for your patients, or your sense of responsibility to them? I'm not talking now for the benefit of the dear public, but am putting the question squarely to you as a candid man and an individual physician."

"I never succeeded in acquiring so many patients that I didn't have plenty of interest to go around among them," I answered. "And, seriously, I have a feeling that each case would be to me, at the moment when I was present with it, the most important in the world."

"If you can succeed in giving your patients the same view," he sneered, in his turn, "you will not have any cause long to complain of their lack. Any physician who can delude a hypochondriac, or almost any other form of egoist, into the belief that he regards that egoist's malady as the most important in the world will soon drive his car over roads paved with gold. It will do you more good—more practical good, that is—than all your years in France."

Somehow, he managed to convey an immense amount of covert insult in the speech; but, although I was angered by it, I could see no legitimate excuse for taking offense. So I swallowed the desire to pick a quarrel with him, and returned to the subject of Grace McVeigh.

"Let us hope you are right," was all the answer I vouchsafed to his remarks.

"But to go back to Mrs. McVeigh and your desire for a consultation—have no men come up from the ranks, since my day, with whom you are in intellectual sympathy, since you so dislike the ones I supposed at the head of the profession? Of course, you see that even if I had any standing, which I haven't, to entitle me to a place in a consultation, I would be barred from it on just the same grounds that you would bar Doctor Mowry. Of course, I don't know what your treatment of Mrs. McVeigh has been, I know nothing at all about the origin of the case or its progress."

I paused to allow him a chance to enlighten me on these points, but he did not embrace the opportunity to do so. He merely pursed his lips, and nodded his head three or four times.

"But, certainly in my present state of ignorance concerning the whole business, I'd be quite hopeless in consultation," I went on, nettled that he had not embraced the chance of unofficially enlightening me.

And again he declined to follow my lead. He merely said, nodding once more, that, of course, I would not enter the case more in the dark than any other physician who had not been attending Mrs. McVeigh, but that doubtless I was right in my decision.

"I am half inclined to think," he went on, shooting a curious look at me from beneath his overhanging forehead, "that it would be as well for a physician never to mingle social and friendly relations with his practice as never to prescribe for his own family, or take care of its illnesses. A personal relation that becomes complicated with a professional, or a professional that becomes complicated with a personal, is not quite as satisfactory as the unmixed article. Don't you agree with me?"

"Not at all," I answered promptly. "Unless you changed the nature of the human heart, and much for the worse, at that, you could never prevent sick people from making friends of their physicians. The good, old G. P. simply couldn't let you walk out of his door when you had just given him back the thing he most cared for on earth—his

wife or his child—and refrain from calling you his best friend."

"Perhaps I should have said sentimental relations, rather than social," Doctor Stearns amended his original proposition. And again he scrutinized me queerly.

I could not fathom the meaning of the look. Did he have the abysmal folly to think that I was keeping out of Grace McVeigh's case because of a sentimental interest in her? The bare suspicion that he could hold such a thought sickened me.

"Oh, sentiment!" I answered, as lightly as I could. "That's always out of all systems, all reckonings; that's always the free element spoiling all accurate combinations. I wasn't taking that into account—one can't. It's as unaccountable as forked lightning, and one might just as well try to lay down rules for the one as for the other."

And then he left me sitting in the car to cogitate upon the convolutions of his brain while he went into the farmhouse we had reached, five miles beyond the city, to attend to a patient. And after he came out, followed to the gate by a poor, thin, overworked woman, whose face shone gratefully up into his, he said nothing more bearing even remotely upon the case of Grace McVeigh until he was letting me out at the railroad-station platform.

"I don't want you to misunderstand me or to think me discourteous, Doctor Lowell," he said, with a good deal of gravity, "on account of my attitude in regard to hypnotism. But—well, though I don't lay claim to being a religious man, I hate the thought of tampering with the human soul. You catch my meaning? It is the human soul and not the mere body you tamper with when you begin to exert mental control. I'm old-fashioned enough to dislike the idea."

"We'll talk over that aspect of the matter another time," I replied, looking at my watch. "You aren't going to have an easy task trying to convince me that you think a physician's province is with the material, the corporeal, only. When you treat a headache you don't do some-

thing to a skull, necessarily or even probably; you try to affect a spirit, to lull a mind to rest. But I've got to run—it's chiefly a matter of definitions, anyway. We'll thrash it out another day. Thank you for the lift. Good-by!"

But though I said good-by to him, I could not dismiss him from my mind. All the way down in the train his face was before me, and I made countless, eloquent arguments to him or to it. It was, in some queer fashion, more subtle in recollection than it had seemed when I looked upon it in actuality—more subtle and more mocking. The eyes beneath the heavy overhang of the powerful brows taunted me with a childish stupidity, a childish credulity; the heavy, sensuous, beardless lips sneered at me. The whole attitude of the broad, inactive, stolid frame, as I imagined it, was one of insolence.

"My dear boy, my dear child, my dear infant in arms," his voice seemed to jeer at me, as the train sped on, "were you born yesterday, to take stock in me and my scruples about the human soul? Have you passed your days with your fit associates, the Babes in the Wood, that you actually believe me when I twaddle on about the sacred recesses of personality where even a physician must veil his eyes? My dear Doctor Verdant Green! I congratulate you upon the marvelous credulity with which you are gifted. Permit me to call to your attention this admirable example of the gold-brick maker's art, which I will let you have at a great bargain."

"Upon my word," I said angrily to myself, as I imagined his taunts, "I do believe the fellow was trying to hoodwink me! He scrupulous about souls! He, with those eyes and that mouth—cruel and rapacious! No—if he doesn't believe in hypnotism, medically, there's some much more cogent reason than his extreme refinement, his antiquated punctiliousness!"

And I tried to forget him, along with my uncomfortable sense of being made game of, in the afternoon paper. The day had been a stupid waste, like so many of my days now; there had been the futile frittering away of time at

Chief Agard's office, the utterly resultless dawdling—so I called it in my impatience—over the hateful weapon that had done Denny to death; and after all that impractical, amateur sleuthing, there had come the fruitless, vaporing conversation with Stearns. If all my vigilance for clues, all my energy for trails, was to lead to such nothingness, it would behoove me to do what Weston counseled—abandon the task to which I had committed myself, and get down to my work in the world.

A man must live his own life, no matter how the loss of his friend wrings his heart. A man must live his own life—and across the selfish wisdom of the thought, a shadowy wraith of Kate McVeigh seemed to float before me. I could not tell whether her eyes looked at me reproachfully out of a cloud, or whether I beheld them across the intimate steam of a coffee urn; the incongruous possibility gave me a sudden start.

Yes, a man must live his own life. The world belongs to the living, not to the dead. But the doctrine would not comfort me; and Kate's eyes were certainly reproachful. But Stearns' were smiling with satisfied mockery. And then all the drowsy visions faded, and I dozed completely. I did not waken until a conductor bawled into my ear what I at first understood to be "U. P. M.," but which a more entire wakefulness translated as "Grand Central! All out!"

CHAPTER VI.

It was something which my mother said that enlightened me as to the state of my heart. I had gone over to Boston to pay her a visit. She was the same wonderful creature of my college days, small, slender, tapering, exquisite, witty, wise, kindly, unaging. Her little sitting room—the intimate apartment into which not many persons, even of Brahminical Boston, were allowed to penetrate—was newly done over in a wonderful "old-blue" brocade, that had none of the coldness or harshness which sometimes characterizes "old blue." The flames leaped behind the andirons on

the red-tiled hearth; the fireplace had been done over with the rest of the room, and square, mellow blocks of terra cotta, such as form the floor of old Italian courtyards made it now. There was a new treasure of ancient Venetian glass on the Sheraton table against the wall—undoubtedly mother had been enjoying herself both at home and abroad.

"You look worn and harassed, Wint, dear," she told me, when she had embraced me with all her old, tender ardor.

Mother's embraces always surprised me a little—she was so charming, so much the *grande dame* and the *belle dame* that not even her only son looked for fervency from her. That she should have it, warm and alive, beneath all the adornments of her personality, was always wonderful.

"You're not astonished at that," I answered her. "You know what I've been doing."

She nodded.

"Poor Denny!" she sighed. "Poor Denny! But, after all, he had the best of life, Wint. You mustn't forget that."

"I think that Denny was the sort of man who would regard leaving an untarnished name for his children, an unclouded memory for his friends, as the best of life," I replied, nettled a little at her philosophy.

"My dear, he had youth, and health, and strength of body like a god's, and soundness and sweetness of heart. And he had success—he married where he loved, he won friends everywhere, he even made money. No growing old, and cold, and tired for him—no finding his apple sawdust on his lips. Believe me, Wint, he had the best of life! I am old, and I know."

"Would you regard it as having the best of life if you had left me a dishonored name?" I demanded, rather hotly.

"Ah, but think of the names I had to pass on to you, child!"

There was no arrogance in her tones, only a half-sad acceptance of the fact that hers was a higher, more exacting charge to keep than most women's.

"Denny had a weakness for the name of McVeigh," I persisted obstinately. "He wasn't bumptious, God knows, the dear fellow—but I don't think he ever thought it a finer thing or a more responsible thing to be your son, though he quite adored you, you dear old charmer, than to be the son of his plain old mother, with her big-knuckled hands, and of his father, with his brogue and his black Sunday broad-cloth."

"And you share his democratic opinion on the subject?" she asked me, smiling, but regarding me rather attentively.

"Entirely," I told her.

"It is nothing to you that you are born—"

"It's a lot to me that I am your son," I flattered her, "and I'm not unmindful of the ancestral glories. But Denny had the same feeling, I've no doubt. He was glad, I dare say—though he wasn't a self-conscious, introspective New Englander, and may never have thought twice about the matter—to have come from those sturdy, honest, plain people of the soil from whom he came. If he hadn't a theory of inherited obligations, being too simple-hearted for such a thing, why, then, he surely had an instinct for it. Just as much as you, he would have wanted, more than anything in the world, to leave an undimmed name to his children."

"Lots of people don't think suicide wrong," announced my mother inconsequently.

"Denny did not embrace the new, cheap philosophies," I answered. "He would know he had blackened his children's inheritance by suicide as much as though he had skulked in a ditch during a battle. He knew cowardice when he saw it. He always played the game for all it was worth!"

My mother nodded, a little wearily, I thought.

"I have always said that he was wonderful," she said. "You remember how I succumbed to him when you first brought him home with you? You were worried a little—you suspected me of being a snob."

"Only a Brahmin, mother!"

"A snob!" she insisted. "But I wasn't, was I? I am not, am I?"

"The angels probably like angelic intercourse better than any other kind," I laughed at her. But as a cloud went across her fine, delicate face beneath the light mist of her parted gray hair, I made amends. "You are the finest lady I know, dear mother, and the best woman, and there isn't an atom of unworthiness in you. Exclusiveness is unworthiness, you know."

Her face cleared, and she talked of other things than Denny and herself for a while, coming back to him tenderly before the lights were lit.

"I know what he was to you, Wint, my dear," she said. "I have always been glad that he was your best friend, that you could perceive the reality of him, the bigness, the manliness. Why do you laugh?" with a little, offended air.

"Only because it would have required a bad case of intellectual astigmatism not to have perceived Denny's qualities. It didn't need any wizardry, remember. He was the most popular man in our class—it was he who discovered my gifts, not vice versa."

"Curious," said my mother meditatively, after she had laughed at my statement of the case of my friendship with Denny, "curious that their women are never capable of the same development as their men."

Dear soul, with her horror of being esteemed snobbish!

"Aren't they?" I inquired idly, more intent upon her funny little revelation of her own character than upon her judgments.

"Are they?" she shot the question at me. "Denny's wife, for example, or his sister—could either of them, do you think, fall as naturally into a complete friendship with a woman of another class—say with Alida Endi-

cott—as Denny did with you, and the other men of your crowd?"

Alida Endicott! I started guiltily. I had positively forgotten all about Alida for—how much more than a year was it? My mother misunderstood the start; she was not aware that I had broken an engagement to go into a charming French forest and to propose to that admirable young lady, and that I could not, for the life of me, recall whether or not I had apologized in due form for having inadvertently failed to do so. So, looking at me with her wise, tender eyes, and seeing that her remark had struck home in some fashion, she went on:

"You see, Wint! Go cautiously, dear boy—go slowly. Don't be hotheaded, impulsive. Don't, in your folly, be misled by sympathy and a common grief."

"What on earth are you talking about?" I interrupted her.



I stooped, and kissed her fingers.

She flushed beneath her finely wrinkled skin.

"Do I need to be more explicit?" she asked, with some hauteur.

"No, I suppose it isn't really necessary," I replied. "But if I seemed to shrink from comparing Denny's sister—or his wife," I added lamely, "with Alida Endicott, it wasn't because they wouldn't survive the comparison. I—I was thinking of something else."

"I recall that you thought Denny threw himself away upon his wife," said my mother coldly. "So that I suppose your rhapsodic tone has reference to the perfectness of his sister."

"Was my tone rhapsodic? It might well be, on such a subject," I answered. "But, dearest mother, don't distress yourself with fantastic notions. Kate McVeigh is about as ripe for suitors and wooers now as if she had just taken orders, entered a convent. She—why, her whole being is wrapped up in her brother's fame and her brother's children."

"So has yours been ever since you came back from Paris," my mother reminded me. "But it will not always be so—dearest Winthrop, it will not always be so. And when that bond is weakened, broken—think whether she would seem so wonderful to you then!"

Her voice was triumphant, as if there could be no doubt of my answer, were I but once able to dissociate Kate from the passion for Denny's memory that possessed me.

I tried to obey her, not from any impulse toward obedience, but because the question suddenly held a profound interest for me. Kate McVeigh—strong, beautiful, sweet, stalwart—how would she look to me if I did not see in her Denny's dear companion, Denny's unfaltering champion, Denny's own agent in the most sacred of his duties? My pulses made the answer for me. My heart beat at the deliberate thought of her. Dissociate her from Denny I could not—did not wish to; but it was with a flooding sense of gratitude that I realized how all the depths of my nature, all the depths of my experience, centered now in her.

Mother was watching me—sadly, as I thought. I stooped, and kissed her fingers. The hand that I did not hold caressed my hair lightly.

"Well?" she said to me, by and by.

"She wouldn't look at me," I said, sincere in my humility. "Even if all her thoughts, and hopes, and heart were not bent upon Denny, and his children, and his poor wife—oh, she wouldn't look at me, even then! But, since you want to know, she's the most wonderful creature in the world to me; and I never knew it until you opened my eyes!"

Her hand stayed against my hair.

"I'm a great believer in letting well enough alone, generally," she said, at length. "I wonder why I could not have been content to do it this time. Ah, well! We may all see differently some day!"

"You need not worry," I told her dolefully. "She—she would never look at me!"

"Winthrop, I do wish that you would cease to irritate me by repeating that commonplace, that really vulgar expression. How untrue it is I can easily guess—but no tongue can tell how banal it sounds!"

I rejoiced that she was able to resume her familiar, gay asperity of manner so readily, and I laughed, and the wonderful quarter of an hour of illumination was over. To think that this capacity for joy, for reverence, for love, had been born in me! Hopeless or hopeful, fruitless or destined to the fairest fruitage in life—years of happy companionship, years of common work, years of common joys and sorrows—it was the most wonderful of all the gifts that life had given me. And it seemed to me, standing there in my exquisite mother's exquisite but suddenly cramping little room, as though it were a gift from Dennis. If only time and fate would grant it to me to make him in return the only gift which could be worthy of this to me! If only I might do the impossible—clear his name, take his restored memory to his sister and his children! Perhaps, in that moment of deep gratitude— But, no! I did not want her

as a grateful reward for service to Denny. I wanted her to come to me with all the courageous, grave, glad surrender she would inevitably make the man she loved—not the man she was merely grateful to.

It was wonderful, the speed with which the idea of being in love with Kate took possession of me. I compared her with all the women I had ever known, and she outshone them all like a star. I shuddered, remembering that only a brief while ago I had supposed myself incapable of more than a calm, mutually advantageous, mutually respecting sort of affection for any woman.

Good heavens! Suppose that I had gone into the woods at Fontainebleau that spring afternoon, and had deliberately whipped languid emotions into something not too utterly and ridiculously cold to be offered to a well-born young woman! Suppose that I had become engaged to Alida Endicott! Suppose that I had actually married her! And then suppose I had met Kate McVeigh afterward! Suppose that, too late, I had learned to see in her the splendid flowering of my early dreams of life and love and women! There would have been tragedy. But suppose that, married to Alida, sunk in the slothful, stagnating indifference of such a marriage, I had not had left in me the capacity for such love as I felt now for Kate—a still worse tragedy would that have been! A tragedy of the soul, not merely a tragedy of society. I thanked the Providence, whose existence I customarily questioned, for saving me from that particular form of spiritual and emotional suicide which I had been contemplating.

And, like a lover of younger years, of less experience, I longed, now that the secret of my heart had been revealed to me, to return to her. I wanted to see her. I told myself that I had no desire to ask for her love, her promise. I only wanted to be near her, to satisfy some new imperative craving of my eyes by the sight of her, in her self-reliant grace, some need of my ears by the sound of her rich, low voice, some hun-

ger of my soul by the pure devotion of hers.

The languors of doubt, the weariness born of failures, the half-formed resolution to let things slide as they would—all the inertia which had threatened me during the last few weeks—disappeared before the tonic, strengthening draft of love admitted, realized.

In such moments of spiritual invigoration as this, the mind does not trouble itself with petty details. It does not measure obstacles, weigh difficulties. The soul is master of life, and proclaims its will to accomplish, its power to accomplish. And the man or woman accepts the command confidently. By and by, ways and means must be studied out; by and by armor must be prepared. But for the moment there is nothing but the acknowledgment of the soul's boundless control, boundless capacity.

It was so with me. When my mother's gentle probing had revealed to me the unexpected truth that I loved Kate McVeigh—as a child's idle pushing at little stones, idle pulling at little grasses, might suddenly uncover an unquenchable, singing spring of clear water—discouragement as to establishing Denny's guiltlessness of suicide fell from me utterly. The vague resolve to put the whole business aside, and to "live my own life," was strangled before it had been quite born. I would clear his memory—how, I did not then trouble myself to decide; why, I knew. Not to win Kate's gratitude, not to establish a claim upon her love, but merely for the joy of working with and for her in devotion to the dear friend of my youth. Fate would be my ally. The revelation of success had been granted me.

All these things I thought, or, rather, felt, when I had left my mother's little sitting room and had betaken myself to the club—the St. Botolph's—at which I was putting up. And there fate began to justify my new-born confidence by making me encounter one of the few living men for whom I entertained a positive aversion, Rodney Gillam.

Gillam posed as a man of correct taste. He may have possessed it—I'm sure I don't know. But if he had it,



"Policeman Ochiltree!" he exclaimed. "Why, sir, her flat was just below the one I occupy with my wife an' child, sir."

and if it was in any sense responsible for him, then correct taste is a thing to be avoided. He was a man of about my own age, a classmate of Denny's and mine, a person who might have sprung, Minerva-like, full-clad into the arena of existence, for all the credit he ever gave any one for having brought him up.

As a matter of fact, I believe he was the son of a perfectly respectable and hard-working widow, whose successful suburban boarding house had enabled him to go to college, and to lay the foundation for that "culture" which he always thereafter paraded, and by which he lived. I hadn't seen him since my return from Paris—I had forgotten his very existence—but the first glimpse of him at the bar, as I came in, aroused all my old animosity against him. He was very correctly attired, conspicuously so for the careless little Boston group in which he found himself; and he was,

apparently, engaged in the congenial task of setting people right on some subject or other. Seeing him, I should have slid away unobserved and unrefreshed, if he had not seen me first.

"Ah!" he cried. "Here's Lowell—the very man to back me up!"

At the sound of my name, two or three of the other men turned, and there was a little hubbub of greetings. Gillam waited, with an important look on his round, mean, smooth-shaven face, until the intimate, welcoming fire of question and answer had ceased. Then, though it was evident to me that the group he had buttonholed into attention had greeted me as a godsend because my coming had interrupted his harangue, he began again.

"I was just saying, Lowell," he remarked, with his abominable assumption of familiarity, "that democracy is doomed, without a press

censor."

"Gillam means without his own censorship of the press," laughed Jimmy Andersen, draining his temporarily abandoned whisky and soda.

Jimmy, by the evidence of his attire and of the golf bag leaning against the bar, had just come in from some country club. From the pocket of his unpressed, old, undestroyably well-cut Norfolk jacket, a newspaper obtruded. He pulled it out, as he put down his glass.

"Here's the provocation for Gillam's outburst," he announced, waving a smudgy, black and red, profusely illustrated edition of a penny paper before us. "He feels that these sacred precincts are profaned by the introduction of such a sheet, even in the privacy of a member's coat pocket."

"Gilly wouldn't carry even the *Transcript* in his pocket for fear of marring his tailor's handiwork," said one of the

other men. "You might feel the same way, Andy, if you ever treated yourself to a new suit of clothes—or even to an occasional pressing."

"But I tell Gillam," pursued Jimmy Andersen, quite unmoved by the justifiable criticism of his garments, "that when I was waiting for my car at the Reservoir Junction, I could find only a cent in my pocket—in addition to the nickel which a grasping monopoly was going to stick me for transportation, I mean. How, then, could I buy anything better than a penny paper? Did he want me, in the sacred cause of good literature and good taste, to knock down the newsboy, pillage him of his best, and ride into town elevating my mind illegally, criminally? Besides, the newsboy didn't carry any other wares than this and things like it."

"Oh, it's very well for Andersen to try to make a joke of it, and to evade the real issue," struck in Gillam, evidently nettled by the light banter of his controversialists. "But I am serious in saying that we can never have a decent democracy until there is a press censorship to prevent the publication of such a sheet as that. It is on those penny papers that public taste, public manners, are formed. It is from them that the lower classes derive their information, their ideas. You've been living among a civilized people for some time, Lowell. Don't you agree with me? No stream can rise higher than its source. This is the source of the ideas, the politics, the—the—the—er—everything—of the common people. What can you expect from them? And what, then, can you expect from the government which they control? Don't you agree with me, Lowell?"

"Not at all," I replied promptly, not because I had any knowledge of or any views upon the subject, but because I had never been able to resist contradicting Rodney Gillam in my life.

And then I went on in an eloquent, ignorant defense of modern journalism. Gillam's look of disgust was funny to see, as I declared myself.

"Well," he said, "there's no apostasy like that of a man born in the faith.

You have certainly fallen from your family tradition of good taste."

"And there's no zeal like a fresh convert's," said Jim Andersen, with easy insolence. "Your devotion to good taste, Gilly, is susceptible of being made a reflection upon your ancestors. Here, Lowell, take the rag you have defended so ably. You deserve it, and you quite convinced me that you had never read a copy of it in your life. Take it, it is yours."

I laughed as he thrust the paper into my hand. I tried to induce him to stay and have dinner with me—my mother had been dining out, and had cast me adrift upon the mercies of the club for a meal—but he mentioned an engagement, and departed.

Gillam assured me that he was sorry he couldn't ask me to be his companion at dinner, but, he explained, he was entertaining the new secretary of the Metropolitan Art Museum, from New York; he wanted to learn of some recent acquisitions to the galleries. And, as I felt like confounding him for his impertinence, I remembered that he was now editor of an art magazine. Rebuffing his withheld hospitality as rudely as I could, I went into the dining room, and sat down at a small table alone. There was no one in the room whom I knew, and I resigned myself to a solitary meal.

Before the waiter had brought me my soup, I became conscious of the crumpled paper in my hand. When I had first seated myself, after shaking off the thought of Rodney Gillam, I had fallen again into the glowing dream that had immersed me as I had walked from my mother's house out to the club—the dream of Kate, the glow of love, the powerful, stimulating certainty of success in the quest to which her life was devoted.

For a few minutes the memory of the immediate past—the laughing men at the bar, the pomposity and pretentiousness of Gillam—faded away. They returned with the consciousness that my fingers were still clasped about the newspaper bone of contention. Half smiling, I smoothed its creases, and glanced at its

flamboyant headlines while I waited for my dinner. Japan was making great war preparations, one large red headline terrifyingly informed me; another, that there was no news yet of the missing heiress; a third announced—with an interrogation point which, for aught I knew, might be the crux on which a libel suit would hinge—that there was an elopement between a well-known clubman and the wife of a millionaire yachtsman. I was pondering a little over the more prosaic and presumably more remunerative occupations of the gentlemen who were thus ticketed, and was about to turn the page to see the marvels spread for me on the other side, when a less conspicuous announcement—only two columns wide and an inch deep—met my eye.

POLICEMAN MAY HANG ON CARTRIDGE MARKS

was the startling inscription. But it was not the daring elision of the English language which electrified me. For the line below—a modest half inch only in depth—went on: "U. P. M. cartridges out of date."

It required a full second for my slow-working brain to assimilate the message which my eye conveyed to it. What my optic nerves declared was, first, something about cartridges; secondly, something about a cartridge of which I had some recollection, the U. P. M. And then the slow-moving brain correlated the lines before me with the day in Chief Agard's office. I began to read the article in the columns below the sprawling headlines.

It was a court report, almost unintelligible unless one were familiar with the circumstances which led up to it, and this I was not. But even in my ignorance, even with the obscurity with which the combination of reportorial brevity and legal mannerism surrounded question and answer, I was able to gather enough to set my heart beating fast with excitement.

The case, so I made out, had been on trial long enough for most of the "juice" already to be extracted; not enough remained to justify the paper

which I held, the paper which had so wrought upon Rodney Gillam's fears for the future of democracy, in doing more than print alarming headlines and the smallest amount of text to accompany them.

The court procedure of the afternoon whose outcome I was reading had been concerned with a weapon; the identification of a revolver, the identification of cartridges. And apparently the defense of an accused murderer was in a way to be contradicted by the marks upon the cartridge rims. Excited, I gulped my soup, and looked about the rapidly filling dining room for a familiar face. There were two or three men whom I knew—old Mr. Hornblower, who had been one of the trustees of my father's estate, a lawyer. I dashed over to him. He was delighted to see me, congratulated me on the inability of Paris to destroy the Lowell physiognomy, wanted to know my plans. I listened as patiently as I could, and then plunged in.

"Tell me, Mr. Hornblower," I began, waving aside personalities as rapidly as I could; "tell me, do you know anything of the case of this policeman on trial—for murder, I infer—Policeman Ochiltree?"

Mr. Hornblower's ruddy face, framed in the most profuse set of silvery whiskers surviving in New England, took on a look of faint disgust.

"You know, Winthrop, I have never had any dealings with the criminal side of the law," he reminded me rather severely.

"I know it, sir. It was not as a lawyer, merely as a newspaper reader that I thought you might have some cognizance of the matter," I replied.

"Policeman Ochiltree?" he repeated, still strongly disapproving. "No, I don't recall any such case. There are plenty of police scandals, I regret to say. The municipality is not what its founders must have hoped, my dear boy. Unrestricted immigration has played the deuce with American ideals. No, I don't know anything about the case. I dare say it wouldn't be any different from a dozen others."

"Oh, come, Mr. Hornblower," I entreated him. "Don't be so gloomy as all that. There can't be dozens of contemporary murder cases in the police force. Foreign immigration hasn't brought us to that yet."

"Mighty near it," he replied. "But how is your dear mother?"

He probably thought me unfilial as well as modernly discourteous when I dismissed my dear mother's health in the briefest possible manner, and dashed over to the next table where I saw an acquaintance. But again I was luckless. Percy Wright had just come back from three years of digging in the ruins of Asia Minor, and while he was prepared and evidently anxious to discourse to me about mutilated statuary, he was deplorably ignorant of the current mutilations of human beings here in his native city.

There was no one else in the room whom I knew, no one else whom I could buttonhole and interrogate and finally convince of my irresponsible curiosity concerning a murder totally uninteresting, as I now perceived, to respectable Boston.

I went dolefully back to my table, where the waiter looked upon me with mournful reprobation. I tried to force an appetite to regain his respect, but the first morsel of fish choked me, the entrée was tasteless. My Ganymede regarded the barely touched portions of food which he removed from my sight with acute disapproval.

"I don't suppose," I hazarded, when he appeared with the salad, "that you are any more interested than the rest of Boston in this trial of Policeman Ochiltree?"

My waiter's face had been, but for the gloomy suspicion with which he favored my lack of appetite, an expressionless mask, sallow, pasty, thin. To my amazement, my words brought a great flush of life to it. Color ran beneath the parchmentlike covering of his bones; light sparkled in his eyes; the dark disfavor of his glance upon me turned into a look of the warmest brotherly interest.

"Policeman Ochiltree!" he ex-

claimed. "Why, sir, her flat was just below the one I occupies with my wife an' child, sir."

"Her flat?" I cried, in mystification.

"Yes, sir—the party that he murdered, sir. Leastwise the party that they say he murdered, sir." The waiter corrected his slip quickly.

"Oh!" I cried, as he moved the crackers and cheese busily from place to place. "He is accused of killing a woman, then?"

The printed report of the day's examination had given me no light upon the subject of the policeman's alleged victim.

"Yes, sir." The waiter evidently pitied the blackness of my ignorance.

"And you live above her!" I exclaimed. "Why, I suppose you have been called as a witness, then?"

The infinitely sad gaze of a man who has missed the one glorious opportunity of a lifetime met mine.

"No, sir," said the waiter. "Would you believe it, sir, we was away from home that day? We was away visitin' my wife's mother at Dorchester. We was away the whole day long. Both sides come to us"—he fortified himself against the bitter recollection of his absence from home at the one splendid moment when he should have been there—"both sides come to us to ask what we knowed, but we didn't know nothing, an' though my wife was ready to go on the stand, an' to say what she always thought of the party below—the corpse, sir—she ain't ever been called, though others in the house has."

"But you have followed the case with attention?"

"Naturally, sir, bein', as you might almost say, mixed up in it."

"What time are you off duty here?"

The waiter's face fell sadly; fate was always against him, his looks declared.

"I'm on duty till midnight, sir," he answered dolefully. "Thursdays I am. If it had been last night—" He sighed. "But might I ask if there was anything you would like to ask me about the case?"

"I wanted the whole story of it," I said.

"If I could make so bold as to offer a suggestion, sir——"

"Please do. I have reasons for being interested in the story, but I never heard of it until I happened to read this." I indicated the sheet beside my plate.

"Well, sir, you couldn't do better than to read all that that paper—the *Evening Equality*, I see it is—has printed about the tragedy. One of their lady writers, Miss Dora Dare, wrote several beautiful articles at the time about the case—at the time it happened, I mean. Warn-in's to young girls about married men's attentions, warn-in's to married men—she is a fine writer, an' very moral. An' you would find everything you wanted to know in the matter in her articles an' the regular ones printed about that time. It occurred on Sunday, the twenty-seventh of last October, sir—the day we was away visitin' my wife's mother in Dorchester."

Napoleon could not have recalled the date of the battle of Waterloo more sadly.

"Of course!" I exclaimed. "The files of the daily papers of the time—stupid of me not to have thought of it! Thank you for suggesting it."

I left a consolatory tip for the poor

man whom chance had deprived of the unutterable pleasure of being a witness in a murder case, and I made my way, not toward the offices of the *Evening Equality*, but toward those of a somewhat more conservative publication, which, nevertheless, did not disdain to publish the news of the day. I remembered that Howard Atkins was on the *Times-Standard*, and I hurried downtown to find him.

He was working in his shirt sleeves

in a cubby-hole of an office, the floor of which was strewn with the wreckage of papers—papers printed and papers written, papers whole and papers cut. His electric light was green-shaded; so were his eyes. He had a stump of a pipe in his mouth, and he professed as much amusement at the thought of my quest as he did pleasure at seeing me.

At his direction a young office boy—stunted, impudent, alert—cleared a corner of a table for me, and lugged me bound files of the *Times-Standard*.

It was a sordid enough tragedy—entirely lacking in the higher qualities of crime.

Policeman Ochiltree, who from the description of him seemed a big, handsome, unimaginative specimen of our legal guardians, did not permit the fact that a wife, two children, and an old mother dwelt together in Chelsea to



"Kate," I cried aloud, "we're going to win! We're going to win!"

prevent his paying court of sorts to a young woman who eked out the bare living of a seamstress by less honorable occupation. According to the defendant, who did not deny his relation with the murdered woman, he had gone to her flat on the particular Sunday in question for the laudable purpose of putting a definite end to the alliance which had grown troublesome as well as disgraceful. He declared upon the stand that he had frequently tried to end it before, but that the poor woman had "hounded" him into continuing it.

"She said she'd tell my wife if I went back on her," he testified, "an' so I kept along, sort of, hopin' that the thing would die out of itself. But I didn't feel right about it," he added virtuously. "I knew it wasn't square to my missus, an' besides I was sick of the other—always whinin', an' wantin' this or that. An' so I stayed away one spell. But my shift off the week before it—happened—I came out of my house in Chelsea with my mother, an' my wife, an' the little ones—we was goin' to the pictures—an' there she was, waitin' for me. She made a sort of scene, an' I couldn't get rid of her except by sayin' I'd be over Sunday an' talk things over with her; an' I had to tell my missus she was a poor woman, whose husband I had had arrested for desertion, an' that was what I was talkin' to her about; I found out afterward that my wife didn't believe me. Anyway, that's the way it was.

"So Sunday I went to her flat, to tell her that I wasn't goin' to keep on with it, no matter what. An' she said she'd shoot herself if I threw her over altogether. An' I didn't take any stock in that shootin' guff, an' so I told her I guessed it would be the best for all concerned if she did it. An' she cried, an' begged, an' went on awful, but I didn't believe she had a gun or knew how to use it. But, as I stood with my hand on the doorknob, goin' out—she pulled it from her dress somewheres, an' before I could stop her she'd done for herself. An' then it was I made a mistake. I knew there was almost nobody

at home in the place—it was a nice Sunday, warm, like summer come again, an' everybody that could get out to the street cars an' the parks an' beaches was out. I had met the janitor's family that lived under her settin' out for Revere, an' he had told me that the waiter's family, that lived over, had gone for the day; an' so, when that sound never brought a step hurryin' there, I made a mistake. I knew I was innocent, an' I just bolted it, as soon as I see she was really done for. I didn't report the commission of the crime—that was *my* crime."

Thus quite credibly, if not creditably, had Policeman Ochiltree explained the tragedy. And, although the prosecution had pooh-poohed the story, and had shown that Ochiltree had not only feared the woman's making trouble in his own household, but had lived in dread of her sell-out to a city-corruption investigating committee, even then at work, a great many police bribery secrets, still no one had been able to disprove his tale. Unfortunate women of that class were notoriously hysterical, badly balanced, easily the prey of the strong emotions of the moment, as the policeman's lawyer sadly said.

It was not even difficult to understand the poor creature's possession of the revolver, in spite of the witnesses who had been brought by the prosecution to show that she had never possessed one, and didn't know how to use one. Unfortunately ten minutes in a pawnshop and the ownership of a dollar or two would put any one into possession of a revolver, and it required no fine marksmanship to hold it against one's forehead and fire. To be sure, no licensed pawnbroker in Boston or the suburbs admitted having sold this particular revolver, found lying near the woman's hand, but, on the other hand, it was certainly not the police revolver of the period, or of any period since Ochiltree had been on the force.

And then, the very day of my arrival in Boston, the stealthy, slow-moving, insidious working of the detective mind had unearthed among the confiscated belongings of Policeman Ochiltree,

taken from the little house in Chelsea, dark evidence—the U. P. M. cartridges in an old box of odds and ends. And there had been U. P. M. cartridges in the weapon with which the poor seamstress had been killed.

"And here, if your honor pleases," sonorously said the prosecutor, "is the representative of the firm which stopped making cartridges with that mark ten years ago, at the dissolution of the firm of Upham, Permain & Maxwell."

The company, it appeared, had been reorganized as Maxwell, Leipsicker & Hunt. The old initials had not been used since. Of course the U. P. M. cartridges might still be on sale by retailers who kept their stock long on hand, but hardly in Boston or its environs, so the manufacturers' agent testified.

The fact that the woman had been killed by a cartridge out of date, and that similar cartridges had been discovered among the defendant's belongings, was dwelt upon strongly by the prosecution. But my interest in the catlike skill of the cross-examinations, in the forensic outbursts, the appeals to the unusual intelligence of the most intelligent jury, had ceased. My own excitement possessed me.

Ten years ago the U. P. M. mark had ceased to be put on cartridges! Ten years ago, Denny, my dear strong-armed, sledge-fisted Denny, had not owned a revolver or a cartridge. When he bought the shooting outfit for that projected Western trip, he bought it, of course, in New York, first-hand, at some big ammunition dealer's. And he, too, like the poor drab of the mean Boston tenement, had died by a U. P. M. cartridge. Only in his case, apparently, no microscopic eye had discerned the marking.

"Kate," I cried aloud, "we're going to win! We're going to win! Oh, you still there, Atkins?"

"Which is more than you seem to be, speaking slangily," retorted Harry. "You seem to be far away from here. I'm glad you're so sure you are going to win—it's a fine feeling; I'm not sure

that it isn't even better than winning. And Kate, too! Is it announced, Wint?"

"It is not," I told him. "It hasn't even been suggested to Kate herself—yet. And the project in which I am so sure of success has no immediate connection with 'the voice that breathed o'er Eden.'"

Harry laughed.

"Well," he said, "the sooner you bring it into connection with that, the better. There's nothing like it, Lowell. Nothing. And when this poor devil of a night editor gets out to Brookline about two a. m., and lets himself into his warm, lighted house, and finds his supper on the heating shelves of the pantry, why, he's surer than ever that the two finest musical compositions in the history of the world are the wedding march from 'Lohengrin' and the one you have mentioned."

I heard him with absent-minded congratulation.

"You don't have to argue to convince me of it, old man," I told him. "But tell me—didn't this trial of this Policeman Ochiltree create a tremendous stir here? Don't you think it is a little strange the New York newspapers haven't taken it up?"

I was on tenterhooks lest he should say that the New York newspapers had taken it up, and lest every subscriber to a New York newspaper should have read that morning the news which so strongly excited me.

"Good Lord, no!" answered Harry. "We're sick to death of it even here in Boston. Even the *Equality* people have had their fill of it, and are printing as little as possible each day. It's such a dirty, grubby story; not even the ladies of Boston's little sob squad can cast a glamour over it. I'll be glad when it's over."

"And New York isn't likely to take any notice of it?" I persisted.

I felt as if all our future—Kate's and mine—hung on keeping Stearns in ignorance of the testimony about the cartridge rim marks.

"Oh, the correspondent sent in a paragraph when the crime was commit-

ted, and another when the indictment was found, and I dare say there'll be a third sentence or two when the fellow is convicted—or acquitted. That's all it is worth, anywhere. I wish we could treat it so."

"I'm glad you didn't," I told him.

And then I left him sitting in his littered cubby-hole, with the green-shaded light blazing about him and the shirt-sleeved men dashing in and out to consult him, and the swaggering, gum-chewing small boys sauntering in with columns of wet, smeary proofs.

I hurried to the station. There was a lower berth left on the midnight train to New York, and just time to swing aboard it. From Providence I sent a telegram to my mother explaining that I had been suddenly recalled from Boston, and to the club another bidding them express me the belongings I had left in my room.

Then I had leisure to ask myself why the mad haste.

CHAPTER VII.

With pockets bulging with copies of the Boston papers containing the manufacturer's statements in regard to the U. P. M. cartridges, I made my way to Weston's offices the next morning after a brief visit to my own quarters had made me presentable. I arrived so early that I interrupted a tête-à-tête, apparently agreeable, between a tall, raw-boned young clerk and a plump, though much-compressed, stenographer. They and an office boy were the only occupants of Dick's elaborate suite of offices. Although I was promptly assured that Mr. Weston never came down before half past nine, and though it was pointed out to me in an injured manner that it was now only half past eight, I elected to wait.

I watched Dick's force straggle in, and made amused note of the fact that the later the comer the more prosperous and jaunty his appearance.

This held true until Weston himself hurried in at twenty-five minutes before ten. He was not so well-valeted as his chief clerk, I thought; or, indeed,

as himself in general. There was a moody frown between his eyebrows, and he looked seedy and run down. My professional eye took note of these things in the instant of greeting. It did not surprise me that a man so palpably out of sorts should be a little shorter in his welcome than old friendship seemed to demand.

"What's the matter with you?" I began. "Working too hard? Off your feed?"

"I'm all right," said Weston shortly. "Rather busy," he added suggestively.

"All right, I won't keep you now. Will you lunch with me? I've something to go over with you about——"

"About that Windy Hill business, I suppose," interrupted Weston crustily. "Really, Lowell, as I have told you before, your friends will be justified in having a commission appointed to look into your sanity if you don't drop that subject."

His was so obviously the irritation of overwrought nerves that I was not annoyed by it.

"That's all right," I answered. "But you come to-day—this is something quite definite."

"That's quite a change," sneered Weston. Then he added wearily: "All right. I'll come. You'll have to wait till two. I'm in court all the morning, and I have an office appointment at one. Where'll it be?"

I mentioned a downtown lunch club near his office, and removed myself from his presence, wondering a little if any of Dicky's affairs were going unprosperously. But I decided that it must be insomnia or a liver that accounted for his grouch; he had been buoyant enough under the grind and hardship of his early efforts after a position in his profession.

"Liver or love," I said to myself, as the elevator shot down from his lofty aerie with me. And the flippancy gave me a sudden start. Love? Had I not once detected signs in Weston of a loverlike interest in Kate McVeigh? Gloom descended upon my soul—gloom, and a curious elation. I was depressed at the thought of being a

rival of old Dicky's, but I could not but be glad that he wore none of the outward aspect of a successful and jubilant wooer—if, indeed, it was Kate whom he sought.

He met me at two o'clock for luncheon, and the sight of his beaming face sent my spirits down to zero. He was not the same man who had snarled at me in the forenoon. His very clothes partook of his air of well-being; they seemed to have been brushed and pressed since morning, although that was pretty clearly impossible. His greeting had all the warmth that it had conspicuously lacked in the earlier interview. My heart descended rapidly into my boots.

"Congratulate me, Wint," he said at once. "I'm the most fortunate man in the world."

"Won a case or a lady?" I managed to remark.

"It's winning the lady that counts," he informed me, and I found that there was an abyss even lower than my boots into which my heart could retreat.

"I do congratulate you, Dick," I told him, "but perhaps you'd better make me sure of the lady's identity before I commit myself any further."

"You know her," he informed me, to my further despondency, "Alida Endicott."

"What!" I cried ecstatically and sincerely, "Alida Endicott! I do indeed congratulate you! I don't know a more charming woman. I don't know a woman so well fitted to make a man a happy home. Oh, I do indeed congratulate you, my dear old fellow!"

Dick seemed gratified, and not at all amazed at the fervor of my felicitations—I suppose he didn't think they could be too fervent for the occasion.

"But you didn't seem to know it this morning, Dicky," I said, after we had begun our repast. "You had none of the manner of the happy suitor then."

"You bet I didn't," agreed Weston cordially. "I thought she had turned me down. You see, she and her aunt were to sail to-day on the *Olympic*—so she told me the last time I saw her, three weeks ago. It was that news that

made me very sure I didn't want her to go abroad just at present, or ever again without me. Well, it took me a day or two to be quite certain that was what I really meant, and by that time she had slidden over to Boston to make her going-away preparations. I simply couldn't follow in person—not with the railroad hearing on. So I wrote. And, by Jove! I didn't hear a word. I wrote again—and no answer. Well, a man in love is a fool. I felt snubbed and angry, and didn't make any inquiries as to why I hadn't heard. To-day I found out. She and the aunt had suddenly changed all their plans and had sailed from Boston on the Cunarder two days after they got into your dear little old borough, instead of waiting for the steamer they had decided upon. And I've had my answer to-day, my letter having trailed over to Dusseldorf after her. She's going to stay only long enough to buy her things, and then, ho for Benedick, the married man!"

"Do you know, Dick," I confessed, "I thought you liked—were interested in—Kate McVeigh?"

His beaming face grew grave.

"I admire her more than any other woman in the world," he told me. "I think her so fine and high that—well, that I am not sure she would be a cheerful household companion to a piece of common clay like me! But—if ever I did have a sort of wavering toward her, I saw that she would probably never marry at all. You see, she has, like you, the crazy notion that Denny must be cleared of the charge of suicide before the world can go on with its revolutions again, before there can be any more eating and drinking of common food, any more marrying and giving in marriage. And I'm a sensible fellow, not a fanatic. I'm practically sure that the day will not dawn in this life when Denny's death will prove to have been other than self-inflicted. And so—if I ever had a wavering toward her, which I doubt now—I put it away from me on that account. I couldn't live with a monomaniac whose obsession I had no hope of curing, no means of curing, even though in every

other way in the world she should be the most beautiful and desirable of God's created beings. Anyway," he added, "Alida and I are a lot more suited to each other."

Never had I been more grateful to Weston for his common sense than now as he showed how it had kept his fancy from fixing permanently upon Kate. Never had I been more grateful for my own lack of common sense than now, when I heard clever and sensible lips imply Kate McVeigh as a reward for successful fanaticism. And to think that forty-eight hours ago I had not thought of her as a lover thinks! It was a great piece of work in self-revelation that my gentle mother, delicately probing my emotions in her pretty sitting room, had unwittingly started.

I pulled from my pockets the clippings from the preceding day's Boston papers, and laid them before Dick. He questioned me with his eyes, but I waved him to the clippings for a reply. It was interesting to watch the beaming lover give precedence to the lawyer, adept in the art of concentration. He read them all.

"Well?" he said finally, looking up from the paragraphs. "I see that things look a little dark for one Policeman Ochiltree, of Boston. But beyond that I'm at a loss. You don't know him—you didn't know the woman?"

"No, but I know that the revolver which did for Denny McVeigh was loaded with cartridges marked on the rim with the same fine U. P. M. that seems likely to hang Policeman Ochiltree, of Boston," I retorted triumphantly.

"How do you know it?"

Dick was watching me as if I were a witness to whom he was particularly hostile. But I understood the air of quiet ferocity, the manner of determined, restrained intimidation. Weston's own witnesses always were pre-



I caught her by the arm. I shook her.

pared, by rehearsal as it were, for the worst grillings of his opponents. He never accepted evidence according to his desires, but only according to its capacity for "holding water."

I described to him my interview with Chief Agard, of the Peekskill police force, told how I had at first declined to look at the "exhibit" in the case, and had then idly, as it seemed at the time, changed my mind. I told him how the fine, nearly invisible lettering on the rim of the cartridge had caught my eye without intention on my own part, and how an absent-minded repetition of the letters had served to fasten them in my mind.

Weston looked at me sharply. He nodded, gave a sort of grunt in his throat that might have meant anything.

"Of course, I know what you are thinking," he told me. "You are thinking that at the time the manufacturers ceased to get out this cartridge, Dennis never owned a revolver. That's very true—as far as we know—and I dare

say our testimony and that of his other friends on the subject could have a certain weight, if we were prosecuting any one for his murder. But we're not. We haven't a clew, a reasonable suspicion. Chance seems to have been fighting your battle for you, Wint. Chance shows you the cartridge, fairly forces the mark upon your vision, sends you to Boston at the very instant when you can learn something 'to your advantage' about that mark. And then it leaves you high and dry."

"You'll have to admit, Weston," I retorted, a little nettled, "that if Chance has fought my battle for me so far, I have been on hand to take advantage of her help! I was in Chief Agard's office, not in the well-furnished physician's suite you have been counseling me to occupy, when the discovery about the cartridges forced itself upon me. And since Chance seems inclined to be helpful, I intend to be on hand to avail myself of the lady's capricious services throughout."

"Keep your coat on, Lowell," said Weston good-naturedly, lighting his cigar. "I didn't mean to make light of your devotion and single-mindedness, though I have thought them wasted, and though I still do not see how they are to be turned to use. If there were any human being under suspicion, I should say that we must, by all means, endeavor to connect him with the ownership of U. P. M. cartridges. But no one is under suspicion. Every possible suspicion has been followed to the ground, and there has proved a complete alibi in time, place, desire, and motive. There is only one good purpose which I can see that this information might immediately serve—" He broke off with a sort of embarrassed hesitation.

"And what's that?"

"This. I admit that those dim, finely grained little letters do help the theory that Denny, who presumably did not possess any such cartridges, did not die by his own hand. They are a prop for your theory and his sister's. To your two minds they must be almost a full confirmation of your hopes and be-

liefs. Well, the knowledge you bring back from Boston with you will be wine to the poor girl. Give it to her. Drink deep of it yourself. And rest content with what you have proved. After all, what is the world's verdict if he is cleared in the hearts of those who love him?"

He stopped short, but continued looking at me as though he had not reached the climax of his speech.

"You see," I answered, "Denny needed no clearing either in his sister's mind or mine."

"It would be information which might establish a secure feeling in the mind of his wife. I fancy it is brooding over the fearful possibility that he may have made way with himself that has so wrecked her health. And his children—when they are older, they will be glad of this coincidence in marks."

But still he seemed to leave something unsaid.

For some reason, my mind was up in fright at the thought of Grace McVeigh's learning of the matter.

"Dick," I cried, "I don't know why it is, but I feel that it would be fatal to the outcome of this business if Grace McVeigh knew about the cartridges. Give me your word that you will not divulge anything of the subject without my consent."

"I shouldn't think of doing such a thing," he replied. "But at the same time I think your suspicions of Mrs. McVeigh ridiculous and unfounded."

"I swear I have no suspicions concerning her. I have only a sense of calamity involved with her."

"Hang it all, man!" cried Dick, with sudden energy. "Why don't you tell Kate McVeigh what you have learned through Chance—and your excellent habit of being Johnny-on-the-spot when Chance is working—and ask her to marry you? You've been heels over head in love with her for months!"

"You're mighty knowing," I growled.

"Any one who had the privilege of your acquaintance couldn't fail to be aware of it," Weston informed me coolly. "I dare say she hasn't noticed

it, being absorbed in her own job, and perhaps Mrs. McVeigh hasn't, being absorbed in her own nervous prostration. But I'm hanged if any one else who knows you could avoid the knowledge."

"Give me the clippings," I answered. "You're like all engaged and newly married men—you see the whole world marching arm in arm to the altar, 'male and female as He created them.' You make me tired. Give me the clippings—what's that you are doing with them?"

"Copying the date and the names of the newspapers. I'll send for duplicates to put on file."

"Then you do think the coincidence of some importance?" I cried.

"Every coincidence is of importance, or may become so at a moment's notice. And you, of course, are likely, in a fit of disgust because Chance isn't sitting on your stairs when you get home, to chuck the whole bunch of them into the fire, and to give me a great deal of trouble five years hence when another coincidence may appear to make these papers momentous."

"Dick, you are a good fellow!" I declared, immensely, unaccountably encouraged and heartened by his words and action.

"Only a methodical one. The world has need of us as well as of intuitive geniuses—and Chance," he added. "Well—you'll be my best man, of course?"

"Rather!" I cried.

And as we made our way out of the dining room, one of us, at least, was in much more buoyant mood than when he had entered it. Somehow it seemed as though my ally, Chance, must be waiting to do me another immediate good turn. I forgot the dreary lapses of time in which nothing at all bearing on Denny's death had happened. Now that things had begun, they must go on rapidly to a brilliant and satisfactory climax.

But they did nothing of the sort. They dropped back to what they had been before. I told Kate of the coincidence of the cartridge marks, and I had the reward of seeing her eyes dark-

en and her cheeks redden with the sudden glow of hope, of victory foretasted.

"Ah!" she cried. "Ah! I knew it—I knew it! How are we ever going to thank you—the children and I—and Grace?" She brought out the name of Denny's wife as an afterthought.

"Grace is not to know it yet," I told her quickly. "And the children, of course, are too young to understand. It will be for the time when they are older. Weston and I have agreed that no one except you and our two selves should know for the present."

"I hate to keep it from Grace," she answered. "But, of course, it shall be as you and Mr. Weston say. And I am not sure that it would make so very much difference to her. She is so—oh, I don't know! She is not crazy, of course; I don't think she is even quite a melancholiac. But she seems to have no life of her own. Still, one cannot wonder at that—losing Denny!"

"No," I replied.

But I was thinking only of the spirit which dwelt behind her lovely eyes, her pure brow, her sad, beautiful lips. I watched her as she mused, and when suddenly her glance turned outward from her reverie and met mine, I hurried to frame a question which might justify the stare in which I had been caught.

"You are still worried about her?" I said.

"About Grace? Oh, more than ever. Moreover, I think Doctor Stearns is more anxious than he has been before. You haven't seen him lately?"

"No, not for six or eight weeks."

"Well, he says very little to alarm me, but I know he is very much disturbed by her failure to respond to treatment. He has had Doctor Kirby out for consultation since you were here."

"He couldn't have had a better man—if he was determined not to try hypnotism."

"Is that what you would recommend?" asked Kate, recoiling slightly.

"It would be unprofessional for me to offer an opinion," I told her.

"Unprofessional!" She laughed.

When Kate laughed, which was seldom in these dark days, the sound was delightful—rich, low, vibrating, satisfying. Greedily I drank in the music. "Aren't we a little beyond the stage where we have to be 'professional' with each other?" she mocked me. "Aren't you the children's dearest Uncle Wint? Aren't you my—my——"

She had begun frankly, unembarrassedly, as was her wont. Whether it was my eyes or her own words that filled her with a sudden self-consciousness, I don't know; I only know that she stumbled, that her cheeks grew carmine. But she held her head the more erectly for the awkwardness that threatened to overwhelm her, and she forced herself to finish, her eyes proudly and defiantly on mine.

"Aren't you my brother?" she demanded, almost belligerently.

"I am whatever you want me to be," I answered, desiring to spare her.

It seemed to me that she looked gratefully at me because I had not taken instant advantage of that break in her armor.

"Well, then," she went on naturally again, "as an adopted member of the family, in whatever degree of relationship, can't you express a family opinion without doing any hurt to that strange hobgoblin, Professional Courtesy?"

"I suppose so. Speaking as a member of the family who cannot, however, escape a certain professional bias, I should certainly have tried hypnotic treatment on Mrs. McVeigh long ago. Stearns is immensely opposed to it, though; and, of course, it has its great dangers in the hands of knaves and charlatans. But then, so has the use of drugs, if you come to that."

"Grace will never change her physician," Kate told me. She looked worried and embarrassed for a second. "She fought against even this consultation. She—she has great confidence in Doctor Stearns. And, of course, he is an able physician. He has some really wonderful cures to his credit."

I nodded my acquiescence in his ability; I knew it was unquestioned. I hoped that she would go on and would

explain the little frown between her eyebrows. Suddenly she did so, and I rejoiced to see that the line vanished even in the moment of her turning to me with determination in her manner.

"I am afraid that Grace cares a great deal for him—not only as her doctor," she said. "Ah, you don't know what a nightmare I live in! I am going to tell you all about it. I think she may even marry him. He has tremendous influence over her—tremendous! He wants to marry her, I am sure of it."

"Well," said I, "why not? After all, why not? Of course, she was the wife of one of the most wonderful fellows in the world, and compared with him another man must seem inferior. He will always be to her second suitor 'Hyperion to a satyr.' Still, she was not created in a heroic mold, your sister-in-law. She was not made for heroic affections, for great passion, for great, beautiful constancies. She is a young woman. And it is almost inevitable that a young widow of her type should marry again. You must face the likelihood of it."

"But not him! Oh, she should not marry him!" shuddered Kate.

"Why not? Come, look at the situation boldly. What is so repugnant in the idea?" I was forcing my reason to speak; my instincts were all with Kate; for some unaccountable cause, the union seemed horrible to me. "An old, old friend of her own, a friend of her late husband's, a man of ability, of distinction, no mere fortune hunter—for, after all, Denny left things pretty well tied up for the children. What's the objection? I mean once a decent period of mourning, as they call it, is passed?"

"I don't know," she said drearily, but obstinately. "But it is a horrible idea, Wint." I don't think she had ever called me by my abbreviated first name before, and I felt a wave of joy at the familiarity. "Why, do you know, I don't believe Doctor Stearns ever really forgave Denny for winning her. I don't believe he ever really liked my brother. I think he was always jealous and revengeful. Oh, Wint, I don't trust

him! I am afraid of him; I can't bear it if—if—oh, think of my darling babies in his power!"

"Kate, dear girl, you're hysterical. It isn't to be wondered at, but it must not be allowed. You can't go to pieces! You can't let yourself go! You've too large a job on! That's right," as she seemed to pull herself together. "Make way with your scarecrow by the simple process of walking up to it, and punching it in its false, ridiculous vitals. How could an eminent, a prominent, an in-the-public-eye citizen, like Doctor Stearns, hurt the chicks even if their mother should marry him? In our walk in life, the cruel step-parent seldom roasts the offspring of his predecessor on the kitchen range. He can't make ducks and drakes of their money; he can't touch any more of their income than the orphans' court allows him for their maintenance. Come, my dear, even if the worst happens—as you define the worst—the babies won't suffer. They have a pretty efficient lot of guardians, you know."

"Their mother would inherit if they died," said Kate slowly, softly, fearfully. "Their mother would be their heir-at-law—and, oh, a child's life is such a little thing! A little neglect, a little exposure, a little unkindness, even——"

I caught her by the arm. I shook her.

"Kate!" I cried. "Kate, for God's sake, for the children's sake—oh, Kate, for my sake—don't let this morbidity get a tighter grip on you. This is ter-

rible. If the one sane, wholesome human being in all this dreary tragedy and mystery is to be undone by it, why, then, indeed, it is all up with the children!"

She lifted her brooding eyes to mine with a swift light of fear in them.

"Ah!" she said. "That is true—that is true! I must keep hold of myself. It is all my imagination, anyway, I dare say."

"I am sure of it!" I cried, with double fervor, to make up for a good deal of insincerity.

"Why would he dream of wanting a sick woman like Grace—without much fortune, too?" she went on.

"Why, indeed?" I echoed heartily.

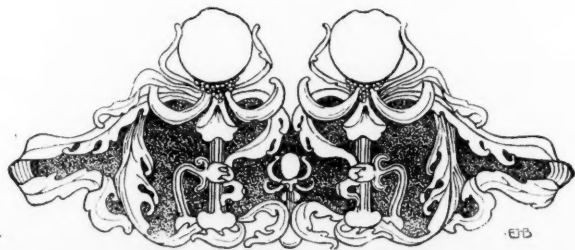
"Oh!" she said. "One gets to be such a fool thinking, thinking, thinking all the time of the same thing!"

"One does indeed," I repeated parrotlike.

And although this was the sum of our discourse, I think we were both invigorated by it. At any rate, I felt that she turned to me more than to any other human being, that she opened even the dark recesses of her heart and imagination to me. And her one second of divine embarrassment in our interview filled me with high-beating hope. When the darkness should be at last illuminated, and the tangle unraveled, I felt that I should not go too fearfully to her. There was a certainty of joy in my veins.

But my ally, Chance, must clear the way for my wooing!

TO BE CONCLUDED.





CONSOLATIONS OF A NE'ER-DO-MUCH

BY WALLACE IRWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY H.V. MAYER

I'M a rummy, bummy sailor
 Of a bilious sort o' cast;
 I'm a subject for the jailer,
 For me idle life's been fast.
 Now dyspepsia's inflammation
 In me stummick makes a hive;
 But I got one consolation—
 I'm alive.

Me poor cousin, Henry Hawkin,
 Was a maniac on health.
 Runnin', boxin', swimmin', walkin',
 Hank loved muscle more than wealth.
 Took to mountain climbin' fin'ly;
 Fell one day and cracked 'is head.
 Henry sure was built divinely—
 But he's dead.

If ye want a case pathetic
 Peter Whipple's was the one;
 Took to everythin' athletic.
 Rake me daft, but Pete could run!

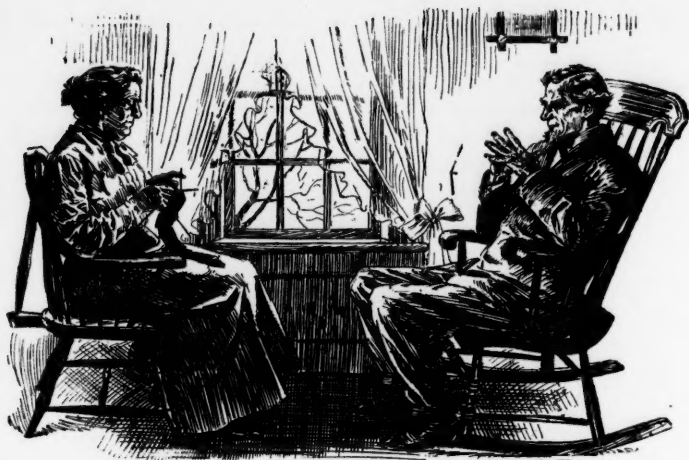
Shunned tobacky, beer, and stout, sir.
Nothin' seemed to make 'im tired;
Till one day 'is heart give out, sir—
Pete expired.

Then me uncle, Sampson Russel,
Makes another story sad.
Sandow couldn't raise a muscle
Like me Uncle Sampson had.
Uncle struck a pose Svaboda
In the street. An auto rushed
Round the bend—and in the road a
Life lay scrushed.

Yes, I'm keerless of me liver
And I keeps irreg'lar hours.
No, I wouldn't give a sliver
To increase me muscle's powers.
Hatin' exercise and labors,
On onhealthy food I thrive.
But remember this, me neighbors—
I'm alive!

Though me heart beats kind o' thickly,
I would ruther be, says I,
Jest a kettie, trifle sickly
Than so healthy that I die.
Yea, I'd ruther be a cripple,
Still enjoyin' daily bread,
Than be strong like Peter Whipple—
And be dead.





BETTER THAN PRÉCIOUS OINTMENT by ANNE LEIGHTON

ILLUSTRATED BY R. EMMETT OWEN

SEEMS as if it's risky, Eveliny," Squire Dobson was saying, as he swayed gently in his cushioned Boston rocker.

His wife set her thin lips firmly, and made no reply.

"You see, Eveliny"—there was a beautiful tenderness in the tone, though the voice hesitated as if fearful of giving offense—"you see, if you were to be—taken—suddenly—you know, and didn't make a will—why, don't you see, I wouldn't have enough to live on?"

He ended with a tremor in his voice, his faded blue eyes fixed with a wistful affection upon his wife's face.

Mrs. Dobson was sitting beside the window, knitting by the fading light, and she rattled her needles sharply as the silence fell.

"It is all you care about me," she said acidly. "You want the little I've

got—and the sooner you get rid of me the better."

"No, no, Eveliny." The squire's voice was shocked. "I don't want to outlive you—I don't know what would become of me, but if I had the place, I wouldn't be a pauper," he ended falteringly.

"You would live with John, anyway. What's the difference?"

"But I needn't be dependent, and John would have it in the end."

"You know Deacon Brown's wife didn't live a month after she made her will," his wife interrupted impatiently, "and he was married inside of six months, too! There was Joe Pool; it wasn't above two years after he made a will that he died; Almira Doolittle, she made a will and she died; so did Susan Dawson—and you know it!"

"Never mind, Eveliny, never mind.

Only—seems as if folks that have lived together as long as we have ought to look out for each other."

"What's to be *will* be," said Mrs. Dobson, "but I don't believe in tempting Providence. I am not going to make a will."

The squire sat in silence for a while, then went out to the woodshed to get the kindlings ready for breakfast. There were tears in the faded blue eyes, and the snowy head drooped dejectedly.

"But Evelyn means right," he reflected loyally.

Old Squire Dobson, his neighbors said, was "as nice an old man as you'd want to meet," and they pointed him out to strangers, for they were proud of him. He was a trim old man in an old-fashioned broadcloth suit, high silk hat, and faultlessly polished square-toed boots; and he was a cheery body, though rather diffident with strangers. Things had been different once, for the squire had "seen better days," and the older town-folk were likely to add that "the trouble began with his marrying a Nelson."

Yet the old squire's devotion to his wife was almost as much of a proverb among them as was the miserliness of the family from which his adored "Evelyn" came. Evelina was not a lovable woman as her world knew her, and for

her husband's chivalrous affection there was only the explanation that it was "his way." It was a familiar little joke in the village that his punctilious inquiry concerning the "madam" of each man to whom he said "good morning" was but paving the way to a query about Evelina.

"The squire thinks that the sun rises and sets in Evelyn," one old neighbor said. "Maybe it keeps him happier, but she doesn't deserve it."

There had been dubious headshakings when young Hiram Dobson—of the old Dobson family—chose his wife from among the "close-fisted Nelsons," and with characteristic Dobson grace deeded his old homestead to his bride. Two children came to them in the old homestead, then Hiram's uncle died and left him Dobson Mansion together with a goodly fortune. Increased prosperity wrought no change in Evelina, and the children, John and Sarah, were thorough Nelsons. But a wonder came about in Dobson Mansion, for Cynthia Dobson was born there—and Cynthia was a true Dobson.

John and Sarah puzzled the squire. Typical Nelsons, he scarcely knew how to deal with them. He established John in business, in the city, and Sarah he gave a generous settlement when she married and went West. She prospered, and so, apparently, did John.

But Cynthia was different. The pret-



Old Squire Dobson, his neighbors said, was "as nice an old man as you'd want to meet."

tiest, sweetest girl in the whole country side, daughter of the richest, most influential man in her world, she danced through the happy years, and at nineteen married as a Dobson should. It was ten years after Cynthia's marriage that the squire's trouble came.

John had been to all appearances successful, but suddenly there came a crash. It was an ugly business, the Dobson name mixed up with a swindle, and it took every dollar the father possessed, even to Dobson Mansion, to meet the claims and prevent the pressure of charges which would have put John in a prison cell, and at that it took the strongest representations of Cynthia's husband to make restitution serve instead of imprisonment. When all was settled, there remained of the squire's possessions only the homestead which he as a young man had given his wife.

"Don't fret, daddy," Cynthia had said. "It is only the money that is gone. As Dobsons, we may still hold up our heads—no one has suffered a penny's worth of loss through us."

"After all," the squire said, when they were reestablished in the old homestead, "we were pretty happy here, Evelyn and I—and John can begin over. I've got you and Evelyn—the old man is rich yet!"

A week later Cynthia died. The shock had been great, the strain severe; it was only her vitiated strength that made her go down like a broken flower before the comparatively slight illness which attacked her.

It was then that the squire became the "old squire"—age came upon him in a night. Only in his love for Evelyn was he unchanged. True, after the first terrible months his sunny nature reasserted itself, but in place of the old kindly assurance was a pathetic diffidence. His spirit was crushed, but he still had Evelyn, the wife of his youth in the home of his boyhood and young manhood. And in his idealizing eyes Evelyn wore still her halo of youth and rare perfection.

The years brought prosperity to John, and the old squire eked out a living by

means of the land remaining; he was no longer young, and the land seemed not to yield as it had in his youth. John was not popular. His townspeople saw too many evidences of the Nelson meanness, and they resented bitterly the straits to which they feared the squire was put for money.

John had spoken upon occasion, too, of how he would conduct "his place when the old folks were through with it." The villagers said openly that justice might better have taken its way and left the squire with his estate. Moreover, while they could and did respect the old squire's love for his wife, they had little relish for Evelyn's eulogies of her son John. To her John had only been unfortunate in having his plans miscarry, and the village folk felt that they knew what had killed Cynthia, and how the squire still smarted under the stain on his name.

"Evelyn could treat the old squire better, too," they averred.

But not the boldest among them would have dared hint to the squire a suspicion of either financial straits or domestic trouble.

The squire sat in his cushioned rocker with a dazed look on his wrinkled face. The house was appallingly still, although John and Hilda were there, and Sarah, too, who had come from the West for her mother's last illness. And that was why the house seemed so still—Evelyn was dead.

"I've stayed about as long as I ought," Sarah's voice caught his attention, "and the sooner things are settled the better for me. I'll sign my share over to you if you agree to take care of father. You are sure that mother did not make a will?"

"No, Sarah, your mother didn't make a will," the squire said.

"Well, father, it won't make any difference," Sarah answered. "If John takes care of you, you will want him to have the place, anyway."

"Yes," said the squire slowly, "I'd want John to have it, but I'd like to keep it while I am alive."

"But, father," said John, "the place

was mother's, and every step you take in law costs money. Sarah, you, and I would each hold a third. Now, I am going to take over Sarah's share; that will give me a two-thirds' interest; you sign your interest over to me, and it will be settled. You will live with me, anyway."

Never, in all his life, had the squire been actually face to face with

the Nelson character in its full unloveliness until now. Evelina had dwelt in an atmosphere of his own making; John he had believed only a little blind to business ethics. The place was Evelina's, true; but it was also his old homestead. Dobson Mansion he had willingly sacrificed for John and the name of Dobson, but this, surely, this should be his. His pride was too fine to refer to the fact that it was for John that he was beggared; he could not fancy—avarice being beyond his ken—why John should want the place; nor could he have told why dependence upon John so terrified him.

"Come, father, be sensible about it," John urged. "Your share is too small to bother about, anyway."

The squire shook his head.

"What will you do with the furniture? Auction it?" Sarah asked.

"An auction?" gasped the squire. "Sell your mother's things at an auction?" A pitiful anger blazed in his eyes. He rose, and took his old silk



"Father!" called Sarah. "You must not go out to-night—it is the day of the funeral."

hat. "I'm going down to the village," he said, and left the house.

"Father!" called Sarah. "You must not go out to-night—it is the day of the funeral. It is disrespectful to mother."

But the squire went quickly down the graveled side path, which merged presently in the village sidewalks.

"Cynthia would have cared," he murmured.

His Cynthia, dead now these ten years! He paused uncertainly in the street, and from the telegraph office the operator, Will Tyson, saw and came quickly to him.

"Glad to see you, squire," he said cheerfully. "Come on in."

The squire was gently assisted up the steps, and into a chair.

"John will try to uproot him," thought Will, who with others was genuinely concerned about the old man. "If Cynthia had only lived——"

"You remember Cynthia, don't you, Will?" the squire asked, breaking in abruptly upon his host's thoughts.

"Yes, indeed." But the long-distance checked his reply.

"I talked with Cynthia once over that," said the squire, indicating the instrument as Will returned. "Yes," softly, "she was just back from Europe, and Baby Cynthia was with her—she was born over there, you know. Didn't her voice sound good! And her laugh! If it could reach her——"

added, and glanced toward the telephone. "Could you get her with that?"

As Will made the connection, he grew troubled. The squire was trembling with eagerness; disappointment was not unlikely, and it would be cruel. But he got the Rollins' residence, and presently over the wire came a voice which shook him a little, staid married man though he was; for twenty years



At seven-thirty, Cynthia came—a wonderful Cynthia, at whom the station loungers stared, but to whom the squire opened his arms in glad recognition.

"Ever hear from little Cynthia?" asked Will, thinking to divert the old man's attention. "We expected to see her to-day."

"John said it wasn't any use. He never liked her father's folks—Robert's a fine fellow, though. I hear from little Cynthia, yes. Robert has had her in Europe mostly since her mother went—he's restless. The baby keeps writing that she's coming. She is nineteen now. She is in New York," he

ago he had been a boy, and the boys of that day had to a unit loved Cynthia Dobson. And this was Cynthia's voice.

The squire took the receiver with a shaking hand, and Will doubted whether the trembling voice would carry, but his anxiety left him as the old man's high and slightly drawling tones went over the wire. The tears were trickling down his face when he finished.

"You heard, Will? She's coming to-morrow. Her trunks are packed to go to Narragansett, but she is coming here instead, and Robert is coming by and by. Well—I guess I'll pay you and be going."

"No charge, squire. They said reverse it when I told them who was on the wire."

"That's like Robert, just like him. But, of course," stiffening a little, "I expected to pay. We won't say anything about Cynthia's coming—eh, Will? Surprise folks a little. Thank you. Good night!"

John and Hilda had gone when he reached home. Sarah was upstairs.

"That you, father?" called Sarah. "I won't be down again. Good night."

The old man settled himself by the window in his old rocking-chair.

"An auction—nothing they care about!" The slow tears rolled down his cheeks. "If it could stay like this till I am gone," he murmured, "but John is so set. If only Evelyn could have stayed——"

Then his thoughts drifted back over the years. How dear his Evelina had been!

He nodded in his chair, and roused to consider bed, but the little bedroom with its closed door brought his terrifying loneliness with a new force upon him. He dragged himself wearily to the chintz-covered lounge—where Evelina had taken her daily nap for years—and fell heavily upon it. Drifting off to sleep, he half forgot that the Cynthia who was coming to-morrow was not the daughter he had adored.

Sarah went in the morning, first signing her interest in the estate over to her brother. The squire felt an unaccountable relief, but all day he pored aimlessly about the house and garden. If a moment's forgetfulness came, there was always the impulse to seek the wife he had loved; then recollection and heartbreak returned.

"I would have to yield if Baby were not coming," he whispered.

At seven-thirty, Cynthia came—a wonderful Cynthia, at whom the station loungers stared, but to whom the

squire opened his arms in glad recognition. It was his Cynthia, truly. The same sunny, waving hair, the laughing blue eyes, and dimples, the gentle, caressing manner under the bright girlishness—a way which made the squire walk a little more erect; for this Cynthia, like the other, had no thought of his being a doddering old man.

His faded blue eyes were devouring her as they walked the half mile to the old place, and the ache in his heart was strangely stilled. It would return, but for the moment he felt the years melt away to the days of twenty years ago; nor did the memory of the carriage which would have been ordered to the station to meet that other Cynthia return to trouble him. He unlocked the door, and as he held it for her to enter, her arm came quickly round him, and they entered together.

"The dear, dear room, just as it used to be!" she exclaimed. "Oh, you will never allow it to be changed, will you?"

Then, to Cynthia's amazement, the squire sank into his cushioned rocker, and buried his face in his hands, sobbing quietly. She flung herself upon her knees beside him, her arms around him, her cheek against his.

"Oh, Nan-daddy," her old childish name for him, "what is it? I didn't mean to hurt you. I thought it would be easier if we did not talk about Nanna at first—did you think me heartless—that I didn't care?"

But the squire raised his tear-wet face, and smiled.

"Oh, child! My Cynthia's little girl! You hurt me? It's John and Sarah. They—they want to have an auction."

"An auction of what?" demanded Cynthia.

The squire indicated the room with a weary little gesture.

"Don't try to tell me now," she said quickly. "Come and help me make some coffee. Then we will talk."

His Cynthia—yes, this girl with the deft, white hands, the soft voice running on in a way that warmed the heart; even the cluster of roses on the table were of the era of twenty years ago. When the girl seated herself upon

a footstool at his side after supper, his heart was lighter, but his voice trembled as he made his pitiful recital.

"But Nan-dad!" cried Cynthia. "Isn't this place all that was saved when you lost your fortune through Uncle John's trouble?"

The squire explained, and the flush in Cynthia's cheeks deepened. Then there were footsteps on the porch, and the door opened without preliminaries to admit John and Hilda.

"A little surprise for you," the squire said. "This is Cynthia's little girl. She has come to spend the summer with me."

"It is almost a pity that you are breaking up, father," John began, when they were seated. "But it will be more comfortable at our house—there isn't even a bathroom here—and we can give Cynthia a better time."

"This is a lovely old place, though," Cynthia said.

"It's a good place, too," added the squire eagerly.

"Why, father," exclaimed John testily, "there is nothing here but the orchard, and that has more 'off' years than apples."

"It brought three hundred dollars last year, and there is money enough to pay for your mother's funeral without selling her furniture. And," excitedly, "I have not signed off yet!"

"Uncle John is not going to hurry you, Nan-dad," said Cynthia, in her gentlest way. "You are tired now, and we won't talk about it. Things will look different in a week when we are used to the change."

"Now, that is what I call sensible," Hilda approved. "We will do just as Cynthia says. There is no hurry, and it will be better all round."

When the guests were gone, the squire turned to Cynthia with a nervous query:

"What did you mean, Baby? A week isn't long."

"Long enough to get daddy here," smiled Cynthia. "I'll telephone him in the morning. Don't worry. By the way, Nan-dad, why did you never answer my letters? It seemed as if you

didn't care about me after mother went, but daddy said write just the same."

"I—I don't understand, Cynthia. I always answered your letters. John mails them Sunday night, so that they go out on the first mail."

"Mine to you were R. F. D., and yours to me have not come in five years," said Cynthia. "Why should Uncle John do such a dreadful thing?"

The squire stared for a moment in amazement, then he said slowly:

"John gets a queer streak from his Uncle Nelson, I've sometimes thought. I never understood, but Evelyn could always manage him—she was clever and good. Now, I can't see why he wants this place now; he would have it in the end if I lived here, and he looked after me."

"If——" Cynthia began, and stopped, her bright face shadowed.

"If what, honey?" the squire asked gently.

"I was to have been married this fall, but it is broken off now. I was thinking that we could have had you come to us winters, and we could have come here summers. But daddy and I have a home for you."

"Cynthia," pleaded the squire, "won't you tell me about it?"

"Daddy is sorry, too, but Tom and I have really ended things."

But although she spoke with finality, she had presently drawn her footstool closer, and was softly relating her foolish little quarrel. It was one of the conventional lovers' quarrels, inconceivable to one like the grandfather there who had weathered fifty years of the sunshine and shadow of married life, or to the man whose love for the girl's dead mother had satisfied even the adoring father, but to the girl it seemed the end of things.

"I know, I know," the squire murmured, softly stroking the bright hair, "but you can never possess real love so long as you believe that anything can shake it, child. You cannot love and not trust, too. And, Cynthia, if those who love us cannot trust us and show



"You a Dobson, you?" he shrieked. "You who dishonored the name, and would do it again if you dared!"

it in spite of anything and everything, why, then love isn't worth much, dear."

"But, Nan-dad——" cried Cynthia.

"I've lived a long time, little girl, and I've seen so many folks spoil their own and others' happiness just for want of trusting. There's Eveliny and me. If I didn't trust her, I'd think she didn't care because she wouldn't make a will. But it was just her way. I've loved her for fifty years, and I know. And even if it does make trouble, why—she didn't mean it. Think it over, little girl; think it over. You are like your mother; you will think it out right."

And Cynthia lay long awake that night.

In the morning the shadows lightened. Cynthia's father promised to take the night train, and the girl felt free to enjoy the old house.

Her grandfather came to her in the attic after attending to his few "chores."

"I wish that you would pack your grandmother's clothes in her wedding

chest," he said. "I didn't like to ask Sarah or Hilda—they don't understand. You know, I keep thinking of her as she was when she came here, Cynthia, such a pretty girl she was—they wouldn't understand."

So Cynthia laid her grandmother's wardrobe carefully away, and pondered her own tangled affairs as she tenderly handled the pathetically durable garments. Evelina had gone through life with a brimming goblet. Had she known its sweetness? Cynthia wondered. Then as she replaced the drawers of the bureau, a long envelope caught her attention. Apparently it had slipped over the back of a drawer. Evelina had made a will.

"And she was so set against wills, she said time and time again that she wouldn't," the squire said. And the girl, watching the gray-white face, felt the doubt that assailed him, but he shook it off. "Eveliny was always good," he added, with unshaken loyalty.

But when evening came, and the will

was read in the presence of Robert as well as the squire, Cynthia, John, and Hilda, the unspoken fears were realized. Mrs. Dobson had left all to her son. Cynthia watched the squire with growing anxiety, but as the second page was turned relief came. The will was void, it had not been witnessed.

"We were settling things as mother wished, anyway," said John.

"But—the auction!" gasped the squire.

"There is evidently a little misunderstanding here," said Robert. "There can be no auction except by father's initiative, for the personal property is his. Mother left only real estate, and the division of that must be postponed until Cynthia, the youngest heir, comes of age two years from now—as any lawyer will tell you."

"Cynthia can't inherit what her mother didn't have," growled John. "It's a lot of respect for mother—and I am the last of the Dobsons——"

But the squire was on his feet, aflame with anger.

"You a Dobson, *you?*" he shrilled. "You who dishonored the name, and would do it again if you dared! I know—you talk of this as *your* place—you wouldn't disturb the old folks—you a Dobson? If you'd change your name to Nelson, I'd give you the place, and go to the poorhouse willingly. It would be less disgrace! The Dobsons are gone. Cynthia was the last of them. Oh, Evelyn, Evelyn!" And he sank sobbing into his chair.

"Do you chance to recall"—Robert turned quietly to John while Cynthia soothed the old man—"that at the time of your trouble Cynthia's mother advanced you a loan——"

"A debt outlaws in six years," sneered John.

"Not when it exists in the form of a judgment, and because this is exactly the attitude I expected you to take, I have attended to the matter. You may cancel this by signing over to your father your own and your acquired interest in your mother's estate, otherwise I shall press for payment. For father's

sake, we will allow that matter of the destroyed letters to Cynthia lapse."

"This is all very pretty," cried Hilda, "and I suppose that you think that I am going to wear myself out running up here to wait on the old man, just to humor him and spite us."

"You needn't worry, Hilda," said the squire. "Cynthia and her husband are coming here summers, and I'm going to live with them and Robert winters."

Cynthia stared—there had been no announcement of a truce.

"Well"—a dull-red flush stained John's face—"Cynthia is a chip off the old block, all right. Her mother could wheedle the coat off father's back, and young Cynthia seems able to finish the job."

He stalked out of the house, followed by his wife.

For a moment there was silence, for none of the three could supply the explanation the villagers would so readily have produced—the plotting, planning, scheming, were but evidences of the "Nelson meanness," the miserliness which ran in the blood, and knew no ideal higher than avarice.

"Cynthia, darling," said her father, drawing her to him, "is it all right with you and Tom?"

"I had not *told* Nan-dad. I don't know how he guessed, but—oh, let me go! I am going down under the big apple tree."

They followed her glance through the window, and saw a man turning in at the gate.

"My Cynthia's daughter," whispered the father, and released her.

And so it was that there was no coquetry when from under the big apple tree Cynthia came to meet her lover, for the spell of old love and true love, love tested by long years of trial, was upon her.

Later, by the window, the squire swayed gently in his cushioned rocker, and presently he murmured:

"I can't understand—but it is all right now. Evelyn was always good."

"He has faith still, and taught me faith," whispered Cynthia.



PREXY'S NIECE

By
Edwin L. Sabin

Author of "The Feminine Principle," "High Tide at Peterkin," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE ROWE

PREXY'S niece dawned upon old Peterkin University like an Aphrodite rising from the wave. Of course, she was a loveliness rather more adorned than any Aphrodite that I have seen pictured, but in other respects the comparison holds good—yes, holds good even in this aftermath of sober reflection. And should these lines ever meet the glorious eyes of Prexy's niece, she may understand that we still think kindly of her.

We yet were a little primeval at Peterkin when the arrival of Prexy's niece changed the current of our affections. We yet were content with trotting the coeds about to the dances, and leavening the mass with only occasional imports from home, just to show what we were back there and out here, and to make solid for vacation dalliances. And "trotted" may be taken literally; for hacks cost one-fifty per couple, and the coeds—bless 'em!—didn't one whit mind strolling, at three in the dawning, while they wondered if the landlady

had been mean enough to lock them out, and the morning stars and various tuneful felines sang together.

Aphrodite—I mean Prexy's niece—foamed in, or blew in, when we weren't watching for the event, Prexy not having taken us into the family confidence. So the first thing that we knew she was floating, or walking, past the frat house, on tour of campus inspection, chaperoned by Mrs. Prexy. At least, 'twas rumored that Mrs. Prexy was there; but she stood no show when cheek by jowl with such eyes, such cheeks, such hair, and such a form, all—to us—brand-new.

Thirteen pairs of feet kerflumped to the boards, five cigarettes and eight pipes were elegantly and wastefully doused, and thirteen fellows tried to look brawny and interesting, when Mrs. Prexy acknowledged their existence. The beautiful one slightly flushed as she wafted onward in radiant halo; and with kind "Shut up, you ignorant spuds!" to our excited babble, Biffy



Three dozen American extravagances on six-foot stems, a wad of violets
—for the dame—as large as a bushel basket, and a coupé.

Robins, our society editor and sartorial manager, gallantly turned up his trousers another two inches and descended to find out who was in town.

This was Saturday morning at ten o'clock. At eleven-thirty, the lovely vision and Mrs. Prexy reappeared, on the back trail evidently, across the vista, with two Oh My Omicrons, a Sigma Slug, a Zeta Zip, little Near-professor Dilly, and our Biffy in their train. We were glad that Biffy was there, to raise the average and give tone to the mess. Otherwise, the fair visitor would have had a mistaken idea of Peterkin's social status.

The conglomeration swept grandly by; and before they were out of sight we could see that our Biffy, of Hot Tamale Tau, had elbowed the near-professor and the Sigma Slug out of the way, and was pacing *her*! So 'rah for Hot Tamale Tau!

It seemed a long time before Biffy came back to noon hash, and our hearts

were hungry for the news. We welcomed him tumultuously.

"Who is she, Biffy?"

Biffy grinned insolently.

"Who is she, Biffy?"

"That," quoth Biffy, "is only Prexy's niece. Get out! Gangway! I've been exercising. I'm hungry."

But we rallied about him. Our voices rose in pleading.

"How long will she be here, Biffy?"

"Where's she from, Biffy?"

"What's her name, Biffy?"

"I'm going to take her to the frat prom, Biffy."

Biffy squeezed through our ranks and ambled on to hash.

"She will be here ad infinitum—unless I graduate sooner," he rebuked.

"She hails from somewhere out East they call

New Jersey. Her name is Miss Atberry, with accent on the Miss, please remember. She thinks she'll enter with my class in the varsity, and we'll have botany and astronomy together. And none of you will take her to the prom, because I shall take her myself."

And, of course, Biffy did, for he had the pole at the start.

With malice aforethought, we others wandered about the usual girl haunts all that afternoon, but nothing happened. The next afternoon, being Sunday afternoon and a period *recherché*, we mournfully, yet with a modicum of pride in brotherly achievement, watched our Biffy emerge, with Granny Whitten in tow and his fifty-eighth out of his sixty-six ties, and set sail for the Atberry presence.

As long as we were not to be privileged ourselves, we were pleased to have Biffy and Granny on the spot, because the place would be simply crawling with Oh My Omicrons, and Sigma Slugs,

and little near-professors, and everything else that could get past the Swede maid; and it behooved for the honor of old Peterkin that somebody decent should be on hand.

Biffy allowed Granny to convoy him, because Granny was a senior law and had whiskers and a girl back home; and he was persona grata at Prexy's. The report was that Granny and Prexy even exchanged cigars, and it had made no difference in their friendly relations. This afternoon, the venerable and staid Granny engaged Mrs. Prexy in pleasant confab, while Biffy sailed in and spiked the guns of the best that the Oh My Omicrons, et cetera, could produce. It was, according to Biffy and Granny, a great victory for Hot Tamale Tau and the élite.

Prexy's niece mingled very nicely with the simple Peterkin ways—and also brought in a few ways of her own. As ours was the first function after her début in Peterkin adoration, we Hot Tamale Taus, with such a good flying start, proceeded to pocket the other frats; and one by one or two by three we all—excepting the callow fresh, for whom the coeds were plenty good enough—sat about upon the Prexy's best and second-best furniture. Consequently we were gentled earlier than our less enterprising imitators.

As soon as the Oh My Omicrons could borrow enough money from their alumni to hire an orchestra they also had a party; but, as usual, it was a sad affair, and many feet were stepped on. Last of all, the Black Friars—being the bachelor professors' and near-professors' club—even gave a walk-around—saddest of all! Dearie me!

Our own prom was a brilliant burst of Biffy and Beauty. Biffy hove in with the fair stranger and her estimable aunt both, three dozen American extravagances on six-foot stems, a wad of violets—for the dame—as large as a bushel basket, and a coupé; not one of the Peterkin livery-stable "hacks," gentle Annie, odorous of horse and last week's cigars, and with the upholstery bagged down where generations of us had sat, but the regular coupé dedicated

to Memorial Day speakers and afternoon calls. Somehow, Biffy *knew*!

And that example of Biffy's was the horrible token which signaled the spontaneous combustion of Peterkin society, and the combined com-bust-ion, with accent on the "b," of Peterkin hearts and pocketbooks. It marked the deluge, in riotous confusion, of hacks, barouches, coupés, flowers, chaperons, kid gloves, and high hats. For the era of Prexy's niece was a new era in old Peterkin. By such luxury fell Rome.

You see, things were done different in effete New Jersey from the way that we of the wild mid-West in Peterkin University did them; and this we readily assimilated from the illuminating exemplification by Biffy. Of course, we had had chaperons, as at formal parties; but we had not been accustomed to including one in an invitation to take a walk or to go skating, or to hunt moth millers on the lawn. And at the biggest of the parties, or at the beginning of the month ere the check from home was in the sear and yellow leaf, or when we desired to honor some faithful coed or the imported damsel, we would buy a bouquet. And for the Junior Prom, and the Commencement Hop, and at muddy times, we would chip in for a hack.

But here were we now with Mrs. Prexy—of Philadelphia, she, a few times removed, according to the number that Prexy had lost his job—as vigilant over Prexy's niece as a hen mallard over her brood. That impressed us. Whenever we called on the niece, we were rejoiced by the presence of auntie; whenever there was a party, it was three in the bus for the Happy Chappie; and theater tickets must be bought in triplets. Yes, we even must sigh good night to auntie and the niece at the same moment. No long, sweet partings in the dusk of the front porch for us!

Then there were flowers, and kid gloves, and high hats to satisfy Eastern civilization, so that Miss Atberry should feel at home in this little oasis, and should know that we were Men.

Naturally the epidemic spread, and

favorite coeds commenced to put on airs, and intimate that they were as good as anybody from New Jersey, and that they expected the treatment of high-born ladies, accustomed to wear the strawberry coronet; until we youths all were so educated and so acclimated to splendor that any one of us could have limousined in a taxi from Grand Opera to Del's—which is Delmonico's—or Sherry's, New Yawk, and without a stutter have ordered a demi-tasse. Only—we wouldn't have had the price. No, we wouldn't have had the price. It was as much as we could do to spend railroad fare and save board by going home in the Easter vacation, or else to save railroad fare and pay our board by staying at Peterkin. The choice was a ghastly problem.

However, Prexy's niece scored heavily. She was something new. Why, I have sat in a corner, between a rough-neck Sigma Slug who had tried to get into the Hot Tamale Taus and couldn't, and Near-professor "Silly" Dilly, a whole evening, just to have her say good night to me. I have walked around and around a block seventeen times to intercept her on the eighteenth, and pretend the casual-meeting act. I have dreamed dreams, and have waked up holding hands with myself. Huh!

Even Granny Whitten broke over training for his girl back home, and spent nine dollars and thirty-five cents to take Miss Atberry and Mrs. Prexy to a sacred concert.

Far be it from me to aggrandize my mortal self as a special slaughterer of shes; but I will modestly state that the bets in Hot Tamale Tau circles were even on Biffy or me to win. Yea, far be it from me thus to aggrandize, but current report had it that Biffy and I were neck and necktie down the home stretch for the Atberry sweepstakes. I have, I must confess, something taking in my personality; and Biffy, as everybody knows, was irresistible in pompadour and flannel blazer striped green and lavender.

Our deadly rivals seemed to be "Wobble-hoof" Bailey, the *comme-il-ne-faut-pas* of the Sigma Slugs, "Peg-

gotty" Dannett, ringmaster of the Oh My Omicrons, and little "Silly" Billy, near-professor and the Prexy's pet.

Inasmuch as a house divided against itself is liable to fall, like true brothers in Hot Tamale Tau, Biffy and I joined forces to do up the enemy first, and one another later. Matters looked serious. Never despise the enemy in love or war—and coming upon her suddenly, I had caught her wearing a Zeta Zip frat pin as large as a warming pan. A girl like her can, if unscrupulous, wear frat pins in the gay array of a marathon winner's medals—but this Zeta Zip innovation was bad, bad, bad!

Biffy and I mentioned the complication.

"Where's your pin?" asked Biffy boldly.

"She has it."

"Gra—Miss Atberry?"

Curse him, he almost said "Grace"!

I nodded.

"Thought Molly Stevens was wearing it."

"Well, I got it from her."

So I had—in the neck; or, rather, by mail, with a note. One more romance put behind me; one more coed gone by the board. I had liked Molly well, but *this* was a genuine case; a case for papa and the minister. I was done fooling.

Biffy sighed.

"Had an awful break with Pinkie myself," he confessed. "Horrid, icy language. Funny how unreasonable girls are."

It is. Pinkie was—had been—the belle of the ball. Town girl, she. It was a great advantage to be a Pinkie man; a fellow was made to feel at home, and got hand-outs at the family table.

In some respects, the town girl has the edge over the simple coed from abroad. She at least offers a change of feed. But Pinkie was a peach besides. I felt for Biffy. Metaphorically, that is.

"Then where's your pin?"

"She has it."

"Who? Gra—Miss Atberry?"

Biffy nodded. I met the blow heroically.

"Well, as long as it's a Hot Tamale

Tau pin she wears," I faltered.

"Thanks, old man," Biffy spoke huskily. He hesitated. He groaned. "We—I'm hard hit, boy," he proffered. "Nothing like this ever fell on me before. It's do or die."

"Same here," I confessed.

"Phew!" And Biffy hove another. "And they claim it lies between us two. I—I wish you success, Jocko. Of course, I'd rather have her myself; but if there's anybody else, I hope he's you."

He extended his hand. I gripped it. The moment was surcharged with brotherly affection.

"Thanks," I murmured as huskily. "And I hope you're he, in case——"

He understood.

"We'll pull together, then. Hot Tamale Tau against the field, and each for himself, but no double-crossing."

"Sure thing," I agreed.

Again we gripped hands, and felt noble.

"I have a hunch that she likes you the best," quavered Biffy. He was about all in with emotions.

I shook my head. No hunch goes with she-males. That is a point where all signs fail in dry weather.

"Not a bit," I denied. "You've got the inside. Everybody thinks so."

"Uh, uh! Not my luck. But whichever gets her, we'll promise to be good to her, son. I'll be your best man, eh? In case——"

"Or I'll be yours. Is that a go?"

Once again we gripped with the grip



"Nothing like this ever fell on me before. It's do or die."

of the Hot Tamale Taus, and felt noble. Then we separated, for I had a date with her this afternoon, and Biffy had one with her for evening, and wished to sleep first so as to be bright and fresh.

Well, eh! Tempus fugited, and Prexy's niece had a real good continuous performance of it—special benefit. Me and Biffy, or Biffy and me, as fortune favored, hogged the spotlight—with others snooping in on the edges. "Wobble-hoof," and "Peggotty," and "Silly" Dilly, and similar sundries of the hoi polloi clung about persistently. So did Mrs. Prexy, chaperon ex officio and at large. But we grew used to a chaperon, like a horse grows used to blinders.

Quite frequently I almost managed to fondle Miss Atberry's little finger—but somehow she had a trick of slipping it out of the road, by hunting with it for a hairpin, or by tucking back a fairy tress with it, or by sitting on it.

Quite frequently I almost put the fatal question, whether she truly loved me as the grandest, best, and dandiest stalwart, princely, fine, good, clever, adorable all-round man in the world; but somehow she spoiled the opening by calling attention to a new book that "Silly" Dilly had given her, or else Mrs. Prexy "a-hemmed" from the porch or the next room, or else blundering "Wobble-hoof" or fellow monstrosity tumbled in.

What Biffy was doing I tried hard to know, but not to find out. Comrades in love and war, we exhibited a beautiful brotherly affection which trusted much, and suspected more, but would not say so. If Biffy was taming that little finger, when I couldn't, I never asked him; and if he had put the fatal question, he didn't say so. I didn't say that I had, either.

But what was a specially disturbing element in my bosom was the Commencement Hop. I mean, this was the first of two disturbing elements.

Oh, yes, I had the price. That is, I had a pair of cuff buttons and a Hot Tamale Tau scarfpin saved up. But I hadn't the—the girl! Not yet. Oh, yes, I had spiked her on the subject. I had spiked her early, so as to get ahead of Biffy and the "Wobble-hoof" gang.

But she couldn't say yea or nay. She had blushed her lovely New Jersey blush—a real royal flush—and had thanked me with her lovely New Jersey accent, and had said that it was a shame, but she could not give me an answer.

Eheu, again! And horrible dictu! What was the matter?

Maybe she would not be here for the hop.

Well, would she go with me if she was?

She'd love to, but—

But what? Not a previous engagement! Zounds!

No. Not exactly.

Had anybody else asked her, then?

She couldn't tell. She didn't know.

Almost, again, I captured that little finger; but she rallied in time, and tucked a hairpin.

When would she know, please?

It was—indefinite. Hadn't I better ask somebody else?

Never! I would wait. But would she go with me, if—

Y—yes; she thought so. But I had better not wait. Really, I better not.

I would wait. Who was the—the other man? Anybody here?

She did not feel privileged to tell.

Please.

No.

Humph! Could it be Biffy? Could it be that *she* was waiting on Biffy—or on a "Wobble-hoof" or a "Silly" Dilly! It must be Biffy, if any one. Biffy was the danger. Biffy! Then she was stuck on Biff, and in the longing of her girlish heart she was holding off, giving him a chance to round to and spike her for the hop.

Now, according to the ethics of Hot Tamale Tau, I should have sought out Biffy, and have put him on. I should have told him that Prexy's niece was his to have and to hold; that I had made my play and had lost, and that from certain signs I knew how inclined the maiden's heart, and that he had only to step up and slide in. She—was—waiting—for—him—to—ask—her—to—the—Commencement Hop; and he could take her and her aunt, too. Thus we Hot Tamale Taus had sworn before the sacred altar "by all honorable means to help in each other's preferment, to promote each other's welfare."

But I didn't. I wasn't cut out for a promoter, in case of girl. If Biffy did not have spunk enough to ask her of his own volition, I'd ask her again a few times of mine.

Then, in the midst of these desperate straits, when I wasn't sure whether it really was Biffy who was blocking the wheels of progress, or whether a changeling like a "Wobble-hoof" or "Silly" Dilly or even a Zeta Zip had been sneaked in by fate; and while I was hanging hard to my cuff buttons

and the pin, as reserve fund, appeared the ring!

That solitaire upon Prexy's niece's finger loomed large as an arc light in a fog. Once, that evening, as I winked, dazed, glaring at its immensity, she blushed and used her other hand; but she was so radiantly happy that pretty soon she switched and used the left again.

Well, I had lost out, somehow. But nobody should know my black despair—nobody except Biffy. And I would congratulate *him*. That was why, last night, he had wakened the whole house by howling of "Drink to me only with thine eyes." It seemed to us that he had been drinking with the ayes and the noes both. He claimed that he had been on a debate at "lit." However, now I knew that he had been quaffing deep of Love!

It wasn't a double cross; but it was blamed mean and unbrotherly not to have given me more advance information.

So the next noon I met Biffy with my best, lofty attitude. He should have no license to crow over *me*.

"Got the ring, I see," I ventured.

Biffy eyed me coolly.

"Oh, did I? Sure you didn't get it yourself?"

"Why? Isn't that yours?"

"No. Evidently it's hers."

"Didn't you buy it?"

"Didn't you?"

"See here, Biffy. I'm in ear-nest."

"So am I."

Biffy was ornery. If he wanted to keep his counsel from a brother Hot Tamale, all right.

"But didn't you give her that ring?"

"How could I if you did?"

"I didn't say I did."

"I didn't say I did."

"No; but I say you did."

"Did you?"

"Didn't you?"

"Did I?"

"Didn't I?"

"You didn't say so."

"Didn't say what?"

"Didn't say you didn't."

"You didn't say *you* didn't."

"Didn't I?"

"Did you?"

"I didn't need to say I didn't."



I managed to bid in the fifth extra—which didn't come around.

"You did, then?"

In all this maze of diddley-diddenty I was waxing strangely confused. Had Biffy or hadn't he? Or had I? No, I hadn't—did I? Did-diddle-diddent. But, anyway, Biffy should get no pleadings or confessions out of *me*.

"Congratulations, old man," blurted Biffy, obstinately grasping my hands.

Not to be outdone in courtesy and Hot Tamale love, I grasped his.

"No; I congratulate *you*," I rebutted, with intent honorable.

"Thanks," answered Biffy. "Awfully good of you, I'm sure."

"Same to you," I babbled.

And there we were! The situation was uncomfortable to a man of fine principle; but when Biffy was ready to come off his high horse, I was ready, too.

Now a strange phenomenon was recorded. There was no gloom. No. With the slow abruptness of a sunrise, a forced oh-be-joyful atmosphere flowed over the Peterkin campus, as the "Wobble-hoof," the "Peggotty," the Near-professor Dilly, and the other sundries trotted about, exuding painful smiles and extending the glad hand. It was a busy season.

"Wobble-hoof" congratulated me. I bluffed and congratulated "Wobble-hoof." "Silly" Dilly congratulated the "Peggotty"; the "Peggotty" grinned and congratulated Biff. With treacle and brimstone around it went in a grand right and left—we all feeling out the enemy, and by deft denials consenting.

For, you appreciate, if you know the frailty of human hearts, nobody was accepting second place in public esteem until he had found out who had first place; and so long as nobody was proved to have first place, it was safe to pretend to second place on the risk of not being believed.

Thus each soft impeachment stuck.

Nevertheless, *who* was *it*? And who was to take her to the Commencement Hop? That would tell the fatal tale. Nobody absolutely repudiated that job,

either. And ever she grew lovelier, with a loveliness which, seemed to me, deserved a better tribute than waltzing with a "Wobble-hoof."

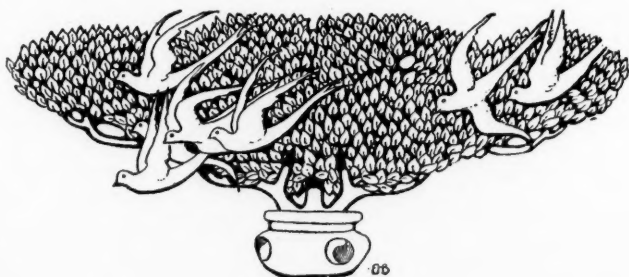
However, *cheu!* According to the calendar of blighted youth, it was the day before that culminating event of a toilsome college year when, so unobtrusively that none of us even suspected that our *dénouement* was nigh, a wight with tie which shamed the best of Biffy's sixty-six, and a personality which dwarfed "Hamburg" Harris, our automatic line smasher and beau ideal of physical perfection, slipped in; and we found him filling Prexy's parlor so full of He that we others left early.

He took her; and there were nine stags—eight without me.

Unknown was from some place called Yale; and he danced in a new way, but he whispered the old, old story. I managed to bid in the fifth extra—which didn't come around. But later I was favored with an announcement card, and my name spelled wrong. Announcement cards were quite plentiful in our coterie.

The frat pins drifted home, like chickens, to roost. Numerous coeds were pleased. Revenge was theirs, and still is sweet to them. For "the effect of quality lingers long after price is forgotten"; the chaperon habit, and the carriage habit, and the flowers habit, and all high-life habits had arrived to stay. Peterkin functions are nothing if not swell.

And that is the simple narrative of Prexy's niece; just one more chapter in higher education at old Peterkin.





COMPANY for DINNER

By Marion Short

Author of
"The Famous Cochran Children,"
etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY E. C. CASWELL

WHEN Mrs. Cochran, after taking the day's supplies off the dumb-waiter, went on down the hall of the little flat and into the parlor, she found there a busy family group. Verdant, standing before a music rack, was practicing with much ardor her latest selection for the violin. "Professor" Cochran was accompanying her. He was performing on the piano with one hand, and—so to speak—instructing Verdant with the other.

"*Con espressione! Legato*—that next phrase—*ve-ery legato*—so!"

Fuzzy, the younger child, was polishing the brass wires of the bird cage. For this purpose she had carefully spread some old newspapers in a square on the floor, and deposited herself, the cage, and all her cleaning paraphernalia in the midst of the black-and-white island, surrounded by a rose-colored expanse of bright new rug.

Fuzzy, the canary bird, hopped about the room in perfect freedom, returning to Fern's neighborhood occasionally to take a dainty nip at his seed cup.

Mother Cochran, pausing at the threshold, surveyed her beloved ones contentedly, wrapped her gingham apron around her hands—a habit of

hers—and prepared for a few moments of family conversation.

"Ain't this a lovely, sunshiny room?" she inquired appreciatively, as she looked toward the big front window. "Just see how that pot of Jacob's ladder has grown in a week!"

Fern quickly jumped to her feet, glad of an excuse for a few moments' idleness.

"The pot ain't grown, ma; it's the Jacob's ladder," she corrected, with playful pettness.

Mrs. Cochran gave an amused wink at her husband and elder child.

"You don't say so, Fern! Well, if somebody doesn't work a little faster at that polishin', the first thing she knows somethin' else besides the Jacob's ladder will have had time to grow so big he can't get back in his cage!"

She plumped down onto the sofa, wrapping her hands still tighter in the blue-and-white checked apron.

"What I come in for, pa," she explained to her husband, "was to ask you if you'd rather have dinner early, bein' as it's a holiday and you have no lessons to give, or at six o'clock, same as usual?"

"Early, early, early!" interrupted Fern, dancing about gleefully.

"Around noontime, like when we lived in Connelstown," supplemented Verdant, not less eagerly than Fern. "Please, ma!"

Mrs. Cochran emitted a motherly cluck of reproach, and shook her head at them, though her eyes were full of laughter.

"Mercy me! Anybody to look at you two actin' like that would think I'd about starved you! When I don't believe there's a pair of children in the city that get away with more pancakes for breakfast, every day of their lives, than you do. Leastways not unless their folks has to send for a doctor afterward. Why, that last bottle of maple sirup is all used up already, when it seems as if I'd just opened it. We'll have to order some more next time the man comes round. My sakes, do stop bouncin', and set down, Fern! You've scared Fuzzy till he don't know where he's at! Look at him peekin' at you from the mantelpiece with his neck craned out as if he thought you was crazy or somethin'. Anyhow, I was addressin' my remarks to your father, and not to Verdant and you."

With an air as of settling her perturbed motherly wings, she turned again to the tall, gaunt figure that sat on the piano stool with his long legs outstretched before him.

"Two o'clock or six, professor, which do you say?"

"What's for dinner?" inquired the professor, weighing the matter with a frown of exaggerated gravity.

"I know!" squealed the irrepressible Fern, and accompanied with such a high leap into space that the gas globes over her head fairly rattled when she struck the floor, causing Fuzzy to take chirping refuge on the window sill. "We're goin' to have chicken!"

"And chicken dumplings!" added Verdant, bending almost double and pressing ecstatic fists against a pink gingham stomach.

Fern ran, and put a coaxing arm about her father's neck.

"And slaw made with egg the way

ma makes it, and nobody else knows how," she whispered in his ear enticingly, "and cranberries, and hot biscuits, and lemon-cream pie—and—and—and everything to make you hungry thinkin' about it. Tell her early, pa, pl-e-e-ase!"

"We-el," drawled the professor, with great deliberation—he enjoyed keeping the children in suspense as long as possible—"maybe, if you'll both promise to be sure and help your mother like good little girls——"

As the corners of his mouth twitched into a consenting smile, he was overwhelmed with immediate promises, thanks, hugs, and kisses; and Fuzzy burst into such a sunshine warble that it seemed as if he, too, expected to have a share in the good things, and approved of having it early.

"Then if it's to be two o'clock," said Mrs. Cochran, rising with a busy air, "I must be gettin' back into my kitchen. The chicken the dairy sent over is a beautiful butter color, but there's a lot of pinfeathers that has to be pulled out before I can put it on to cook."

"I'll pull 'em," volunteered Verdant, extending both hands, and pinching her supple musician's fingers expressively together. "I can do it in no time."

"And Fern," suggested Mrs. Cochran, "as soon as you get through with that cage cleanin'—if you ever *do* get through—you can set the table."

"Oh, it's a long time until two o'clock," commented Fern comfortably, as she slumped down on the newspapers and took up the polishing rag again.

"Not so very long," warned her mother. "If you begin early, you won't forget half the things that go on the table after we've set down, like you generally do. You know how your father hates to have you hoppin' up every other minute to get the salt, or napkins, or goodness knows what you've forgot. And bein' it's a holiday, I want it set extry nice."

Verdant pointed to the shelf of growing plants beneath the window.

"Can't I fix a bouquet of geraniums for a centerpiece, ma? They're bloom-

ing out fine since you put that fresh dirt around the roots."

"I reckon you can," consented the mother, "after Fern gets the table set, and you've helped me some in the kitchen. You can put 'em in the imitation cut-glass bowl your Aunt Sue bought you at the ten-cent store when she was visitin' here, with a little of that Jacob's ladder a-trailin' over the edge."

"Be sure to fix them just the way your mother tells you to, Verdant," commanded Professor Cochran. "She was always mighty tasty about flowers and decorations. First time I ever saw her she was trimming the walls of a Sunday-school room with 'Merry Christmas' in evergreen letters, and it certainly looked good to me."

A smile passed between him and his wife, tender, reminiscent. They had been very much in love with each other in those old courting days, and it was evident that they had never gotten over it.

Mrs. Cochran, humming a cheerful hymn tune, started toward the door, but turned back suddenly.

"Land sakes, I almost forgot to mention it after havin' it in my head all mornin'! What do you say to invitin' company for dinner? Seems like when we're goin' to have such an extry good meal, we'd ought to share it with some one that mebbe would be lonesome if

they wasn't invited somewheres, and not have it all to ourselves. Hm!"

Fern brought her thin knees close to her pointed chin, and looked protestingly over them at the inquiring mother countenance.

"Oh, ma, don't!" she wailed. "I know who you mean. It's the lady you spoke about while I was wipin' the breakfast dishes. And we ain't well acquainted with her, and she's so solemn besides, she'd just spoil everything! We'd all be afraid to laugh, and pa couldn't make jokes, and at dinner she'd want the wishbone that I always want—I'm just sure she would!"

Mrs. Cochran's dimples elongated themselves into lines of severity.

"Fern Cochran, I'm surprised at you! Mebbe Miss Patters is sort of strange to us, and mebbe we couldn't be quite as lively as we are when we're alone, but it ain't right to be always thinkin' of ourselves first and other folks last. And never, never, let me hear you get off any-

thing as selfish and greedy as that wishbone remark again! I certainly hope that if Miss Patters does come to dinner here, the wishbone will be her choice just to teach you a lesson."

Fern ducked her sandy head—her hair was like the professor's, only his was curly and hers was straight—and stuck out a pouting and defensive lower lip, but remained discreetly si-



She found there a busy family group.

lent. Her mother was a lenient and indulging one, but she knew when she had gone far enough.

"Is it the Miss Patters across the hall you want to invite?" inquired Mr. Cochran. "The one we borrowed the latchkey of the other night when we found we had lost ours and couldn't get in?"

His wife nodded.

"She lives all by herself, and you never see a soul goin' in and out of there from one week's end to another, no more'n if the flat was empty. Gracious me, but New York's a lonesome place for them that hasn't a family! Nobody seems to think of tryin' to be neighbors to folks like they do at home."

"I saw some one talkin' to Miss Patters once," piped up Fern, her mother's rebuke already forgotten in the delight of feeling momentarily important. "It was a woman that was sellin' laces. She put her tray down right on the floor in the hall, and spread 'em all out. She was bareheaded, and her hair was all oily, and matty, and combed down over her ears, and she wore big blue earrings."

"Your mother wasn't talking about Italian women peddlers, Fern," patiently explained her father. "She just meant that Miss Patters didn't seem to have any special friends of her own." He smiled affectionately in Mrs. Cochran's direction. "Of course invite her if you want to, ma."

Mrs. Cochran's chubby hands emerged from her apron long enough to straighten a crooked picture on the wall.

"Well, I guess I will. I noticed that she looked dreadful worried, and as if she'd be'n cryin', when she handed us out that key. And if she is worried, it might cheer her up a little to come over and have some of my dinner. Don't you think so, pa?"

Mr. Cochran bobbed his head so hard in an affirmative reply to her question that a curl of sandy hair broke loose and fell down over his high, white forehead.

"It would cheer up anybody to taste

of your splendid cooking, Mrs. J. O. Cochran. I don't except even the president of the United States. It will certainly chirk up Miss Patters if there's any chirk to her. She'll think she's never sampled real pie before."

Mrs. Cochran's plump cheeks flushed with pleasure at his praises. She cast down her long, dark lashes for a moment in a way that reminded her husband of the pretty, shy young girl she had been when he married her.

"Lawdy me, pa, if other folks only thought half as much of my pies and cakes as you do——"

Verdant gave an interrupting pull at her apron.

"Hear me try my new 'Meditation' over before you go back to the kitchen, ma," she begged. "Won't you? I've practiced and practiced on it."

Mrs. Cochran dropped back cheerfully on the sofa, and Fern crawled dog fashion to her side, and sat resting her head against her mother's knee. While she helped at being audience, she didn't have to polish Fuzzy's cage.

"Work don't seem to come natural to Fern," Mrs. Cochran would sometimes remark regretfully, "but I reckon she can't help it. She's just like her Aunt Sarah on her father's side. Though I must say," she would add, more complacently, "that Sarah never seemed to need to work, anyhow. Things just came her way always, includin' a rich husband. Mebbe it will be the same with Fern. For the pore youngen's sake I hope so, when she grows up."

"*Con espressione*," warned the professor again, and the music began.

Fuzzy, as the melody unwound, put back his head, swelled out his throat, and began an opposition display of brilliant bird notes.

"Verdant's violin always sets Fuzzy off like that," whispered Fern to her mother.

Mrs. Cochran nodded silently. Her eyes were closed. She was taking in the music with every fiber of her sensitive being. She was glad Verdant didn't mind Fuzzy's twitterings, because the other rooms were so dark

that she hated to hang his cage in any of them. How beautifully Verdant was playing! A piece of music with sympathy in it always brought out her best points, and this "Meditation" she was learning for her next public appearance was one long, appealing plaint for joys that had been, but could never be again.

Suddenly the doorbell rang with a jarring, impatient sound. The professor and Verdant ceased their performance abruptly. Mrs. Cochran arose with a protesting sniff.

"Seems to me that somebody must be in an outlandish hurry that they couldn't have waited till you got through. But you're doin' fine, Verdant, and mother's very proud of you. Run and see who was ringin' like a house afire, Fern. I declare it provokes me when any one acts so uncivilized!"

Fern lost no time in opening the door. When she did so, she opened her eyes in astonishment, for Miss Patters was discovered outside—Miss Patters from across the hall!

Miss Patters' green kimono, covered with brilliant red poppies, hung in a disconsolate, dragged way that contradicted the cheerfulness of its coloring. A red shawl was thrown carelessly over her disheveled straw-hued hair, and a thin, trembling hand held it together over her flat chest. Her eyes were swollen from weeping, and her nose had a pallid look, "like it had been dipped in blueing and hung out to dry," as Fern remarked afterward.

"I'd like to speak to your mother," she remarked briefly.

Mrs. Cochran came forward, and stood with her hands resting on Fern's shoulders. Her keen glance quickly took in the marks of distress upon the countenance of the agitated lady.

"What's the trouble, Miss Patters?" she inquired. "Is there anything I can do for you?"

Miss Patters' eyes flashed ominously, and the clutching hand at her breast closed into a tight, aggressive-looking fist.

"Yes, there is something you and

yours can do for me, Mrs. Cochran," she answered, in high-pitched, complaining tones. "It's a holiday, and I demand a little quiet, a little respite from this never-ceasing racket—the violin—the piano—that noisy bird!"

Instinctively Fern crept behind Mrs. Cochran, and gazed at the plain-spoken neighbor from the shelter of motherly protecting skirts.

"I ain't used to having Verdant's music called a racket, Miss Patters," remarked Mrs. Cochran, choking slightly in an effort to keep down a more harsh reply, "but if you're sick I reckon we can oblige you by stoppin' for a while. All except Fuzzy. I don't know whether he can be persuaded to keep still or not, as I don't know any way of makin' him understand that he's botherin' any one."

"That's easy enough," snapped Miss Patters, betraying still more impatience. "You can hang something black over the cage—a skirt will do—and he'll think it's night, and stop his noise for a while. And it will oblige me very much indeed, I assure you!"

Mrs. Cochran's temper surged to the surface, but she controlled it as before. Those disfigured eyes! That pathetic nose! That lock of faded hair trailing down over a tear-stained cheek!

"You must have a pretty bad headache, Miss Patters. You ought to take something for it. I've got a bottle of bromo selzer with a dose left in it. Fern, run into the bathroom, and look on the top shelf of the cabinet, and see if there's some—"

"Please don't bother about that," interrupted the caller sharply. "I have no headache. I simply want—quiet."

"Bein' as it's a holiday, Miss Patters," replied Mrs. Cochran, in tones of offended dignity, though still gently, "we'll try to oblige you."

The professor arose with instant politeness, and closed the piano, and Verdant placed her violin carefully in its case. Fern, in obedience to a gesture from her mother, caught Fuzzy, and put him in his cage.

"Take him on out into the kitchen," commanded Mrs. Cochran. "Miss Pat-



"I'd like to speak to your mother," she remarked briefly.

ters can't hear him so plain if he's hung up out there. But you needn't cover him with a skirt. Bein' as it's a holiday, I sort of feel as if he'd ought to be allowed to enjoy it with the rest of folks."

"Thank you very much," said Miss Patters stiffly.

Mrs. Cochran bowed, and started to close the door. Then she saw that Miss Patters was still standing there, as if wishing to say something further. Her mouth worked painfully, and her hand alternately clutched at and released the folds of the red shawl that hung from her head. But whether she meant to enter another complaint, or to apologize in a sense for the one she had just

made, her listener could not determine, for after a moment of very marked but inarticulate distress she turned and made a hasty exit into her own half-open door.

It was a wondering group she left behind her.

Verdant's mother slid a loving arm about her neck.

"The idea of any one complainin' about this child's practicin', instead of bein' glad of the chance to hear it free gratis and for nothin'! That ain't ever happened before since the young one began to play. I'm glad I didn't go over and invite her to dinner now. I reckon I'd 'a' got my head taken off if I had."

She smoothed out her apron, and started for the kitchen. The music had gone from the parlor, and somehow the holiday music had died out of her heart as well. She was so full of warm, unselfish kindness herself that an open exhibition of the unlovely qualities in human nature always amazed and chilled her.

But on busying herself with her manifold but congenial household tasks, she soon revived. She had a holiday dinner to get, she reflected, and her husband was going to be at home all day long, bless his heart, and thank Heaven! And with Fuzzy singing his holiday head off from his cage swung under the kitchen shelf, she had great cause for happiness—Miss Patters or no Miss Patters. Didn't she have the sweetest children in the world, and both of them hearty and well? And hadn't she been extra lucky with her pie crust? My, how light and flaky it was! She could just hear the professor exclaiming over it now. Mr. Cochran was very fond of pie.

After a while, Verdant opened the kitchen door quietly, and came toward

Mrs. Cochran with a scared look in her big, brown eyes. She spoke in a whisper.

"Ma, Miss Patters has rung our bell again, and says she wants to see you."

An apprehensive quiver ran up Mrs. Cochran's spine. She put her finger to her lips, and motioned Verdant to close the door behind her and come nearer. Verdant did so.

"What do you suppose she wants to see me about?"

"She didn't say. But her face is all puckered up worse than it was, and she shakes like she had a chill. Pa invited her to come into the parlor, but she wouldn't. She's standing out there in the hall. She said she'd rather wait there."

Mrs. Cochran nervously hung up a flour sifter in the wrong place.

"Well, tell her I'm comin' soon as I wash the dough off my fingers."

Her apron was wrapped around her hands more tightly than ever when she faced Miss Patters again.

"What I came for," said Miss Patters instantly, not waiting for her to speak, "was to tell you that you can go back to the music."

Her bony chest heaved.

"Let them play as much as they like," she continued. "I'm sorry I said anything about it this morning. I thought it would make a difference, but it doesn't. It's just the same! Please let your daughter begin again on her violin, won't you? And the bird—bring him back to where the sun shines. It doesn't help me any. I thought it might, but it doesn't—it can't—nothing can! I'll never—interfere with you again."

"Goodness alive!" exclaimed Mrs. Cochran, her heart melting at once in the presence of such genuine, though utterly baffling, distress. "Don't act that way about it. Why, we're not frettin' for the music. It's almost dinner time, and Verdant is busy fixin' flowers for the table, and Fern's ornamentin' the radishes, and the professor is a-readin' the mornin' paper and smokin' his pipe like he always does Sundays and holidays, and we ain't worryin' a bit about

what you asked us. Besides, it's good for the professor and Verdant both to get their minds off their music sometimes and go on to somethin' else."

She reached out, and gave Miss Patters' thin arm a comforting squeeze.

"Thank you, Mrs. Cochran," murmured the drooping lady in the hall, almost inaudibly. "I'm glad you—will pardon me for intruding the way I did."

And her kimono-draped figure disappeared.

"I'd just like to know what's a-wor-ryin' that woman so," remarked Mrs. Cochran, as she came again into the presence of the professor. "It wasn't Verdant's music that ailed her at all. I've a good mind to slip off my apron, and follow her over there right now to see what I can find out. I feel as if I couldn't enjoy a bite of our holiday dinner with any one right next door a-frettin' like that."

She whisked off her apron, and folded it up.

"But, mother," protested Mr. Cochran mildly, "even if she is breaking her heart over something—it's her private affair, you know. And isn't it sort of butting in—"

"S'pose it is?" interrupted his wife, smoothing back her hair and straightening her collar. "If folks butted in more when people are in trouble, and cheered 'em up, instead of lettin' them go to pieces all by themselves, the world would be a good sight better off, accordin' to my way of thinkin', John."

"Maybe you're right, mother," said the professor, stooping to kiss her perturbed forehead.

"Verdant, keep an eye on the cranberries, and don't let 'em boil dry," she called down the hall on her way out. "I'm a-goin' to run over to see Miss Patters for a minute."

"Didn't stay long," observed Mr. Cochran on his wife's return. "Hope she didn't put you out bodily, Gertrude."

"She didn't put me out, nor she didn't let me in," Mrs. Cochran informed him, looking a trifle chagrined. "I've been a-standin' before her door all this time a-ringin' the bell and a-kickin' my

heels together between whiles, and that's all the good it did me. She's made up her mind that she won't answer the bell to any one, I guess. I heard her movin' round—so I know she's there, all right."

She dropped down on her husband's knee for a moment.

"Ain't it mean that I just can't get to her? What'll I do about it, pa? I just know she's needin' a friend."

The professor reached for something in his vest pocket.

"If you're not afraid of what she'll do to you afterward, you might let yourself in with this," he said slowly. "It's her latchkey that we forgot to return."

"Give it to me quick," exclaimed his wife delightedly. "Of course I'm not afraid. You're a perfect genius, John, in more ways than one. Why, I wouldn't have thought of that latchkey idea in forty years!"

When Mrs. Cochran returned, three-quarters of an hour later, she brought Miss Patters along with her. The professor noted that it was a changed Miss Patters from the witchlike woman who had earlier introduced the note of discord in the harmony of their day. This Miss Patters wore a neat white dress; her hair was tastefully arranged; and, though her eyes were still red from weeping, it was surprising to observe how nice looking she really was, and how young!

"I've brought Miss Patters over to dinner, professor," announced Mrs. Cochran briskly, and with a smile that was fairly radiant with cheerfulness and goodness. "I had to urge her considerable before I could get her to come. But I finally persuaded her, and helped hook her into her dress."

"Good!" said the professor, with a kindly nod. "Sit down, Miss Patters, and make yourself at home."

Miss Patters and Mrs. Cochran sank onto the sofa, side by side.

"After this," said Mrs. Cochran heartily, "Miss Patters and I are goin' to be real neighbors. I need neighbors, after bein' used to 'em all my life out in Connelstown, and Miss Patters

needs neighbors, too, especially right now. That's why she's be'n so blue. She's promised me, though, that she ain't goin' to be blue like that any more."

She turned to the pale woman at her side with a laugh that was half a sob. Miss Patters grasped at her hand convulsively, and leaned toward Mr. Cochran.

"You're married to the best-hearted woman on earth! I suppose you know that already," she said, almost combatively, and as if daring him to deny it.

Mr. Cochran beamed on her genially. "I've suspected as much. But what makes you think so, Miss Patters?"

Mrs. Cochran, overcome by such open praise, made an effort to release herself, but Miss Patters tightened a detaining grip.

"Because when she came into my flat a while ago just out of kindness to me, just out of sympathy for a soul in trouble, and—I—I—insulted her—tried to drive her away. She forgave it, and insisted on being a friend to me, anyhow, whether I deserved it or not."

"Don't speak about it," soothed Mrs. Cochran. "I told you that nobody need ever know about that but you and me."

"But I want them to know," cried Miss Patters vehemently. "I want them to know the desperate, cowardly thing I meant to do—the thing I would have done if your coming hadn't stopped me!"

Again she addressed the wondering professor.

"This morning when I heard the music over here—and the happy voices talking back and forth—I thought it was the sound of it all that made my life so black by contrast. You see, I'm not Miss Patters, a lonely old maid as your wife thought me, and as you thought me, perhaps, but Mrs. Patters—a deserted wife—and that's a thousand times worse! To have known what happiness is, and then—"

She stopped, and swallowed hard for a moment, then went on tumultuously, her eyes on Mrs. Cochran as if to gain strength to proceed:



"Bob—my Bob—you've come back to me—at last!"

"For a whole year, ever since my husband left me, I've been hoping he'd come back. To-day—suddenly, I seemed to realize for the first time that our parting had been final—that I should never, never see him again. I had been very harsh with him—he was a bit wild at times—but I didn't think my sharp tongue had driven him away from me forever. Oh, when that realization came, it seemed to me that if the music in here didn't stop, I'd kill myself. No one had any right to be happy, and I so miserable. But after it did stop, I found that my wretchedness kept right on. The impulse to end my misery was stronger than before. I had been taking something of late to make me sleep at night, so I planned an overdose. Oh, it was all very easy, very simple! And when—just as I was ready—Mrs. Cochran came and interfered—I turned on her like a fiend—"

"You didn't realize anything but

your trouble, you pore thing!" broke in the motherly woman at her side. "That's why I paid no earthly attention to what you said or did to me. I knew I'd been in time to snatch the glass out of your hand before you'd had a chance to get any of it down, and the rest didn't matter at all!"

"Didn't matter?" repeated Mrs. Patters tremulously. "Do you think it didn't matter, after I had beaten you with my clenched fists, that you put both arms around me and kissed me as my mother might have done? My mother, who is dead! Oh, that was the thing that saved me! That is the thing that saves me now!"

She bent over, and pressed her lips against Mrs. Cochran's two dimpled hands with passionate gratitude. The professor wiped a suspicious moisture from his glasses. Mrs. Cochran looked up at the ceiling, and blinked hard, though her lips still smiled.

It was a relief to them all when the

sharp clangor of a doorbell was heard. Mrs. Cochran got to her feet.

"That's some one ringin' at your door, Miss Patters. But whoever it is ain't goin' to be allowed to take you away from our holiday dinner. You just set still here and quiet yourself down, and I'll see who it is myself. My, now they're a-ringin' at my front door instead! Reckon it's just a peddler."

Reluctantly she turned the knob. The figure of a short, stout man in traveling ulster and cap was revealed. He was a stranger to Mrs. Cochran. He stepped forward, and opened his mouth to ask a question; then, looking beyond the plump lady in the doorway, checked himself, and smiled instead.

With a shriek of surprise, the pale-faced, pale-haired woman on the sofa arose, and rushing past Mrs. Cochran flung herself tumultuously into the outstretched arms of the newly arrived traveler.

"Bob—my Bob—you've come back to me—at last!"

"Yes, dear one, I've come back! To stay forever!"

Mrs. Cochran looked over her shoul-

der at the professor with an amazed and quivering smile, while the happy tears coursed unchecked down her cheeks.

"My Lord, pa, it's that pore thing's runaway husband, sure as I'm alive!"

A quarter of an hour later a party of six were seated at the hospitable dinner table in the modest Cochran dining room. There was a beautiful centerpiece of red geraniums and Jacob's ladder, and Fern, for once in her life, had not forgotten a single item, not even the company salt spoons.

"What part of the chicken do you prefer, Mrs. Patters?" asked the host, as he prepared to carve the beautifully browned fowl.

"I'm not particular," answered Mrs. Patters, with a beatific smile, "but if it's anything, it's a wing!" And she answered the pressure of her husband's hand under the table.

Mr. Patters, when interrogated, finally confessed to a preference for the drumstick.

Fern sighed audibly and happily.

Fern had her eye on the wishbone and knew she was going to get it!



Sun Upon Snow

THE fields to-day are stranger fields of white,

The very trees are changelings, bursting through
Their downy cover, shorn of half their height,

But oh, the sky's midsummer, jewel blue,

Flung wide—no paltry gift—

Above the hillocks' lift,

And gracious curve and crumple of a drift!

What though the eye must ache

For this new dazzle's sake?

What though, last night, the panes were all a-quake?

To-day is worth its woe.

Yet, swaying to and fro,

This wee nest saddens, with its cap of snow.

Your tender heart's distressed

By this blurred trail—to know

Here fled the wild things, mazed and sorely pressed,

From out such tight-locked woods their all to wrest.

JEANNIE PENDLETON EWING.



THE IDOL'S COST

By

*Alma
Martin
Estabrook*

ILLUSTRATED BY R. E. SNODGRASS

THE night was sweet with spring, but the man who closed his ledger, and came out of his small tea and coffee store just as the clock threw eleven strokes after him, was too outworn of senses to respond to it. He was a commonplace person, so fashioned, with such square-shaped, wide-set eyes, such a round-tipped nose, and so thin a line for a mouth, that he suggested nothing so much as a jack-o'-lantern on Hallowe'en—a lantern in which the irradiating candle has quite burned out.

At the gate of a modest white house, three blocks down the elm-lined street, he turned in, and, passing through the hall, entered a room where a woman sat beneath a droplight putting stitches in a coral-colored gown that spread in rosy ripples over her plain dark dress.

"Another!" he exclaimed, his eyes touching the pretty creation.

"It takes so many for a bride nowadays, Rob," she pleaded. "I got it at Walker's. I'm keeping the bill down all I possibly can."

He nodded, sinking into a chair on the opposite side of the table. He sighed, quite without knowing it, and with equal unconsciousness she echoed

him. There was something about Robert Cobb and his wife which suggested horses dragging a plow at evening through a furrow that must be turned before the day's work is done. You know the forward pull and bend of tired bodies, the straining of aching muscles, the patience of dispirited eyes, the half droop of gallant heads.

"Have you succeeded in getting her to change her mind about a church wedding?" he asked.

"She says it will break her heart not to have it. Clara had one, you remember, and Elsie, and Kathleen."

Clara, and Elsie, and Kathleen! Their names had been the refrain of the years. Daughters of the three wealthiest men in the little town, they had been accepted as arbiters by all the young women of the place. That the idol of the humble Cobb family was of the coterie which boasted an intimacy with them had certainly never appeared in the light of a misfortune to the Cobbs themselves. Since that time, some years ago, when they had begun to encourage their daughter in her friendship with the "trinity," they had supported her with all the gameness characteristic of American parenthood.

They had not had time to question the ultimate outcome—they had been too busy for that—nor had they been deterred in their support by the vast difference between their own pitifully small resources and those back of Clara, and Elsie, and Kathleen. Life had gradually shaped itself to the end that their single ambition was to niche their idol as prominently as the idols of those other thousands upon thousands of American families, who, no better

mother urged. "And how can you manage otherwise?"

He shook his tired head. So many times he had "managed" for Betty's sake.

At the moment a motor car slid up to the gate, there was the sound of laughter, and then lowered, tender young voices, and an instant later Betty Cobb whirled in.

"Phew! How this house smells of turnips! Didn't you air it after sup-



"Another!" he exclaimed, his eyes touching the pretty creation.

financially equipped than they, stint, and sacrifice, and slave that the object of their idolization may have her "proper place."

"I'll do the best I can," Cobb said, and lay wearily back in his chair, while his wife stitched on in silence.

"Ben has been putting two dollars and a half a week in the building and loan for four years," she suggested presently. "Maybe he'll help."

"He has helped too much already," the boy's father declared.

"But it will be for the last time," the

per, mother? Oh, you're finishing my dress, aren't you? I have to have it tomorrow, you know."

She bent her pretty, imperious head over it, examining it critically.

"Did you have a nice drive, dear?" her mother asked.

"Ripping!" she declared, throwing her slim young body into a chair and crossing her daintily clad feet. "Hasn't Ben come yet? Arthur tells me he's devoting himself to Mr. Stedman's stenographer," she cried, her voice gathering injury, a flush mantling her

charming face. "The lame one, you know. It's too annoying of him. What on earth does he mean? She is a perfectly unknown little nobody, unattractive, and shabby to the point of rags. We passed them walking as we started out, and Arthur thought they looked as good as engaged."

"Dear me, Lilla, I hope this isn't true!" Cobb said, glancing alarmedly at his wife, and beginning a nervous tattoo on the arm of his chair.

"For Heaven's sake, dad, let up!" Betty cried. "You drive me crazy with your eternal tattoos. I'm all strung up, anyhow, over Ben. By the way, mother, did you tell father I want him to address those invitations for me?"

She sprang up, and went to a desk in the corner, sweeping forward a pile of envelopes.

"They're for a little breakfast I'm giving next week, daddy, and you write so much better than I. They ought to go out to-morrow by all means."

"A breakfast?" he queried, dragging himself out of his chair to do her bidding. Only that morning he had been confronted by the caterer's collector with an old bill against which he could not raise a penny.

"Just a small one. But go to scolding. Positively you are the most inhospitable person I ever saw! Isn't he, mother? You'd think he actually begrudged people what they ate!"

She gave him an affectionate little push into the chair before the desk, and he took up a pen. His fingers were stiff from the evening's work over the ledger; he had dismissed his bookkeeper four years before, when they had sent Betty to the fashionable school which Clara, and Elsie, and Kathleen were attending, and he had not since felt he could afford another.

"Do them your prettiest," she commanded, just touching his thin hair with her soft, red lips. "I'm going to bed. I'd wait and have it out with Ben if I wasn't dog tired. Besides we're to play tennis in the morning, and I must be up early. 'Night, both of you."

She rammed her fists into the pocket

of her expensive coat, and tripped upstairs.

"I hope she is wrong about Ben," Robert Cobb said anxiously. "If he is planning to marry, we can't expect any help from him, and, on my word, I don't see——"

"He *can't* marry!" his wife broke in sharply.

At exactly that moment, young Ben Cobb, sitting in the dooryard of the boarding house where lived the little "nobody" stenographer, who worked for his prospective brother-in-law's father, was bending his handsome dark face to the small, tired one beside him, and saying in a rush of protective tenderness:

"It isn't a square deal. You're working the life right out of your body, and I won't stand for it any longer. I've got a little pile I've saved; it isn't much, but we can start on it. I'm going to marry you straight off, and take care of you."

"I'm not going to have anybody marry me because they pity me!" she protested, steadying the lips that quivered almost beyond control, and looking at him with eyes that were brave with the courage born of breasting many angry waves of life.

"Pity you!" he cried. "Is it pity you see in my eyes, Carroll?"

It was past midnight when Mrs. Cobb finished the coral-colored frock and carried it upstairs to the guest-chamber closet which Betty's clothes overran. She made a place for it with difficulty, and closed the door on the accumulation of softness and beauty, and, entering her own room, disrobed, and hung up her clothes for the night.

Her closet contrasted oddly with her daughter's. In it were the dull utilitarian things which were her daily garb, a few made-over ones trying desperately to mask their age in bits of worn lace and ribbon, some plain cotton petticoats, her simple, unmodish hats, a kimono or two, and her commonplace boots.

Yet Lilla Cobb was only forty-two, and even at that advanced age surely

there must be left some tiny corner of the feminine heart that yearns for the touch of silken things, for the swirl of lace about the ankle, for the peep of a frivolous slipper, and for the rich glow of warm color.

"I learned to-day that the Credit Men's Association has blacklisted me. I don't know what we'll do if Ben fails us," her husband said, as she stretched herself between the worn sheets. She had been too engrossingly busy for months in the preparation of Betty's linen to give her own depleted store any thought.

"He won't," she said quietly. "He never has, has he?"

He had not. He was two years younger than his sister, but he had been trained from the first to look out for her, to think of her before he thought of himself. It was the habit of his lifetime.

"Little ladies first, dear," his mother had said to him when, greedy with thirst, he had once caught up a dripping cup to his childish lips without offering it to Betty. And "Little ladies first" it had been with him ever since.

If there were sacrifices to be made, everybody made them but Betty. If tempting outings were to be taken, Betty went. If there were clothes to be had for but one, Betty got them; a boy requires so much less than a girl. He had even given up his sunny, bay-windowed room to her for a den, and taken the one above the kitchen for his own use. He was in his room so little, anyhow, Betty had argued.

When he was seventeen, he learned that the home had been mortgaged to keep Betty in school along with Clara, and Elsie, and Kathleen; it had cost so much more than his father and mother expected, and they could not embarrass her and themselves by taking her out at the end of a brief year. He learned also of the grim economies they were practicing in secret. And he quit school, gave up his dream of being an electrician, and went into a bicycle shop, determined not to take from the family purse.

That was four years ago, and he was

still there. Except for the weekly pittance he put away, the rest of his small wage went into the family exchequer. He felt he was not adequately equipped for more remunerative work. He had saved almost five hundred dollars, but with the constant financial uncertainty at home, he had not dared take it for his own use.

Then time had offered a cure for their financial trouble in Betty's betrothal to Arthur Stedman, the son of a well-to-do merchant, but there was the trousseau to be bought—a trousseau befitting the fiancée of young Stedman—and the wedding expenses to be taken care of.

The long furrow they had turned for Betty was almost finished. A last stiff pull, a final stretching of aching muscles, and then evening and rest, and a less strenuous day's plowing tomorrow.

In their cheaply furnished bedchamber, Robert Cobb and his wife lay side by side listening for Ben to come home. Very quietly they lay, neither knowing that the other was awake. And presently the boy came, and, entering the house, took the stairs three at a time till he reached their door, where he stood listening.

"Awake, mother?" he whispered, and came in with a half-embarrassed, wholly divine young laugh, and stood at the foot of the bed.

"I've such a tremendous piece of news, I couldn't go to sleep till I'd told you," he said, the enchanting line of his mouth shaping to new tenderness.

His father slipped from the bed, and, crossing to the window, gathered an old bath robe about him, and sat there in the moonlight.

"Carroll Higgins is going to marry me!" he cried. "What d'ye think of that? I never expected to draw such a prize. She's the dearest, finest little bit of human nature you ever saw, and I'll bet you'll love her as much as I do inside a week. Why, by George—" The eager voice raced into details, into boyish hopes and plans.

The dreamed of was suddenly within his grasp. It blinded him. He was

heady, and a bit high-pitched, and very winningly youthful. Once he stooped, and touched his mother's hand with an adorable gesture full of love of her, and of the girl, and of all the world.

His mother's eyes passed him, and sought the silent figure beyond him. Her husband seemed to have shrunk in his chair, to have grown curiously old on the instant, and hopeless and helpless. He looked whipped out, like something that has been buffeted overlong by a ceaseless, harassing wind. An aching blur dimmed her eyes.

"I'd never expected to marry so early, and with so little money," Ben was saying half apologetically, "but I didn't know I'd ever be so hard hit. Besides, I can't stand for her working as she does. But I guess we'll be able to manage all right. She knows a lot about housekeeping, and she hasn't the fool notions some girls have."

He paused, suddenly aware of the tenseness of their silence, of something tortured in it.

"Why, I thought you'd be glad!" he exclaimed reproachfully, his bright tones sagging, his questioning look traveling bewilderedly from one to the other.

"We are glad, Bennie," his father quavered hastily. "We're both glad, your mother and I, only——"

He floundered, ceased. A spasm of realization, of stinging self-reproach seized and shook him.

"It is better to say what must be said, dear," the boy's mother cried from the pillows.

She stretched out her hand to him, and her smile begged him to understand and to forgive them.

"Your father's credit is gone. He has been blacklisted. You know what that means, with Betty's wedding com-



"I'm not going to have anybody marry me because they pity me!" she protested.

ing on. We had thought——" How she finished, she never knew. At the last she heard her desperate voice pleading: "You're so young, so ridiculously young to marry! And it will be a matter of only a year or two until your father can pay you back."

A year or two! How did she measure them? By back-breaking days at the typewriter, by grimmest economy, by the desolation of a fourth-rate boarding house for Carroll? By added hours of daily toil for him, that he might the more quickly save, by endless chafing at his tied hands, by heart-aching longing for his own home and Carroll? A year or two! Say rather an eternity or two.

He stood very straight, very still, at the foot of the bed, all the sunniness

gone from him. And they waited, his mother shrinking in the pillows, her white face with its markings of fatigue, his father turned toward the night, only his irregular profile with its hint of inefficiency visible, while in the room beyond Betty slept like a child, her dark hair in shadows over the pillow, her alluring little face pink and piquant, the curling lashes heavy on the smooth cheeks—Betty, consecrated to their worship, no more regardless of their sacrifices, no more unconscious asleep than she was awake, and outside the windows a gnarled old oak tree which took on, in the moonlight, the image of some huge Buddha, sitting with crossed hands, smiling on the follies of life.

"We don't want to urge you, Ben-nie," Robert Cobb's embarrassed voice said plaintively. "We want you to have your happiness the same as Betty has hers, but, as your mother suggests, you

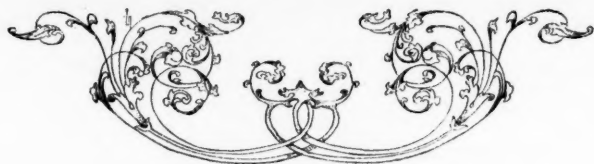
are young. And I would pay you back as soon as I could, with good interest."

The room swam with silence. You could feel the man listening for the son's reply; feel the woman listening among the pillows.

"Why—sure, father," the boy said, at last, a bit unsteadily. "What's mine is yours, as you've always said to me. We can wait if we have to, I guess, Carroll and I."

He kissed his mother good night, and touched his father's drooping shoulder in passing, and went out with a pretense of cheer, but his heavy step as it passed along the hall ground deep into their inner hearts.

His father put his face down in his hands for a long, a very long minute, and his mother, turning, lay with her head in the curve of her arm, her eyes hidden, and the oak tree by the windows made a strange sound as if some god of wood or stone had laughed.



A Song

VASES of honey and cups of wine,
All of golden and crimson hue—
These are the things that will be mine,
If ever my dreams come true.

Gardens where damask roses grow,
Hills of green by a sea of blue—
This is the land that I shall know,
If ever my dreams come true.

Day, a dance with a laughing lass,
Night, a song that was spun for two—
This is the life that I shall pass,
If ever my dreams come true.

Crowns that I strove for won at last,
Heights attained where the fancy flew,
Castles built and my dreaming past—
May never my dreams come true!

WILLIAM F. McCORMACK.

BACKING SPROTT *for* a WINNER.

By
Holman F. Day.



ILLUSTRATED BY VICTOR PERARD

A CERTAIN Barnum Speed had come back to Scotaze, and was seen daily in the companionship of Hiram Look.

He was living at the house of Hiram Look. He walked the streets of the village with the former showman. He was known as one of Hiram's ilk. It was understood that he had replaced Cap'n Aaron Sproul as Hiram's intimate.

Those facts interested Cap'n Aaron Sproul only to the extent of deepening his determination to steer clear of Hiram Look and his new running mate for a long time. When he met them at the stores or the post office or in other haunts of men, in the limited circle of Scotaze's activities, he kept his eyes straight ahead, and emphasized his aloofness by a scowl.

One day he met them on the stretch of highway east of Scotaze toll bridge. There are no houses there.

The cap'n displayed a rather elaborate attempt to avoid them. He swung over to his own side of the road, walking on the edge of the ditch, and gazed across the fields.

Hiram promptly hooked his hand in Mr. Speed's arm, and dragged that gentleman in front of the cap'n. The latter halted, and glowered at the two.

"Say, you better study your pilot rules," he growled. "I've hard-a-ported, and I'm on my own side of the channel."

"Me and you and my friend, Speed, here might as well have a general show-down, now that there ain't a lot of old sasser ears around to scoop it all up," snapped Hiram. "I here and now notify you that he's going into business here with me."

"Pickin' pockets or stealin' garden sass?"

"There you go! I knew it was in you. I know what your bloodcurdlin' looks for the last week has meant. You're goin' to come out with a lot of talk about us. You're goin' to try to hurt us."

Cap'n Sproul looked him up and down. Then he turned blistering gaze on Mr. Speed. That young man was not at all disconcerted by the stare. He flicked the ashes off his cigarette and twisted a fresh point upon his mustache.

"What I'm gettin' at is, I don't care if you don't speak to me when we meet," Hiram went on. "I'm just as sore as you are. It's a fair stand-off. A man who will take dynamite and blow up a new and flourishing business that he's in as president of, with two good

friends of his like me and Speed here as partners, ain't—"

"I see what your business together is goin' to be," snorted the cap'n irefully. "You're goin' to robbin' graveyards. And you're gettin' your hand in by diggin' up a thing that better stay buried. But now that you've uncovered it"—he shook his finger under Hiram's nose—"I'll give you a post-mortem opinion in just about ten seconds."

"Better not say anything you'll be sorry for afterward."

"If there's any risk I'll underwrite it, don't you worry about that. I just want to say this: You and that cigarette-sucking faker there kyoogled me into bein' president of what you said was an innocent spring-water company. And you went to work and painted up the whiskers of an old howlaferinus, and said he'd been made young by the water, and started out to bunko the whole United States—and signed my name to it all as president. And I blowed the cussed old spring into a hole in the face of nature; and the only possible mistake in the whole thing is that perhaps I ought to have thrown the two of you into the hole. That's the way I feel, and that's the way I shall stay feelin'. You've been to work and dug the thing up. I've said my say. Now I bury it again. I also set a tombstone on it. Now let it stay buried."

"Well," said Hiram, after a little pause, "now that the wind squall has waltzed past and the dust has settled, let's view the scenery o'er. I understand, do I, that you ain't goin' to say anything about our Spring of Life Company so as to hurt Speed and me in our new venture with the public?"

"Say anything about it!" yelled Cap'n Sproul. "Why, I'd rather use my tongue for hornpout bait than say anything about it. I've got more sense of shame than you critters have."

"Then them looks of yours the past week ain't meant that you proposed to jump on us?"

"I'm tendin' strictly to my own business, and here's hopin' you'll do the same."

"Well, we might have got to the same

gentlemanly understandin' without so much bellows work, Cap'n Sproul."

"So long as it's an understandin', and we're there, it's no matter how we got there, Mister Look."

Hiram took off his plug hat and bowed.

"This present little flurry may have been uncalled for, Cap'n Sproul. Perhaps I didn't have to ask you to keep the lid on that little business deal of ours upcountry. But, you see, when a man who is president of a flourishin' enterprise blows the whole thing up with dynamite, a feller might naturally think the same man might be inclined to blow up a business he wasn't interested in—provided he only had to use his tongue."

"Not havin' been in the circus business most of my life, I ain't that kind of a person," stated the cap'n, with biting sarcasm.

"It takes goin' to sea and mellerin' Portugee sailors around the deck to give a man the fine points of bein' a gent and a business man," stated Hiram, emulating this sarcasm.

"I see it ain't goin' to put you out to any great extent if I keep strictly out of your dough pan after this," remarked the cap'n, leveling baleful glance at his old-time friend.

"Not the least mite," stated Hiram, with elaborate condescension.

"Then let it stand that way."

"Stand she does."

Cap'n Sproul marched on his way, spanking down his feet.

Hiram Look took Mr. Speed's arm and proceeded.

A girl was coming out of the end of the Scotaze bridge when Hiram and Speed reached it. She was a marvelously pretty girl, and her dark beauty had something foreign and elfin about it. One would not expect to find such a type on a New England country highway. Mr. Speed stared at her, turned to gaze after her, and expressed his surprise very markedly.

"Say, where in thunder did that little wren drop from, Look? Don't belong in these parts, eh?"

"Sure thing; but hasn't lived here



Mr. Speed stared at her, turned to gaze after her, and expressed his surprise very markedly.

very long. Italian girl—Antonia De Silva."

"Between you and me, Look," said Mr. Speed, turning for a last squint, "I was expecting to find this fodder patch down here getting on my nerves. But maybe things won't be so lonesome, after all."

"You're down here to get into the game and tend to business, not to court girls," remarked his partner, with much decision.

"That's all right—you needn't worry about the business end. But having a nice little girl like that to take buggy riding once in a while and invite to a dance is going to keep me in a merry

mood. And a merry mood always keeps business going smoother."

"I reckon you'll have to get your merriment some other way, Speed. That girl's spoke for. She's engaged to Lycurgus Sprott."

"What did he do—take his name and lasso her with it?" inquired Mr. Speed satirically.

"Oh, Lycurgus don't look the way his name sounds. He's kind of an up-and-coming young chap. Our kind, accommodating, genteel friend that we've just been talking with back there has put a good thing Lycurgus' way. Put him in as manager of his stock farms. And so Lycurgus is goin' to marry."

"That girl going to throw herself away on a manicurist for mooly cows?"

"Say, look-a-here," snapped Hiram, "it isn't necessary to have Broadway knee-action and a Tenderloin education to make a girl a good husband. I ain't got any particular hot and enthusiastic love for Lycurgus, for he's bein' teamed by a man I've soured on, and I don't like anything he likes. But I just want to inform you that he ain't as much of a Rube as you think."

"Oh, I can back him off the boards where that girl's concerned. I tell you, Look, I've been around a whole lot, and I never laid my eyes on anything that has hit me as hard as that little chicken back there. And I mean this, all right. There's such a thing as love at first sight. Aw, you needn't sniff! If I'm going to live here and settle down, I might as well get married myself. That girl ain't a bit too good for me. I'm going to reach out after her. Serious business!"

"Say, that name Speed fits you about right. But if you'll listen to me, you won't go gallivantin' after her. Sproul is interested in that match. He's buildin' 'em a cottage house. He's soft on matchin' folks up ever since he came ashore and got married. We can't afford to get him any madder than he is."

"You ain't afraid of him, are you—a man that's been around the world as much as you have?" Mr. Speed's tone was provocative.

"I ain't afraid of the Tin Can of Tart'ry, or whatever they call him. But if you're here in Scotaze to go into business with me, you'd better stay in that business and leave side lines alone. As it stands to date, after a heart-to-heart talk, Sproul leaves our tent pegs alone after we've got 'em driven. We leave his pegs alone! See? Don't you go to drawin' to any bobtail heart flushes. We've got business to tend to."

"A heart flush with that queen at the head of it will make a hand that will suit me all right."

"Say, now you——"

But Mr. Speed checked expostulation with just as much heat as Hiram displayed.

"You're my partner, but you ain't my guardian," he snapped. "Back off! Your pass doesn't admit you to this row of seats!"

Mr. Speed's performance did not belie his name. Hiram's estimate on that point was correct.

The next day the partners were at the village post office, and the girl appeared. Speed grabbed the old showman by the arm, propelled him toward her; and before Hiram had recovered his self-possession, Mr. Speed had been properly introduced and certified as "my partner." Mr. Speed took his cue with a rush, babbled swift patter for ten seconds, swept the girl off her feet with the same rapidity with which he had captured Hiram, informed her that he was bound in her direction—and walked off with her.

"I reckon I'm surer to meet him if I stay right here," growled Hiram, with disgust. "He'll be back in half an hour to post the invites to the weddin'."

But, after a rancorous stare in the direction of the retreating Speed, he called for their mail. It was addressed to "Old Doctor Knott Company." There were many letters.

"Business seems to be pert for your concern," remarked the postmaster. "Let's see—if there ain't any mystery about it, just what is it you're makin'?"

Hiram only scowled at him.

"The boys have been askin' me if it was anything reliable for a remedy, and I haven't known what to tell 'em."

"You tell 'em you don't know. You'll be perfectly safe, and you won't be meddlin' with any one else's business."

As Hiram stalked away, he realized that he had been venting his indignation vicariously. Speed was the man, really! But, after all, he reflected, Scotaze might as well get an early hint that questions about the new venture in town were not relished by the proprietors.

He found Mr. Speed waiting for him on the piazza at the Look home. The errant partner was smoking a cigarette, and was plainly in a state of mind that was exultant rather than repentant.

"No two ways about it—that girl ain't made for a yap," he informed the scowl-

ing Hiram. "She's as full of romance as a side-show lemonade is full of celluloid lemon peel. I suppose it's the Italian blood in her makes her so."

"I want an understandin' with you—no more puffball talk! Do you really mean to tell me you're goin' after that girl in earnest; goin' to try to bust her up with young Sprott; goin' to bring old Sproul down on us; goin' to stir up all sorts of——"

"I'm goin' to add a Mrs. Barnum Speed to the grand aggregation. She suits me. I'm romantic *myself*. I like foreign folks. Take it from me, I'm goin' to get her. Why, see here!" Mr. Speed flicked off cigarette ashes and grinned blandly. "She's promised me three waltzes and two square dances at the Sons of Veterans' ball to-night. That's goin' some, ain't it?"

"It's goin' too devilish much."

"Oh, no! Only *some*! I'll get into the stride about to-morrow. There's goin' to be a ball in Vienna village. That's to-morrow night. I'll bet you ten I'll take her buggy ridin' to that ball. Come, now."

Hiram banged the bundle of letters down on the piazza table, and banged his fist on top of them.

"You can't bark for the main show and the Circassian girl at one and the same time, Speed. Now take your pick!"

Mr. Speed snapped away his cigarette butt and stood up. He waggled his finger at his partner.

"I've put the scheme, the mailin' list, the brains, and the methods into this new game of ours, Look. You've got to have me here, and you know it. But what kind of a place is it for a chap like me?" He waved his hand to indicate the scene. "A jay town without enough excitement in it to keep an angleworm up after sundown. But I'm willin' to settle here if there's any real attraction to make me settle."

"Ain't a business that's startin' the way ours is startin' attraction enough?"

"Oh, I can take my brains and that business, and find money to back same, in a town where you don't have to serve mornin' cocktails to the cows to wake

'em up. If I marry that girl and settle here, I'll turn into little Charlie Content, who never wears anything on his feet after six p. m. but carpet slippers. Now, if you know your card, old sport, you'll encourage little Charlie."

Hiram began to sort the letters. His face was far from radiant, but it was plain that Mr. Speed's statement had produced considerable effect.

"You're well married and settled here yourself, Look. So you're contented. But if you were planted here alone, you'd rise up, and give a hoot and a hop, and land somewhere out of this mangelwurtzel beet patch—and you know it! Now why don't you be reasonable and help a friend?"

"I never went back on a partner yet," stated Hiram.

He was extracting dollar bills and money orders from the letters; and the sight, and perhaps Mr. Speed's threat, were smoothing the asperities of his temper.

"Then what's the skinnymadoo all about?"

"Didn't I introduce you to her? Didn't I tell her you are my partner? Cuss it, what do you want me to do? Go and ask her if she'll marry you?"

"I'll tend to that part myself," said Mr. Speed, noting the change in his partner's temper, and smiling.

"And here's this mail to tend to. Let's get down to something that has got some sense to it."

That evening Mr. Speed started away for the Sons of Veterans' dance, wearing a silk hat and evening dress.

"Ain't you overdoin' it a little mite?" inquired Hiram apprehensively. "I don't believe they've ever seen an outfit like that in these parts except in a picture book. The boys will make fun of you, and then the girl may get sensitive and shy off."

"All goin' to show that you don't know the female human disposition when it's of the foreign and romantic sort, Look. This scenery that I've got on ain't for the perusal of one of these gingham-dress heifers such as I've seen around here. But little Antonia De Silva will just eat it up. What do you

"Say, look-a-here, what has old Sproul got to do with the De Silva girl's gettin' married? He isn't the general guardian of the girls in this town, is he?"

Speed was back at the gate, pounding his cane irritably against the pickets.

"I told you, didn't I, that ever since he got married himself, he's been soft on matchin' folks up? In this case, seein' that Sprott works for him, and he wants him settled, he's goin' to be fussier than usual. Seein' it's you that's concerned, he'll feel like handin' you something so hot that you'd better have your tongs ready to grab it with."

"You'd better send him word through a mutual friend, Look, that here's a case of love where he'd better let Cupid go in advance of the show as usual. I'm no hand to make threats, but that old salt haddock will get his if he starts to crawl under my canvas."

Mr. Speed then departed blithesomely, and Hiram could hear him trolling a love song far down the road.

"Beats hell about women, and love, and all them things, when they're romantic and read dime novels," he grunted. "I ain't goin' to let Aaron Sproul back me down—but if this thing ain't run about right, there'll be a case come up in this town that Old Doctor Knott's Imperial Life Drops won't be able to cure."

In the morning, Speed slept an hour extra, and Hiram waited for him with some impatience.

"Well?" snapped Mr. Speed, somewhat impatient at the scrutiny Hiram gave him after he had appeared.

"I was lookin' for bumps, bruises, and black eyes. Seein' that you didn't get what I expected you would, then it's likely that you didn't get what you expected you would—all them dances!"

"Sure I got 'em. And I walked home with her. That's what I did! Walked home with her. She came with Sprott, all right, but Sprott had to fade."

"And now finally I'm gettin' to Sprott. What is Sprott doin' all the time while the parade is passin'? A good, husky chap like him ain't lettin'

you cut that filly out of his corral without some kind of a holler."

"He woke up slow—woke up slow," stated Speed airily. "Of course, a fellow has to let his girl dance when another gent asks her politely. But, you see, the third time she danced with me—havin' been wakin' up—he came along to her, and made a crack. Showed his jealousy. And she came back at him with the punch that he had insulted her, that he had been glaring at her right in front of folks, and that it wasn't right to treat a girl so, and that if he'd use anybody that way when he was only engaged to 'em, what could a woman expect when she was married, and so forth. Oh, a girl knows how to hand out that kind of a stall, old sport. And she said finally that all she could do under the circumstances was to trust herself to a gentleman until Sprott, aforesaid, got cooled down and could appreciate the girl who had given him her hand and heart."

"Said that, hey?"

"Just so! And then gave me her hand when I stuck my elbow out, and walked home with me."

"You expect the heart to come later, hey?"

"Well," announced Mr. Speed, pluming himself, "it's lucky for you that you didn't snap me up on that bet of ten dollars, for she's going to ride over to the Vienna ball with me to-night. She thinks she's doin' it to give Sprott a jolt, but I know what she's doin' it for."

"She's doin' it because she's a blasted fool of a novel-nursed little romantic; and if she'll leave Sprott for you on a minute's notice, she'll go to work and leave you for some one else later on."

"Oh, no," confided the placid Speed. "Sprott wasn't the right fellow for a girl like her. I am. I know it. She knows it. She and I will never have any trouble. Now, you take it in love as you—"

He crossed his legs, and was plainly starting in on an exhaustive dissertation; but Hiram swore an unromantic oath, and pointed at the door of the room designated as their office. They



"And she said finally that all she could do under the circumstances was to trust herself to a gentleman."

had been talking in the dining room after Mrs. Look had cleared away the morning dishes.

"Let's you and me quit talkin' dam-foolishness, Speed. We've got about a gross of Imperial Life Drops to do up and label."

"It will be nice to have a little wife sit down after breakfast and help me on a job like this," sighed Mr. Speed, beginning his task.

"If you and she get married to-morrow morning on the way back from Vienny village, you can sit down before breakfast and make up for what time you've lost this mornin'," observed Hiram.

"I don't think that kind of sarcasm is called for," stated Speed, bridling.

"There ain't any sarcasm about it. I simply mean that at the clip you started off, and the way you keep movin' in this thing, you'll have time hang heavy on your hands unless you pull off the marriage by eight o'clock to-morrow."

"Love is one thing and marriage is another, Look. Love reaches out quick

when it sees what it wants. When it comes to marriage, this thing will be done in a style that this jay town never saw before. It needs to have its eyes opened once in good, proper shape. Antonia and I will do it. Don't you think for a minute I don't know how to talk with a girl."

"For the love of Cicero, have you got to talking over weddin' details before she has shipped t'other feller?"

"Of course not. I tell you I know my card. I've simply gone far enough so that she knows I'm no cheap masher. I may bring up the other matter to-night—I may not. That all depends how she is standin' with Sprott. I never like to hurry a girl about the other fellow. And that's where Sprott is queerin' himself with her. Howlin' about me! I don't say anything about him. I'm just all sympathy for a girl who hasn't been understood in the past, and doesn't seem to be understood now. See?"

"What Sprott will do when he finally wakes up and catches his breath, and realizes what has been done to him, will be to overhaul you somewhere, and ladle

you out one or two helpin's of lickin' that'll curdle love's fond dream. You hear me! He's a husky boy."

"I'm carryin' two sets of brass knuckles and a leather slung shot, and if any Rube thinks he can get it over an old circus man in a quick tackle, let him run up and mention it," stated Mr. Speed firmly. "I'm here to stay—and it will be a church weddin' when we get around to it. A big show under the main tent, and all the old gossips invited."

Hiram was obliged to admit that, in spite of his absorption in a single topic of conversation, Speed was a lively worker that day. Mr. Speed called Hiram's attention to that fact several times.

"Shows what a happy and contented mind can do for a fellow; shows what something to look forward to does in the way of perking up interest in workin' and livin'. I'm workin' for her now, partner. There's this evening to look forward to. There's the whole of life to look forward to."

"Whilst you're lookin' forward, keep one eye on the bushes by the side of the road," advised his cautious monitor. "That Sprott'll be jumpin' for you."

He repeated that advice when Mr. Speed jovially took leave of him that evening at the front gate, dressed again in his best, and eager to be again in the companionship of Antonia De Silva.

"Oh, go fiddle that tune on a ky-dacker out back of the barn," shouted Mr. Speed from the gloom far down the road. "It ain't the kind of music that interests me. Go send in an order for a new plug hat. I'm goin' to have you for my best man at that church weddin'."

Then there was silence for a short time. Hiram stood leaning on the gate, thinking the thing over, divided between doubt and a friend's desire to see Speed win out.

He suddenly became conscious of a dark figure standing in the highway. He peered. He thought he recognized Cap'n Aaron Sproul. Then the unknown spoke. It was Cap'n Sproul.

"Excuse me for pryin' into private

conversations between pirates, Mister Look."

"I don't expect anything else, so I ain't bothered," growled Hiram.

"Cable between us has been cut all good and proper, and I wasn't intendin' to make fast again in any way, shape, or manner," went on the cap'n.

"If that gabble means you wasn't intendin' to speak to me again, better stick to intentions."

"Comin' alongside of you again is worse for me than it is for you, Mister Look, because my feelin's in such things are more sensitive. But it has to be done. I've got business with you."

"I didn't know it, but if you have, rip open the package."

Cap'n Sproul came closer to the gate. He pointed in the direction Speed had taken.

"He thinks there's goin' to be a weddin', does he, with you and him mate and skipper of it? Well, I want to tell you—"

"You needn't tell *me* anything. It ain't any of my business. I see what you're drivin' at. You go talk to Speed."

"Talkin' to one pirate at a time is enough for me. You're the one I've picked out to talk to. It's goin' to save trouble if you listen. You've brought a cheap goat into this town. You've taken him under your wing. You've dragged him up and introduced him to an innocent young lady. You're condonin' what he's doin'. He's tryin' to break up a match which I've arranged, planned for, and am helpin' along. You've towed him in. Now you tow him out."

"You seem to be considerably well posted on a lot of things that ain't so," retorted Hiram, with sarcasm. "Did you dream it, read it in a pack of cards, or was it told to you?"

"I ain't makin' any secrets out of straight business," replied the cap'n stoutly. "He's tryin' to cut out Lycurgus Sprott, and Lycurgus has come to me with all the facts. You passed her over to him down to the post office, and he walked home with her. Then he dressed up in clothes that made him

look like a white-breasted mack'rel gull sittin' on driftwood, and danced her around the hall down here till the whole of Scotaze got hysterics. Then he butted in and beaured her home. Now he's startin' for Vienny on a buggy ride. And her lawful, promised husband that's goin' to be standin' off to one side, and sorrowin' his heart out about it! I say——"

"Well, what are *you* sayin' for? And what am *I* listenin' for? It ain't your business. It ain't mine. Your Lycurgus is able-bodied. If he can't love his own girl and lick the feller, he'd better go chase himself around in a circle and occupy his mind that way."

"Seein' that I'm tryin' to straighten this thing, and am arguin' with a pirate, I might as well tell you that Lycurgus wants to lick him. I say 'no.' Lycurgus is takin' his orders from me. A lover don't get anywhere by lickin' the other chap. It ain't genteel. It sours the girl. It makes scandal. She'll turn around and love the feller who gets licked. It's woman's way—and you can't change her disposition. So I say 'no.' I understand woman's feelin's. I'm goin' to keep that girl in love with Lycurgus. He's goin' to get her."

"Well, he won't get her if he doesn't brace up and show some signs of hangin' onto her. Now, you understand, it ain't any of *my* business if Speed is after the dame. But if what you say is true——"

"Why, blast your old tripe, Hime Look, I just stood right here in the road and heard him invite you to be best man at his weddin'."

"Well, if Speed has grabbed in and got that far with her in a couple of days, your Sprout better back up. You can't make a girl like her marry a man she doesn't want."

"There's where the point is," raged the cap'n. "Of course you can't make her. Nobody is goin' to try to make her. Tryin' to make her stick to Sprout will queer the whole business for him—and that is woman's nature. But she was all right till that stiff-legged dude of yours got along here. It was all fixed. I helped fix it. I say, you have

put Speed into the runnin' after her. Now you make him quit."

"How? What way?" inquired Hiram balefully.

"I ain't advisin' a man like you who knows how to start up a flirtation in such lively fashion. You ought to be just as scientific about stoppin' one."

"Say, Sprout, that's about the tenth time, one way and another, you've twitted me about torchin' Speed on into this thing. Do you mean to stand there and tell me I entered him in the race for that De Silva girl, like I'd nominate a hoss for the two-seventeen class?"

"You've said it—and the way you jump shows you're guilty."

"And you think I'm still backin' him?"

"Why, you was out here with him just now, teeheein' about a church weddin' and a new plug hat for it. Backin' him—of course you're backin' him!"

"You are backin' Lycurgus Sprout, as I understand it."

"Blast you, you know it! Here I am buildin' a new house for 'em. He's my farm manager. Why shouldn't I be backin' him?"

"Hold on! Let me ask you another question, Sprout. You figger that I'm backin' a dead-sure winner, don't you?"

Cap'n Sprout started to reply promptly, but sudden second thought checked speech.

"If you didn't think I was backin' a winner, you wouldn't be here coixin' and threatenin' to have me pull him out. Ain't that so?"

"I ain't acknowledgin' he's a winner. My idea," hedged the cap'n, "was that Lycurgus had first say, and ought to be let alone. Lycurgus is the best match for her. I picked him myself. And I wanted this cigarette-suckin' dude pulled out so that there wouldn't be any more town gossip and scandal."

"But if Speed stays in with me behind him as you twit, then he's a winner, hey?"

"No, sir, not by a jeehoofered sight—with me behind Lycurgus Sprout! You ain't anything but a bluff and a circus faker, and the thing you're pokin' into



"I'll bet ye a thousand dollars that my nomination wins! That Barnum Speed gets the girl!"

this race is worse than you are. I'm talkin' strong, for strong talk is needed."

"And it's mostly talk, that's what it is," insisted Hiram, gasping with indignation. "I'll tell you one thing, Sproul, you're up against a proposition now that ain't a mess of Portygee sailors. You come around here and say I'm in this, hey? You stick to it that I am, hey? Then I'll suit you! You seem to want it that way. I am in it. Both feet! I'm backin' Speed to win. After he got along here to town, that pie-faced cow-carder of yours never stood any more chance with Antonia De Silva than a celluloid hinge on the front door of hell."

Cap'n Sproul came up to the gate, and pounded his breast with clenched fist.

"What! A common, bunko, gold-bricker come along here and get a girl away from a clean, straight, up-and-comin' young feller that has got me behind him? Now you hear *me* talk!"

"I say it's mostly talk. I don't know

whether goin' to sea puts sportin' blood into a man or not. But, by Kaiser, the circus business does! I'll bet ye a thousand dollars that my nomination wins! That Barnum Speed gets the girl!"

"Bet covered!" yelled the cap'n. "If it's got to be fight and hoorah over it, all right! But you can't climb *my* quarter-deck with a thousand dollars flappin' under my nose and see *me* squeal. Blast ye, make it two thousand if you want to!"

"I'll make it two thousand, and I'll post the money, sealed, with Boadway at his store to-morrow noon. He'll keep his mouth shut."

"He will or I'll keelhaul him," asserted the cap'n. "I'll meet you there, Mister Look."

"One thing more, Cap'n Sproul! I give you my word, and I wants yours, that we don't as much as hint to our nominations what's up. This is goin' to be a square sportin' proposition, right between you and me. We don't want any complications."

"That suits me to a T., Mr. Look. The first one who yips forfeits."

"Then shake hands," said Hiram. "Not as friends, but just as a formality before the first round begins. It's goin' to be a clean knock-out to my credit. I'll stand over you and count ten whilst the weddin' bells are ringin', and Mrs. Barnum Speed, she that was Antonia De Silva, walks down the church aisle."

"You will, hey? You listen to me! I'll have you lashed in the riggin' when the weddin' bells ring, and you'll see me leadin' a blushin' bride away to the cottage over there on my farm—bridegroom bein' Lycurgus Sprott."

He backed away.

"You'll excuse me for not stayin' any longer. I've got a natural impulse stirrin' inside of me to cuff your old chops."

"Same on this side of the fence," stated Hiram.

"Maybe by the time we meet to post the money I'll get it somewhat under control."

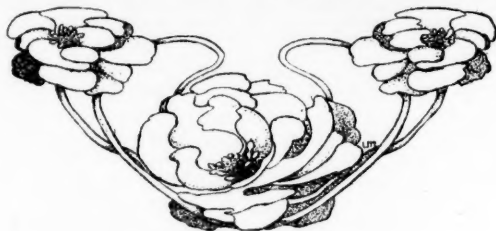
"You'd better," said his ex-friend. "Or, providin' you can't get rid of it, I'll put up another five hundred that I can lick you."

But Cap'n Sproul did not accept that wager.

He whirled and stamped away, and the night swallowed him.

"Lycurgus Sprott!" sneered Hiram to himself. "Why, let's see! Speed has been ridin' toward Vienny for at least ten minutes. Figurin' on his usual spryness in such matters, he's got the weddin' day fixed, and she's talkin' about the color of the front-parlor furnishin's. I'll get her ideas from Speed in the mornin'. That furniture will be my weddin' present to 'em out of that easy money."

[In another story, in the next number of SMITH'S MAGAZINE, will be revealed who won Antonia De Silva, and the manner in which she was won in the race that was backed by Hiram Look and Cap'n Aaron Sproul.]



At Parting

HE said "Good night."

A simple thing,

Scarce worth the little song I sing.

But that "Good night"

I can't forget;

At thought of it my eyes grow wet.

Why should "Good night"

Invoke a tear?

Ah, tears there are that spring from joy

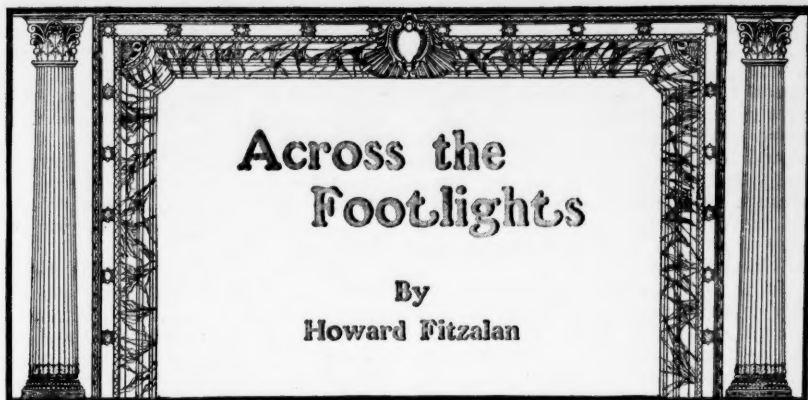
And happiness without alloy!

Tears of delight!

The answer's here—

He said "Good night" and added "dear."

L. E. JOHNSTON.



ARE you going to fight?" asked Gelett Burgess, after the first performance of "The Cave Man" in New York.

"No," replied Henry B. Harris, who had produced the play, shoving toward the author an armful of newspaper denunciations, the like of which seldom greets the work of so well known a man as Burgess.

There was once a mischievous young woman who tore a hundred-dollar bill in half, and tossed one of the pieces from the window with a note saying that the man who found it should come to her address for the other half.

"And no matter who he is, or what he is, I'll make him acceptable to New York society in ten days and ten lessons."

Quite the dirtiest clothes and face ever seen on any stage accompanied the dirty hand that retrieved the bill—all belonging to a coal heaver. He spoke a Boweryese that even Chuck Connors would not have understood. He was, in a word, hopeless. But did *Lady Mechante* "renig" on her bargain? Rather not! She had that man scrubbed and manicured, tonsorially treated, sandpapered, and shoved into a dress suit and pumps that hurt him.

Her lessons he memorized by rote. For any subject, apt to require comment among the well-bred but superfi-

cially educated, *Lady Mechante* provided him with "bromidioms." Burgess invented the word, and specified what he meant by it in one of the cleverest books ever written by an American: "Are you a bromide?" For instance: "If you saw that sunset painted, you'd never believe it was true." "I don't know much about painting, but I know what I like." "I believe that dog understands every word I say." These are "bromidioms."

The coal heaver went forth armed with slightly more subtle things than these. His memorized banalities were the slang of the studios and literary clubs; the customary things to say about a Turner, which in your heart you sometimes believe to be a hopeless daub; about Bernard Shaw, affecting a superiority which makes the gods laugh. "A buffoon, you know, only a buffoon," sagely; about Ibsen, Beardsley, Walter Pater, Rossetti, any much-discussed person among the would-be elect.

How the "artistic" side of Fifth Avenue was hoodwinked by "The Cave Man" and his sponsor, *Lady Mechante*; how the girls and their mammas fell in love with him, and how, finally, by a reversion to brutality, he gave *Lady Mechante* a pleasurable sensation of excitement, and she took him to herself, is all very entertainingly set forth in a book of Mr. Burgess', bearing the

name of the heroine; but when it came to making a play of it, the "Cognoscenti," quoting Burgess, all gathered in a body, and if they did not write a round robin to Gelett and beg him to give us more entertaining stories, but in book form, it was not because they would not have done so had any one suggested it to them, for by some strange freak Burgess deliberately laid all his cleverness aside, and wrote a play that was like a bad imitation of Oscar Wilde.

In the book, the Cave Man is actually introduced to society people. In the play, the only house at which he figures is that of the sort of newly rich people one reads about in the very books that Burgess has so often ridiculed, the chatelaine being provided with Malapropisms which Burgess himself would have groaned at in another man's play. Father, mother, and daughter say "them things," "I seen," and "has went." This is a deliberate attempt to paint character with a house painter's brush, and its day is past.

In such society, it was not difficult to see why the Cave Man was received on an equality; they knew no better themselves; consequently the whole play fell to the ground, for the author's motive in writing the story was evidently to show that manners, conduct, and polite conversation were so superficial, and the average collection of people so banal, that instead of requiring the axiomatic three generations to make a gentleman, it required only three or more conversations. Indeed, one bright line that survived the general massacre of his own material remained in Burgess' play, and showed his first purpose.

A woman has just said that "it takes a year or more to learn the right forks to use."

"On the contrary," replied *Lady Mechante*, "it takes a number of years to realize that it doesn't matter which ones you use."

There was a play in "The Cave Man," and a good one, too, but it was in the book, not in the production at the Fulton Theater. Nor can any one

but Burgess be blamed. He was unassisted in his playmaking. It is the only case on record, in the recollection of this reviewer, where a dramatist has been such an enemy of the man who wrote the book. Had any one else done the dramatic version of "The Cave Man," there is little doubt that Burgess would have ordered coffee and pistols for two, and appointed a quiet rendezvous on Long Island suitable for the shedding of blood.

In a word or two, in case Gelett would like to know just what was the matter with his play, here, in a general way, it is: By introducing the Cave Man among society people and having him triumph, you showed society's mental atrophy quite convincingly; by putting him among rich vulgarians, you proved nothing except what we knew when the curtain rose, that vulgarians with money and without it are very much alike. Consequently you had neither contrast nor conflict, and, lacking both, you had no play.

"THE SHOWING UP OF BLANCO POSNET."

Blanco had a brother, formerly known as "Boozy" *Posnet*, but afterward an elder of the church, who was clever enough to prove to everybody but *Blanco* that the selling of liquor, which was his business, was a praiseworthy one, and that a man drunk was out of harm's way, "in a state of holy innocence."

Blanco thought as little of his brother as he did of his clever and hypocritical sophistries, and demanded money owing him from his parents' estate, which the elder had seized upon. Receiving no satisfaction, *Blanco* distrainted upon a horse which he believed belonged to the elder, and rode off over the alfalfa with it. But the horse belonged to the sheriff of the Bret-Hart-ian town in which the elder lived, and was only loaned to that pillar of probity and alcoholism; so, when they caught *Blanco*, they tried him for a horse thief, the penalty of which—at that time and in that place—was death.

But before they could hang *Blanco*, the horse was returned. *Blanco* could

have "made his get-away" easily enough, and been across the cañon and in another State, but he met a mother with a dying child, and he let her have the horse so that she could reach a doctor and save the child's life. The mother appears in the courtroom, and testifies to this, and the effect of her story and lackluster eyes is so great upon the witness who saw *Blanco* ride away on the horse that the witness deliberately perjures herself, in spite of her hatred for *Blanco*, and saves the pseudo horse thief's life.

The witness is a woman generally unmentionable, and *Blanco* himself is a vagabond of loose morals; yet, in a single day, both have done a noble action: *Blanco* in putting his life in jeopardy to save the child, and the witness, *Feemy Evans*, in risking perjury to save the man she hates. *Blanco* mounts a table, and calls attention to the fact that all of us may start out in the world to be bad men and women, but, when God needs us for a good deed, He plays upon us in such a way that the deed is apt to be done. "I didn't want to save the child. I wanted to go free. *Feemy* didn't want to save me. She wanted to see me hung. But neither one of us had anything to say about it. It was Him up there decided it."

Hardly the text of the play but pardonable as a condensation, for it shows the idea. Shaw calls it a "sermon in crude melodrama." Undoubtedly there are several of the old melodramatic tricks there; the very phrasing, "Save the child," is enough to provoke laughter at reminiscences of ten, twenty, and thirty-cent productions. No doubt that is the reason for the "crude" that Shaw uses. But like all his writings, it is so different in treatment, so crammed with original phrasings, odd characterizations, and keen analysis of motives, that it defies the standards by which critics measure plays. Shaw is a genius, and the wise man does not criticize genius unless genius is willfully debasing itself; he merely appreciates and admires.

The fact that many reviewers have taken it upon themselves to point out

just what is wrong with this and other Shavian plays is not being overlooked by the writer; particularly is this done by critics who have shown no ability in any line of literary work, and who depend altogether upon the forty or fifty dollars paid them by daily newspapers to be flippant at all costs. Let us not blame them, but the policy of their papers who bid them slaughter everything; slaughtering is better reading than praise, for praise seems always tame.

"*Blanco Posnet*" was forbidden a production in London by a silly censor of plays, who objected to some familiar terms by which *Posnet* addressed the Deity; confounding Shaw's beliefs, with usual censorial prescience, with those of an, as yet, unregenerate character, who afterward preached a better sermon than you are apt to hear in most churches.

It was given here by the Irish Players, and, as it is a one-act play, was followed by "The Well of the Saints," the work of J. M. Synge. Had this been called "crude," one might have understood. The edict has gone forth that Synge is very remarkable for making music out of the rude speech of the Irish peasantry; also that he is possessed of poetic genius beyond the understanding of most men; certainly beyond the understanding of the present writer. What Synge is when introduced through the printed page is one thing, and what he is when played is another. Although he is the author of the much-discussed "Playboy of the Western World," an account of which will appear in another issue of the magazine, "The Well of the Saints" seems only monotonous phrasing, ancient philosophy, and tedious speechmaking, without the slightest semblance of dramatic form. Its theme, "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise," has been proven—and disproven—so many times that it seems hardly worth while sitting through an evening to see it proven again through the means of unclean, uncouth, and unprepossessing characters.

The Irish Players have been taken

very seriously, discussed discordantly, and as much pother has been made over them as if they were Antoine's original company direct from the Odéon. They seem very much like other actors, except that they dispense with some usual theatric tricks of expressing emotion, the cut-and-dried methods that have been cast into outer darkness by all really advanced managers, anyhow. But, after discarding these tricks, they have not always found substitutes; and whether it is better to show no emotion at all than to show it in a false manner is a matter that requires some thinking about. They do not defer to convention, but then many of our own actors would be glad to follow them if they were allowed; certainly what they do could be done by any real actors anywhere. But there are no really great actors among them, and some of the plays they present are so frightfully free of theatrical artifice that they do not seem to be plays at all—"Birth-right," for instance. The methods of the players bring about a certain verisimilitude of life, but some life is so uninteresting as not to be worthy of reproduction at all.

Perhaps we may class the Irish Players as very sincere and right-minded people who do many good things as well as they can, but who are not sure just exactly what their mission is, whether to teach or amuse. It might be better if people did not take them so seriously; then one would not expect so much.

"THE GARDEN OF ALLAH."

You all remember that *Boris* was a Trappist monk; that he broke his vows of celibacy, fled to the desert, and met *Domini*. They loved and were married; and, just before a child was born to the woman *Boris* loved, he was discovered to be "Father Antoine"; and *Domini*, deeming his soul in great peril, for she believed he had broken his vows with God, led him back to the monastery, and left him there, spending the rest of her life thinking of him as she watched their child grow to manhood.

Opinions differ as to the seriousness of *Boris'* offense. Those of other faiths than his hold that a man has no right to take such vows. Many women tell me that if they had been his wife, they would have done everything to prevent his returning to his cell and his anchorite fare. Others say that they would have committed suicide rather than allow him to do it. But it is conceivable to the average thinking man that if he had lived in a monastery twenty years as *Boris* had done, he would have been tormented with the fear of eternal damnation to so great an extent that he would have crawled back eventually for forgiveness and expiation.

Opinions on the subject may be multiplied, but all seem agreed that Robert Hichens, the author, has a decided knack for colorful descriptions of the desert, for which he must have a real love, so sincerely expressed are his admirations of its enchantment, its color, its people, and its life. What Hichens did with his descriptions, the manager who put on the play has done with the scenery. One catches the very essence of desert life, feels the ghostly grays, the vivid pinks, the love of water to a parched throat, the horror of the sand storm, the sense of isolation and its concomitant freedom, the vast mysterious something that animates the great waste of the world where the soul is so much nearer to the Creator than elsewhere that the natives call it "The Garden of God."

One would be inclined to call the piece a panorama rather than a play; but, unless one has visited the scenes of which the book tells and knows them well, a visit to the Century Playhouse will save many with a distaste for travel a trip to Algeria, Tunis, and the borders of the great Sahara. Real Arabs, dancing girls, French Zouaves and soldiers of "The Legion," dragomans, and other living "props" of such a play have been transplanted from their native heath along with the camels and the goats.

Lewis Waller is as good in the piece as Mary Mannering is bad. Waller is the "out-swords-and-at-them" idol of

England. It needed a splendid romantic actor to justify the artificial rôle of *Boris*; Waller routs reason, and replaces romanticism, which is what one would have him do.

"THE ARAB."

A far better piece of the same kind is this new one by the author of "The Country Boy," in which Robert Edeson is starring. Although it is not so pretentious of production as "The Garden of Allah," its Orientalism is quite as well done; and it, too, has real Arabs, real this, and real that, all typical of the Asia Minor which it represents.

The story is that of the love of *Jamil*, the son of an Arab chief, for the pretty daughter of a missionary; and a better character study than that of *Jamil* has not been seen this year. In the first act he is a cheerful barbarian who cracks whips at women, says "I have been Chrestian six times. How much you give me to marry your daughter?" is almost ready to head a revolt to massacre the Armenians, and is the best all-around cheerful little liar in Arabia. In the second act, he is just beginning to realize that a man will do many more things when he really cares for a girl than Orientals have been taught to believe, and he also gets it through his head that it is not just the most satisfying thing in the world to be a liar; for when he is actually telling the truth, he finds his fatal reputation handicaps him; the girl he cares for does not believe him, and, distrusting him, sends a party of children to certain death.

By the time *Jamil* is through profiting by the lessons taught him by the missionary's daughter, it looks as though his last conversion to Christianity "took"; and, were it not for the fact that in some sections of the country the marriage of a white girl to a man of brown skin is deemed undesirable, one feels sure they could distinguish the faint notes of "Lohengrin" on the desert air. As it is, those who want the two married are given hope. She is coming back from America some day.

Edgar Selwyn originally played the part, for, although he wrote the play

for Edeson's use, Edeson was busy with "The Cave Man"; Selwyn relinquished the play to Edeson when that star shelved the other piece; but though Edeson is as manly and sincere an actor as we have and did wonders even with the coal heaver, he can never surpass Selwyn's delineation of *Jamil*.

"THE RED WIDOW" AND "THE QUAKER GIRL."

Quite a difference between those two titles, isn't there? One symbolic of lurid experience and adventuressing in general; the other indicative of demureness and downcast eyes. Different as they are, they are linked together because they are the two most enjoyable musical comedies of the season. From a "stall" in London and a "loge" in Paris, the writer witnessed "The Quaker Girl" last year, and wrote of it for *SMITH'S*; he has only to add that the American production is livelier and more sprightly than the European edition, yet without losing any of its delicacy and romance—no easy task when one transplants. You learn about *Prudence*, who was cast off by her Quaker relatives because she drank a glass of champagne at the wedding of a princess, who went to Paris to be a model for a milliner, who almost lost the man she loved to save her princess from imprisonment, but—you don't expect a sad ending to a musical comedy, do you? Be not afraid. "The Quaker Girl" is Ina Claire, a pretty, frail, little girl of seventeen, chosen in desperation after the management had tried a dozen well-known people, who justified the management's choice so brilliantly that she takes her place among the leading women of the musical-comedy stage quite naturally; yet six months ago she had never appeared in New York, and hardly anywhere else.

Whether Raymond Hitchcock is the funniest man on the musical-comedy stage or whether "The Red Widow" has more real humor in it than any recent musical comedy of many years, is very difficult to determine, for "Hitchy" and the part of *Cicero Hannibal Butts* are so much part and parcel of one an-

other that it is hard to separate them. He is a corset maker from Yonkers, and he is going to visit his daughter in St. Petersburg, when his wife is called to represent the suffragettes before Parliament, and allows him to go alone.

But his passport reads for two.

That's where "The Red Widow" comes in. She can't get a passport to get into Russia herself, because she is an Anarchist with horrid designs on the life of the czar of all the Russias. But she gets *Mr. Cicero Hannibal Butts* at a disadvantage, and forces him to let her pose as his wife, in order to get over the frontier. But, once over, it is plain that she is suspected, so the bluff has to be kept up, and *Cicero*, although pathetically desirous of being rid of her, has to take the onus of her possible bad behavior on himself, for he has already committed a crime against Russian law by smuggling her in. Nihilists visit her; she explains *Cicero* to them as a terrible bomb thrower from Paterson, N. J. He draws lots with the others, and gets the fatal card, with the dubious honor of slaying the czar.

You can imagine "Hitchy" doing all these things, can't you? That's what makes it so shriekingly funny. There is a pretty little love romance, too, between the "Widow" and a young soldier of the czar; in one effective scene of which the hand of the skilled dramatist shows, and one suspects Channing Pollock, who aided Rennold Wolf in making the libretto.

WARNING TO THEATERGOERS.

Here is a little story, the moral of which comes first. "Just because a play is advertised largely, do not immediately conclude it is good."

A gentleman named Thomas McKean wrote a book called "The Wife Decides." If it was anything like the play he produced at Weber's, he published it at his own expense, just as the expenses of the play were paid out of his own pocket. To tell you just how bad that play was is impossible; hardened men rocked themselves with suppressed laughter until the tears poured from their eyes. The most serious mo-

ments were the cues for wild mirth; a child of twelve with a sense of humor could have written a better play.

But Mr. McKean had much money, and he believed the play was good. Now, there is one newspaper in New York that wields a large influence over theatergoers because of the fame of its dramatic critic. This dramatic critic, who would have poked unmerciful fun at it, did not attend the performance. The agents of Mr. McKean started taking "ads" in that paper about fifteen times as large as those of any other attraction. As a reward for this advertising, the newspaper allowed to be inserted in its news columns an unsigned dramatic "notice" of the play in lieu of their regular critic's opinion—this "notice" lauding the play to the skies, and written evidently by the press agent of the attraction.

This "notice" was quoted in the next "ad"; then, every day, on its dramatic page appeared pictures of the play and half-column notices further telling the public of the play's merits. The "notices" showed no signs of being paid for; they seemed to be the paper's editorial opinion of the piece. As a matter of fact, they were given in return for the large amount of money spent on the "ads."

Result: Many intelligent people, looking over their favorite newspaper and seeing it make such a fuss over the play, were deliberately cozened out of the money they paid to see "The Wife Decides," for if the price was ten cents, instead of two dollars, it would still be robbery to ask it. To go to see the thing as a penance for past sins is understandable, but for any other reason, no!

So search your advertising columns well after this, good people who pay money for entertainment, and when you find big advertisements companioned by laudatory reading notices, draw your own conclusions and stay away; put not your trust in newspapers where the editorial policy is ruled by the advertising manager.

It is seldom a dramatic reviewer has to take to muckraking, but this offense shrieks out to heaven for chronicling.



THE GUEST OF HONOR

BY

Fannie Byrne

ILLUSTRATED BY R. EMMETT OWEN

THE Daltons had been residents of the pretty town of Lynnwood for nearly a year, and had been trying hard to "break into society." Having ascertained to which church the fashionable set belonged, Mrs. Dalton and her daughter, Elvira, were regular attendants there, paying careful attention, if not to the services, at least to every detail of the "purple and fine linen" of the enviable folk who lived on "the terrace." The result of their weekly observations might be seen in the general style, though scarcely in the quality of their apparel. Mrs. Dalton's hobble skirt even going Mrs. Fairley's one better as to tightness.

Elvira, a tall, lanky girl of seventeen, of a uniform paleness of complexion, hair, eyes, and lashes, usually wore upon her immense wad of tresses quite the largest bow in town, and a hat which could scarcely pass through any doorway in Lynnwood, except, perhaps, that of the livery stable. As one of the necessary steps toward the goal of social distinction, she had been going to dancing school during the winter, where she presented about as graceful an appearance as a young giraffe.

Mr. Dalton's social ambition did not soar quite so high as that of his wife and daughter, though he was far from averse to making the best show possible on his small salary as clerk in a grocery. But somehow the Daltons did not "arrive."

One evening, on coming home to dinner, Dalton found a newspaper which

the postman had brought that afternoon. It was from Weston, a small village which had been their home before they came to Lynnwood, and contained a marked article descriptive of the wedding of an old friend. This having been read aloud and thoroughly discussed, he turned to the rest of the paper.

"Hello! What's this?" said he, folding the paper to a more convenient size. "Robert S. Wilmot's garage contract will figure up twenty thousand dollars. He is now in Montfort City on business in connection with it, and will move there next month."

Mrs. Dalton, with a cup in each hand, paused on the well-worn path around the dinner table.

"Do you suppose he is going to build the garage for himself, or has he the contract to build it for some one else?" she asked. "He isn't an architect, is he?"

"No," replied her husband emphatically. "He can't possibly have learned that business. He never could draw anything but his breath. He might draw a salary, but he didn't give much promise of it when he was in school. No, he certainly can't be an architect. He must have made money in some way or other, though how in the dickens he could do it I can't imagine; and it must be quite a lot, too, for him to afford a twenty-thousand-dollar garage. He is probably rich enough to have several autos, or he wouldn't need such a big one. Well, it is surprising what luck some fellows have," he added, throwing



"How are you, Bob? Mighty glad to see you," he said.

down the paper with a sigh. "Why, he belonged to as poor and low-down a family as there was in Weston, you remember; and he was no good anyway. None of the fellows in our set would speak to him."

Mrs. Dalton set down the cups, and with a thoughtful air arranged the knives and forks on the table.

"Dave, don't you think it would be no more than kind to let bygones be bygones, and ask him to come and take dinner with us?" she said magnanimously, with visions of a swell touring car stopping in front of the house, viewed with envious eyes by the neighbors. "He could probably run down in his car just as well as not. It's only forty miles. And then we could invite a few people to meet him."

"Why, yes, Huld, if you like," said Dave, thinking of John Bates, in the

store, who, from his lofty position as bookkeeper, quite scorned him. Dave felt himself already swelling with pride in anticipation of casually saying to that grandiloquent young man: "My wife and I would be glad to have you dine with us, to meet my old friend, Mr. Robert S. Wilmot. He is one of Weston's most successful business men, and has made a pile of money," et cetera.

Huldah interrupted his dreams.

"Why not write to him to-night, Dave? And then we can have our dinner before Mrs. Platt has her party. We can invite her, and then she will have to invite us."

This seemed reasonable, and, as soon as he had finished his meal, Dave, with a glance at the "Do-it-now" command hanging over the desk in the corner, and without the rebellious feeling with which he usually regarded that irritating little card, sat down at the desk, and, after considerable deliberation, evolved the following epistle, which he read to Huldah:

"DEAR BOB: The other day I was thinking of the old days in Weston, when we were boys, and thought how I should like to see you and talk over old times. I always meant to write to you, but somehow in the rush of business I never got around to it. You know how it is, but I guess we all think just as

much of our old friends, even if we don't write to them very often. If you ever come down this way, don't fail to come and have dinner with us. My wife and I would be delighted to have you.

"With best regards from us both, yours,

"DAVE DALTON.

"P. S.—If you have a wife, bring her along.

"D. D."

"That's fine," said Huldah; "only I guess you had better ask him to come next Thursday, 'cause if you don't say when, maybe he won't come till after Mrs. Platt's party."

"All right, I'll fix it," said Dave; and the letter was soon on its way to Mr. Wilmot.

A reply was eagerly awaited, and

within two days it came, and ran as follows:

DERE DAVE: Glad ter here from yer. useter think yer dudnt like me mutch. glad yer do now. i am goin down yure way nex weke on a littel biznes and wood be happy ter hev a bite with yer thursday. i see Hank Brown las weke an he tole me you was in a grocery store an had a good job. my Wife cant cum kawse i aint got non. regards ter Mrs. D. yures trooley Bob S WILMOT.

"He ain't much on spelling, for all of his money," said Huldah, looking over her husband's shoulder.

"No, he never was any good at that. But, then, the other guests won't see the letter; and, anyway, lots of big men don't know how to spell. Of course, if



The newcomer was soon regaling them with accounts of the various scrapes in which he and Dave had been involved in their school days.

you're poor, it's ignorance; but if you're rich, it's just eccentricity."

"Well," said Huldah, "I'm glad he's coming, anyway. Let's have the Sheldons, and the Hobarts, and Mrs. Platt, and—and——"

"John Bates," put in Dave.

"Yes, of course. And Judge Fairley's son for Elvira. You know he danced with her three times last winter at dancing school. Let's see, that's two, four, five, six, seven, and us three will make ten. That's as many as we can get 'round the table; and besides, we haven't got more'n ten knives. You ask John Bates and Mr. Fairley tomorrow morning, and I'll run right over now and ask the others."

It was with immense satisfaction that Huldah noted the impression made upon Mrs. Sheldon, the wife of a prosperous saloon keeper who lived next door, and upon Mrs. Hobart, across the street, whose husband owned a small drug store, when she accompanied her invitation with the nonchalant remark that "Mr. Wilmot would probably run down in one of his cars." She had not forgotten the supercilious air with which these two neighbors, upon the occasion of their first call, had viewed the plush-covered tête-à-tête, patent rocker, and three other chairs in her tiny parlor, which had been the pride of her heart until that moment. The enlarged photo-

graphs of herself, Mr. Dalton, and Elvira, in their massive white-and-gold frames, and the two large shells at the foot of the mantel had also been regarded with an air of hauteur by the callers; and when she had returned their calls, Huldah had resolved to have "mission" furniture like theirs, a framed

reproduction of "The Angelus," and a palm in a jardinière, if the family had to do without postage stamps and live on pork and beans for a year.

By six o'clock on Thursday evening, all those invited had come except the guest of honor and young Mr. Fairley, the latter having "regretted that, owing to a previous engagement, he would be obliged to decline their kind invitation."

Mrs. Dalton's buxom figure was resplendent in a new lavender gown of "near" silk, trimmed with yards and yards of lace insertion, which, at as many yards distant, might almost have looked like the real thing. She received her guests

with much dignity, apparently totally unconscious of the scintillations of Mrs. Sheldon's diamond earrings and the elaborate bracelet which Mrs. Hobart took such pains to display.

They had all been sitting on the steps and little porch for some time, momentarily expecting the sound of a horn or the sight of a panting machine rounding the corner and stopping before them.



Presently the strains of "Narcissus" emanated from the rented piano.



"O—h!" said he. "They's a misorint in that."

But, though many autos sped by, none stopped, and the anxiety of the Daltons was becoming painfully apparent, and the guests had exchanged glances of—could it be malicious satisfaction?

"Perhaps he's punctured a tire," said Dave, looking at his watch.

"There's a man just getting off the trolley car, and he's looking toward this house," said Elvira.

"Well, I guess that's Bob. And on the trolley!" said her father, in a somewhat disappointed tone.

He descended the steps and walked toward the corner, as a little man of dried-up appearance slowly approached.

"How are you, Bob? Mighty glad to see you," he said, extending his hand to the little man, who grasped it tightly.

"Well, Dave! Yer look jest the same as yer used ter," said Bob, with a broad grin exposing numerous "vacancies" in a row of very yellow teeth. "Jest the same old Dave."

"I knew you the minute you stepped off the car. Didn't know but you'd run down in your auto," remarked Dave when they were within hearing distance of the others.

"Oh, no. Autos is gettin' so common I thought I'd rather hev a trolley ride, jest fer a change," said Bob, with a wheezy laugh.

The newcomer, having been, with due formality, presented to the rest of the company, was soon regaling them with accounts of the various scrapes in which he and Dave had been involved in their school days, Dave putting in a word occasionally when he had a chance, and Mr. Wilmot interspersing his narrative with frequent chuckles betokening his own huge enjoyment, if not that of his hearers.

"Them was great times, eh, Dave?" he concluded, slapping his host on the knee. "It seems mighty good ter talk over them things with one of the boys

that was there," he added, beaming at the company in general.

"It must indeed be a pleasure, Mr. Wilmot," said Mrs. Platt stiffly. "Elvira, my dear, can't you play something for us?"

"Certainly, Mrs. Platt," said Elvira, with alacrity; and, springing up and bestowing a passing smile on John Bates, she went into the parlor, whence presently the strains of "Narcissus" emanated from the rented piano.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Dalton, having excused herself, had disappeared in the direction of the kitchen; and some twenty minutes later, with the assistance of Mrs. Finnegan, a portly washer-lady whose services had been secured for the occasion, dinner was served.

As the guests filed through the narrow hall, Mrs. Sheldon nudged Mrs. Hobart, and whispered:

"He doesn't seem much like a multi-millionaire, does he? And did you ever hear such grammar?"

The guest of honor, as well as every one else, did ample justice to the dinner.

"Mr. Wilmot," remarked Mrs. Hobart, seizing an opportunity to squeeze a word into a rift in Mr. Wilmot's monologue, "your face seems so familiar to me. I think I must have seen you somewhere before."

"Well, ma'am," replied Wilmot, with his mouth full, "mebbe yer hev, but I don't seem to remember you, ma'am."

"Will your garage be done in time to use this summer, Mr. Wilmot?" asked Mr. Sheldon, a stout, red-faced man with sleek black hair, who wore an enormous ring on his fat hand.

"Eh? What's that? Garage?" said Wilmot, with a puzzled expression.

"Mr. Dalton said you were going to build a big garage."

Wilmot looked inquiringly at his host. "What did yer mean, Dave?" he asked. "I ain't goin' ter build no garage. I ain't got no automobile. Poor men like me can't afford any o' them things. I thought you was jest jokin' when yer said yer thought I'd come down in my auto."

The host looked blank, and his wife still more so.

"What made yer think I had an auto, Dave?" continued Wilmot.

"Why, I read about your garage in the *Weston Weekly Herald*. Here's the paper now," said Dave, rising and taking a newspaper from the lower part of a small table behind him. "And here's the item in black and white."

He pointed out the paragraph to Wilmot, who put on his glasses, and read it.

"O—h!" said he. "They's a misprint in that. It oughter be 'garbage contract.' I've got the garbage contract fer Montfort City; an' there ain't goin' ter be much profit in it, neither, fer I'll hev ter buy a lot o' horses an' wagons an' hire a lot o' men. I can't do as much o' the work myself, either, as I used ter. I ain't as young as I used ter be."

There was an appalling silence. Mrs. Dalton appeared to be on the verge of tears as she noticed the scarcely repressed smiles on the faces of her guests; and Dave, too, flushed with mortification as he encountered John Bates' disdainful expression. Mrs. Dalton hurriedly rose, and the entire party repaired to the parlor in awkward silence. Mr. Wilmot, who had hitherto been so voluble, seemed to feel that something was wrong for which he was to blame, though he could not quite make out what it was. He soon took his departure, saying he would have to catch an early train for home; and the other guests shortly followed his example.

"He ain't so much, after all," said Mr. Hobart to his wife as they reached their own side of the street.

"I should say not," said Mrs. Hobart contemptuously; "and I know now where I've seen him before, too. It was when I was down at Maria's, in Montfort City, and he came around after the garbage."

When the last guest had gone, Huldah sank into the nearest chair.

"Thank goodness, young Mr. Fairley didn't come!" she burst out. "And Dave, did you see the expression on those people's faces? I'll never speak to them again as long as I live!"

"Maybe they won't speak to us again, Huldah," said Dave, locking the door.



What the Editor Has to Say

THE next issue of SMITH'S opens with a novel by Louise Driscoll, in which the question of divorce is raised. Has a woman tied for life to a man who consistently illtreats her, whom she has long ceased to care for or respect, a right to seek freedom in the divorce courts? The case is complicated still further in this story by the fact that the woman realizes herself to be in love with another man. "The Spirit of the Law" is the story of a strong man and a strong woman. It is the drama of a human life, told in the most vivid and compelling fashion. It is really a strong, powerfully told story, and well worth reading. In a long list of good novelettes published in SMITH'S in recent years, we can think of none better than this in the qualities of interest, realism, character, and truth to life.

THERE are some unusually funny stories in the next issue of SMITH'S. Of course there is another tale by Holman F. Day—this time, "On Cupid's Homestretch." A love story in which such characters as Cap'n Sproul and Hiram Look play leading parts may lack a little in the way of delicate sentiment, but is sure to more than make up for it in the way of rollicking humor. Then there is "Megaphone Margery," by William Hamilton Osborne, a story of women in politics. It is indeed a suffragette tale of the most advanced type. We know of no one who can write a farcical comedy of everyday

life as well as Osborne, and this time he has done even better than usual. Then there is another story of life among the boys and coeds at Peterkin, by Edwin L. Sabin, "Entertaining 'Bully's' Mother." This is one of the best in the series. Also, still another genuinely funny story, by Frank X. Finnegan—a tale of a bachelor, a baby, and a prospective mother-in-law, called "To Oblige Bertha."

EVERY story in the next issue of the magazine is worth laying aside to read a second time. "The Little Good," by Hapsburg Liebe, is the story of a man who has been wrongfully convicted of a crime, who has served a term in prison for it, who, although innocent of any wrong, finds it impossible to live among his fellows. It is a touching little tragedy of everyday life, but it ends happily—and the happy ending is not a forced one, but natural and inevitable. Then there are romance and adventure, as a woman sees them in concentrated essence, in Winona Godfrey's story, "Ardis." There's another good story, "At 'The Last Chance,'" by Eleanor M. Kelly, whose novel, "The Heritage," you read in the March number of SMITH'S. Also, there's a good little story told in four letters—those they wrote first, and those they sent—by Hildegard Lavender. The "beauty" department in SMITH'S is easily the best appearing anywhere. Next month Doctor Whitney will tell you "How to Acquire a Graceful Bearing."

A Lesson in Facial Massage

By Doctor Lillian Whitney

THE advice given by some beauty culturists upon self-massage is—well, not very satisfactory. As a matter of fact, few things are more difficult to acquire than the art of manual treatment. A British physician, in writing on this subject, whimsically remarks that the masseur who rubs a hole in his patient has mistaken his vocation. There are a great many pursuing this work who are utterly unsuited to it, and who will, therefore, never master it. If this is true of a professional masseur, it is even more so of those who endeavor to restore their tissues by unskillfully applied and haphazard strokes and passes.

It is also true that nothing stays the hand of time or removes its fingerprints so surely and so effectually as massage, but it must be competent massage, judiciously employed. The woman who complains that she cannot take facial treatment because it makes her skin blotchy has fallen into the wrong hands. After a little coaching, she could, no doubt, treat herself far more skillfully than the heavy-handed masseuse, for, after the preliminary teaching, massage is a matter of dexterity and skill.

Except in medical cases, self-treatment is preferable, because we are the best judge of the amount of force and pressure required, and the exercise of giving oneself massage is also of much benefit. One thing must be borne in mind, however, i. e., to treat oneself as though one were one's own patient. Give up the same amount of time, relax the tissues just the same, and *massé* the parts just as patiently and as conscientiously as though the treatment were being given to or by some one else, and were being paid for.

Every woman is interested in hold-

ing Father Time at bay, and every woman would like to accomplish this with a magic wand. Unfortunately we are not fairies, but everyday folk who must work to attain our ends. The first thing to learn in facial treatment is the manipulation of the tissues, which varies from a gentle caress to deep-seated, scientifically given rubbing—not drubbing. After unmistakable signs of age—such as lines, crow's-feet, enlarged pores, sallow and parched skin, flabby tissues, and the like have made their appearance, more vigorous treatment is required than in the *preventive* stages of time defiance. Here superficial treatment of the skin to retain the tone by means of *effleurage*—one of the terms used by the French, past masters in the art of massage—is all that is necessary. *Effleurage* consists in gently stroking and patting the skin; if no ointment is used, greater friction, and, therefore, more electricity is engendered.

In applying deep-seated massage, a knowledge of the direction in which the manipulations are given is absolutely necessary, otherwise wrinkles are created, and further damage to the tissues is done.

The muscles of the face run in various directions; some are round, some straight, and others transverse. The face contains the muscles of expression, which differ from those of the body in several particulars. They are looser in texture, thus accounting for the greater flabbiness of the tissues of the face under some conditions. The fibers of the muscles of expression intermingle with one another, so modifying the action of each other. They also vary greatly in development, from person to person, which accounts for the greater expressiveness of some faces; they vary in the

same person at different ages, and on the two sides of the face, which explains why one side of the same face may be more pleasing or "better looking" than the other.

The muscle covering the forehead extends from the brows straight back over the head. It lifts the brows, and is the muscle of surprise; when exaggerated, it expresses fright or horror. It throws the forehead into wrinkles, and in some very thin-skinned people transverse lines in this situation make their appearance very early in life. This muscle should be masséd from the eyebrows upward and backward in long, firm strokes, gradually covering the surface and working backward all the time.

A small muscle inserted between the eyebrows, and running transversely, draws them downward and inward, and causes the vertical wrinkles we call frowning. This is a most important muscle to women, who should strive hard to control its use unduly. It is the principal agent in the expression of suffering, and as women experience physical pain to a far greater degree than men, we have here an explanation of the greater development of this muscle in the gentler sex. In treating it with a view of removing the lines caused by frowns, the space between the brows is rubbed transversely, or in the opposite direction to that in which the lines are formed.

The muscle of the eyelids is circular, the fibers running down and mingling with those of the cheek and temple. People who are exposed to the ele-

ments a good deal have a great many lines running down the cheek and temple from the outer corner of the eye, because this is the muscle involved in winking and blinking. Those who smile with the whole face, and so throw these fibers into folds, early acquire wrinkles around the eyes; and, of course, when age advances, the so-called crow's-feet make their appearance, although crow's-feet are not always the result of old age.

People who see the "funny side" of life, and who are in a perpetual state of good humor, may develop crow's-feet while in their teens. Massage of this muscle and its fibers is quite simple; follow the circular movement around the eyeball, and then rub all lines, crow's-feet, etc., etc., in the opposite direction to that in which they have been formed; the gentlest effleurage is all that can be employed in passing the finger tips over the eyeball, but very deep pressure may be exerted over the



Remember that all treatment is from the chin upward, toward the temples.

temple and cheek because of the bony structure beneath.

Attached to the inner corner of the nostril and to the upper lip is a muscle that runs up to the inner corner of the eye. It draws up the wing of the nose and upper lip, and is the principal agent in the expression of disgust. Lines forming in this situation are hard to eradicate, but persistent effort with circular movements, embracing the corners of the nose, the upper lip, and the tissues running upward to the corner of the eyes, will, in time, banish them.

The lips are formed by a circular



Smooth out the lines around the eyes first, and then rub in the opposite direction.

muscle, into the fibers of which many muscles of the cheek and chin interlace. In true old age these circular bands, from years of forcible action, have been thrown into folds, and wrinkles radiate from the mouth in every direction.

The "smiling" muscle is inserted in the corner of the mouth; directly below it is another that is perhaps the most peculiar and expressive single muscle in the human face. In fact, the angle of the mouth is the most mobile and important center of expression in the face. This muscle depresses the mouth, and persons who are habitually dissatisfied with life and disgruntled generally pull this muscle, and therefore the corners of the mouth, downward, imparting to the face an expression of perpetual discontent. Naturally in giving massage here, the tissues are rubbed upward and in the opposite direction from that in which they have been trained.

The chin consists of muscles that raise and protrude the lower lip, expressing doubt or disdain, or drawing it downward and a little outward displays irony. The cheek is filled in with the powerful chewing muscles. Hollow-cheeked persons, or those who have

been ill or show the signs of advancing years, suffer from a lack of fat that, under perfectly normal conditions, fills in the spaces between the muscle fibers. Massage of a very vigorous kind can safely be given here; the tissues can be picked up between the fingers and rolled, clawed, and squeezed gently but thoroughly, until the circulation is considerably stirred up, and the whole face thrown into a glow.

Unless the flesh is firm, it shows a decided inclination to sag, because most of the muscle fibers are inserted from below upward—therefore the rule of treatment must invariably be from the chin up toward the temples.

It is well always to use some kind of massage cream, and the character of this depends upon the condition of the tissues that require treatment; for instance, an oily skin should not have a greasy cream, but a drying, vanishing ointment instead; whereas a thin face with sagging tissues must be built up with nourishing emollients that feed the tissues.

The manner in which these creams are made is very important. As a rule, chemists will not take the time or trouble to do them justice. They much prefer selling some stock preparation, but the matter of restoring the outer man does not differ very much from the manner of building up the inner man, because what will please and nourish one person may be very distasteful to another. So it is with foods that are applied directly to the skin.

Alcohol is a certain kind of food, and glycerin is a fatty ether. Some skins become dry, yellow, irritated, and shrunken under their use, while other skins feed on the glycerin and glow brightly with the alcohol. So each case must be individually studied, and that is why sensible women prefer making their own face creams and lotions, as only in this way can they be certain what they are using. On some future occasion, if my readers wish, I will devote an article to the home preparation of cosmetics, but only a word to the beginner now.

In making all face creams, the

methods are the same; fats and oils are blended in a double boiler, or anything out of which a water bath can be improvised—a chafing dish is a good thing—until they are melted by a gentle heat. This is the first thing to learn; the fats are not to be cooked, only heated sufficiently to blend them; they are then thoroughly beaten either with a silver spoon—a druggist would use a spatula—or an egg beater, and at the same time the other ingredients are slowly added, drop by drop.

KENTUCKY CREAM.

This is a celebrated preparation used by the ladies of the South for many generations. It contains:

Almond oil.....	4 ounces
Spermaceti.....	1 ounce
White wax.....	1 ounce
Tincture of benzoin.....	2 drams
Rose water.....	4 ounces

The first three ingredients, being fats, are melted together over boiling water; the rose water is then slowly poured in, beating the mass all the while, and the tincture of benzoin added last, drop by drop.

Cucumbers contain arsenic, which acts as a whitener of the skin, and for that reason a cream to which the juice of this vegetable has been added is specially beneficial to dull complexions.

Cucumber cream is made of the same ingredients as the above, the rose water and benzoin being omitted for two ounces of cucumber juice. In making the juice, choose large, ripe cucumbers; slice them, then chop very fine in a large bowl, and after they have been quite well minced put them through a potato masher until two ounces of the liquid has been secured. The juice is slowly beaten into the blended fats, and the whole perfumed with the addition of thirty drops of any preferred extract.

When a stiffer cream is demanded, one that will fill in lines and hollows and eradicate wrinkles, heavier fats than oils and waxes are called for. The following formula is one of the most satisfactory tissue builders, and is a delightful preparation as well:

Lanolin	2 ounces
Coconut butter.....	2 ounces
Oil of sweet almonds.....	4 ounces
White wax.....	1 ounce
Spermaceti	1 ounce
Orange-flower water.....	2 ounces
Tincture of benzoin.....	½ dram

The oils and fats are melted in a double boiler, and beaten to a creamy consistency by slowly incorporating the orange-flower water; lastly beat in the benzoin drop by drop.

All these creams should be put in wide-mouthed glass jars with screw tops, and kept in a cool place.

The attention of physicians and druggists has recently been called to a



Massage from the eyebrows upward and backward.

new preparation which is claimed to be a complexion renewer by gently absorbing or removing the outer cuticle. It is also used on the hands, arms, and neck. I cannot write with authority on this preparation, but mention it for those who might wish to know of it.

In applying creams, the skin must first be put in a receptive condition in order that the greatest amount of benefit be gotten from the treatment.

It is well to begin by going over the face with a cleansing cream, the formula for which has been mentioned repeatedly in these columns; then bathe

the skin with a bland soap or almond meal, going over it many times with hot water to thoroughly empty and open the pores, and soften the cuticle. Now use whatever facial cream has been decided upon, using it very sparingly, because a lavish amount of fat causes the finger tips to glance off or merely glide over the surface, and also prevents friction, a certain amount of which is desirable, as it generates electrical currents.

Pursue the massage movements as outlined above, working the skin food well into the tissues. Wipe off all excess of cream, and tap the face gently all over with a tiny mop of cotton dipped in ice water.

One last word; it is always well to face a mirror in giving oneself massage. In no other way can we be quite sure that the needs of the tissues are faithfully met

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mrs. R. J. L.—An oil frequently recommended for the local reduction of fat contains a drug that is powerfully astringent:

Extract of rhatany..... 4 grains
Oil of benzoïn.....20 grains

The parts that are oversized are subjected to hot towels until the skin is very red and pores open; the above mixture is then rubbed in thoroughly and cold towels applied.

CONTRARY MARY.—Why should you not make your own toilet vinegar, and indeed all your toilet preparations? I think it will give you very pleasant occupation. This is a good vinegar, highly refreshing and quieting to the nerves:

Glacial acetic acid.....2½ ounces
Rose water..... 5 ounces
Lavender water..... 1 quart

J. M.—Try this lotion for damp hair:

Tincture of cantharides..... 4 drams
Quinine sulphate.....½ ounce
Oil of rosemary.....½ ounce
Bay rum.....16 ounces

Rub well into the scalp. It is a good tonic, too.

IRMA.—My dear, the man or woman who is not interested in his or her "looks" is either too ill to care about anything earthly

Dr. Whitney will be glad to answer, free of charge, all reasonable questions relating to beauty and health. Private replies will be sent to those enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope. Address: Beauty Department, SMITH'S MAGAZINE, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York.

or no longer compos mentis. The desire to appear at our best is a human attribute.

Mr. M. T.—Hair pomade and mustache cosmetics have again become fashionable in our country. Frenchmen are sensible in never having given up their use, as they nourish the hair follicles as well as improve the appearance.

FOR CORNS AND BUNIONS.

Salicylic acid.....1 dram
Flexible collodion.....1 ounce

Mix, and put a camel's-hair brush through the cork of the bottle. Paint over the parts every day. Salicylic acid plaster can be used in place of this mixture on corns, bunions, or any thickened state of the skin, with great benefit.

BENNINGTON.—Iodine is used both internally and externally for the reduction of flesh. It is said that Sarah Bernhardt has always employed it. I cannot recommend its use internally, but heartily indorse iodine soap and an ointment containing the drug.

CHEMIST.—This formula for shaving soap is used by a well-known skin specialist:

Best soft soap..... 2 ounces
Cold cream..... 1 ounce
Good white soap..... 8 ounces
Oil of citronella.....20 drops
Essence of lemon.....20 drops

MARIE.—It is to be hoped that this mouth wash will fill your needs:

Thymol..... 3 grains
Benzoic acid.....40 grains
Tincture of eucalyptus..... 3 drams
Essence of peppermint.....10 drops
Alcohol..... 3 ounces

Mix. Pour enough into a glass of warm water to make it turbid.

E. T.—There are many reasons given for the greater frequency of dandruff upon the heads of men than on those of women. Cleanliness doesn't enter into the question, although some specialists believe that constantly wetting the hair, as men do, deprives it of its natural oil. A German authority argues against trimming it close, and others condemn stiff hats, believing they impede the circulation and interfere with the nourishment of the scalp.

DANDRUFF CURE.

Resorcin..... 2 drams
Glycerine.....½ ounce
Alcohol.....enough to make 6 ounces

Mix. Clean the scalp with resorcin soap, and apply this lotion, rubbing it in thoroughly. Once a week give the scalp (not hair) a bath of olive oil, consuming fully one half hour in masséeing it into the skin.

Where Do the Smiles Come From?



Those spontaneous, contagious smiles you see are not mere signs of mirth; they are signs of *health*.

Nature's great promoter of health is *sleep*. And there is no better inducement to get the proper amount of sleep, and the right kind of sleep, than an Ostermoor Mattress.

Here is the big reason why you should learn the difference between the Ostermoor and imitations. That difference is shown in the record behind the mattress. The

Ostermoor MATTRESS \$15. "Built—Not Stuffed"

is the only mattress of its kind that has back of it a record of five to fifty years' constant use in the best homes and institutions. We have thousands of letters from users to prove that after this length of service their Ostermoors are still giving as good service as ever.

Show us an imitation that can produce such a record! Remember the Ostermoor is built, not stuffed. By the exclusive Ostermoor process, four thousand filmy sheets of cotton, are built together by hand in such a manner that the Ostermoor never loses its billowy, conforming softness. Always clean, dust proof, sanitary; never needs re-making.

Write for 144-Page Book, and Samples, FREE

It tells you about real rest and nerve-renewing sleep. It is a book which should be read in every household. Get it.

Look for the name OSTERMOOR on every genuine mattress. If desired we will ship mattress by express, *prepaid*, same day your check or money order is received. We pack in leatherette paper and burlap, so that it reaches you clean, perfectly dry (in any weather) and shapely. Satisfaction guaranteed—money back if not satisfied after 30 days' trial. Send postal for the free book this minute.

Ostermoor & Company, 216 Elizabeth St., New York
Canadian Agency—Alaska Feather & Down Co., Ltd., Montreal

The
Ostermoor
Smile

Mattresses Cost
Express Paid, best
blue and white tick,
4'-6" wide,
45 lbs., \$15.
In 2 parts, 50c ex.
Dust-proof,
satin finish ticking
\$1.50 more
Mercerized
French Art Twills
\$3.00 more.



Tell your newsdealer: "Deliver this magazine to me each month."



LET
HARTMAN
FEATHER
YOUR NEST



GET THIS BIG 330 PAGE BOOK

Save 15% to 50% on House-Furnishings

Write today for a free copy of this splendid book of 5,000 amazing bargains. Learn how you can save 15 to 50 per cent on any article of furniture or housefurnishings. Find out how you can get the benefit of our tremendous buying power, low prices and discounts. Twenty-two immense retail stores—over 1,000,000 customers—proving the astounding success of our methods.

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Let us tell you how you can get anything you want from our immense stock on 30 days' free examination—your money back without a word or question if you are not more than pleased. You are the judge—we accept your decision as final.

Easiest Credit Terms on Record

Fairest, squareest and most liberal Easy Payment Plan ever offered. No interest—no extra charges—no red tape. The rock-bottom cash price on everything. Payments to suit your convenience. Our multi-million-dollar resources enable us to offer you terms no ordinary concern would even dare think of.

HERE ARE A FEW SPECIMEN BARGAINS



B4517

Kitchen Cabinet

Madam: Stop kitchen drudgery—it wears one's life away. This Kitchen Cabinet makes kitchen work a pleasure and can be yours on the simplest credit terms. Made of hardwood, oak finish, is 62 inches high, 42 inches long, 26 inches wide, has roomy cabinet and 60-lb. capacity flour bins.

Price, **\$7.85**

Terms, \$1.00 Cash—75c Monthly

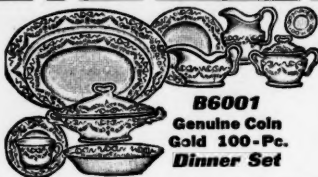


No. B4018 Dining Table

Solid Oak, Claw Foot, Dining Room Extension Table. Has 42-inch round top, broad rim, massive pedestal base, extends to 6 feet by easy running slides and is fitted with three extra leaves to match top. Worth fully 50 per cent more than our

Price, **\$9.75**

Terms, \$1.50 Cash—75c Monthly



B6001

**Genuine Coin
Gold 100-Pc.
Dinner Set**

A most magnificent 100-piece Set of Dishes, made of finest pure white under-glazed porcelain china, polished to a brilliant lustre and richly decorated with real coin gold. The Empire design is entirely new and fascinating. Sold in retail stores at 50 per cent more than we ask.

Price, **\$9.95**

Terms, \$1.50 Cash—75c Monthly



**No. B036 "Chesterfield" 9x12-ft.
SEAMLESS BRUSSELS RUG**

A magnificent, no-seam Oriental design, richly colored, real Tapestry Brussels Rug with heavy, fine, all-wool facing; guaranteed by us and recommended by thousands who now use them. A better value than ever before offered. Shipped to you on 30 days trial with money-back guarantee to protect you.

Price, **\$12.75**

Terms, \$2.25 Cash—\$1.00 Monthly



B1036

**Rocker
Bargain**

All the points which give perfect satisfaction are embodied in this elegant Rocker. It has a high, broad back, large, comfortable seat and is upholstered in famous "Imperial" leather (genuine like genuine leather). Seat contains "Monarch" steel spring construction, frame is of highly finished American quartered oak and is uniquely carved.

Price, **\$3.95**

Terms, 75c Cash—50c Monthly



**Bed,
Springs and Mattress**

B3013

Just as shown in illustration, in glossed gold bronze or any color enamel, any width, continuous posts, 1 1/8 inch in diameter. Mattress has real felt top, durable ticking, best woven wire springs with spiral spring supports. Complete—only

\$8.50

Terms, \$1.25 Cash—75c Monthly

HARTMAN FURNITURE & CARPET CO.

3940 Wentworth Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

—Largest, oldest and best known home furnishing concern in the world—
Estab. 1855—57 Years of Success

22 Great Stores—1,000,000 Customers

Tell your newsdealer: "Deliver this magazine to me each month."

One Woman's Experience



"At last you convinced me that home-baked beans were not nearly so good as yours.

"What you say is true—they are mushy and broken. Some are baked to a crisp, some hardly baked at all. Also they are hard to digest.

"It is also true about those sixteen hours—about starting today to get a meal for tomorrow.

"Every woman likes to have some meals ready to serve. So I decided to try Van Camp's.



"But my grocer didn't have them that day, so I tried another brand.

"Perhaps I was spoiled by the pictures you painted of the goodness of Van Camp's. In any event, the factory-baked beans did not please me at all.

"They lacked that zest—that flavor—which your ads taught me to expect. So I went back disappointed to the old home dish.

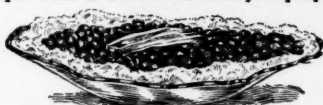


"Then, one day in a magazine you told me the difference between other baked beans and Van Camp's. So I decided to try again.

"That time I got Van Camp's.

"Well, the difference you claim is hardly one-tenth the difference that I discovered.

"Can't you find some way to better tell people what a wonderful dish you prepare?



"Now we eat Van Camp's Beans in some way four or five times a week.

"We serve them hot and we serve them cold. We even serve them for breakfast, in croquettes fried with ham. We serve them in salads.

"This has become the most popular dish we serve. And one result is that our meat bills have come down about one-third.

"You say you bake for only a million homes. Evidently others are as slow as I was, but they'll find you out."

"The
National
Dish"

Van Camp's
BAKED
WITH TOMATO
SAUCE
PORK AND BEANS

"The
National
Dish"

Three sizes: 10, 15 and 20 cents per can

Van Camp Packing Company Established 1861 **Indianapolis, Ind.**

(205)

Tell your newsdealer: "Deliver this magazine to me each month."

My Farewell Car

By R. E. Olds, Designer

Reo the Fifth—the car I now bring out—is regarded by me as close to finality. Embodied here are the final results of my 25 years of experience. I do not believe that a car materially better will ever be built. In any event, this car marks my limit. So I've called it My Farewell Car.

My 24th Model

This is the twenty-fourth model which I have created in the past 25 years.

They have run from one to six cylinders—from 6 to 60 horsepower. From the primitive cars of the early days to the most luxurious modern machines.

I have run the whole gamut of automobile experience. I have learned the right and the wrong from tens of thousands of users.

In this Farewell car I adopt the size which has come to be standard—the 30 to 35 horsepower, 4-cylinder car.

Where It Excels

The best I have learned in

25 years is the folly of taking chances. So the chiefest point where this car excels is in excess of care and caution.

In every steel part I use the best alloy ever proved out for the purpose. And all my steel is analyzed, to prove its accord with the formula.

I test my gears with a crushing machine—not a hammer. Thus I know to exactness what each gear will stand.

I put the magneto to a radical test. The carburetor is doubly heated, for low-grade gasoline.

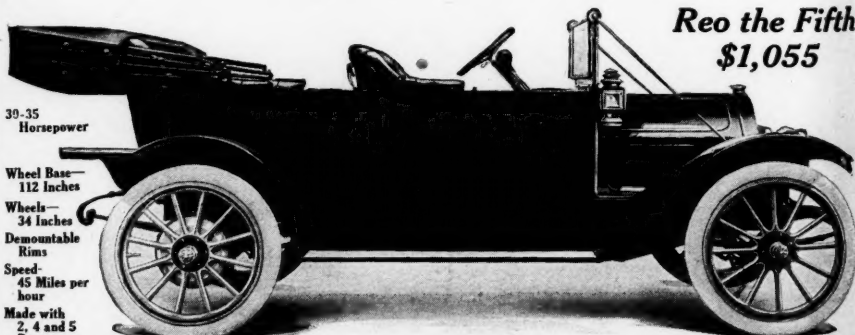
I use Nickel Steel axles of unusual size, with Timken roller bearings. I use Vanadium Steel connections.

So in every part. Each device and material is the best known for the purpose. The margin of safety is always extreme.

In Finish, Too

I have also learned that people like stunning appearance. So my body finish consists of 17 coats. The upholstery is deep, and of hair-filled, genuine leather. The lamps are enameled, as per the latest vogue. Even the engine is nickel-trimmed.

The wheel base is long—the tonneau is roomy—the wheels are large—the car is over-tired. In every part of the car you'll find the best that is possible—and more than you expect.



Reo the Fifth
\$1,055

30-35
Horsepower

Wheel Base—
112 inches

Wheels—
34 inches
Demountable
Rims

Speed—
45 Miles per
hour

Made with
2, 4 and 5
Passenger
Bodies

Top and windshield not included in price. We equip this car with mohair top, side curtains and slip cover, windshield, gas tank and speedometer—all for \$100 extra. Self-starter, if wanted, \$25 extra.

Tell your newsdealer: "Deliver this magazine to me each month."

Initial Price, \$1,055

This car—my finest creation—has been priced for the present at \$1,055. This final and radical paring of cost will stand, I believe, as my greatest achievement.

It has required years of preparation. It has compelled the invention of much automatic machinery. It necessitates making every part in our factory, so no profits go to parts makers.

It requires enormous production, small overhead expense, small selling expense, small profit. It means a standardized car for years to come, with no changes in tools and machinery.

It requires, in addition, that we make only one chassis. By that we save nearly \$200 per car.

Thus Reo the Fifth gives you more for the money than any other car in existence. Any

man can prove that for himself.

But this price is not fixed. It is the uttermost minimum. We shall keep it this low just as long as is possible. But if materials advance—even slightly—our price must also advance.

No price can be fixed for six months in advance without leaving big margin, and we haven't done that. So the present price is not guaranteed.

No Skimping

Men who know me won't think that in fixing this price I have skimped on this Reo the Fifth. Others should consider what I have at stake—my 25 years of prestige.

If there is one device, one feature, one material better than I here employ I don't know it. Better workmanship I regard as impossible. More

care and caution cannot be conceived.

I ran one of these cars for ten thousand miles—night and day, at full speed, on rough roads. And the vital parts hardly showed the least sign of wear.

Catalog Ready

Our catalog tells all the materials, gives all specifications. With these facts before you, you can make accurate comparisons with any car you wish.

We ask you to do that. In buying a car for years to come, make sure of the utmost value. Here is the best car I can build after 25 years of experience. You ought to find it out.

The book also shows the various styles of bodies. With two-passenger Roadster body the price is \$1,000.

Write now for this catalog, then we'll tell you where to see the car. Address

R. M. Owen & Co. General Sales Agents for
Reo Motor Car Co., Lansing, Mich.
Canadian Factory, St. Catharines, Ont.

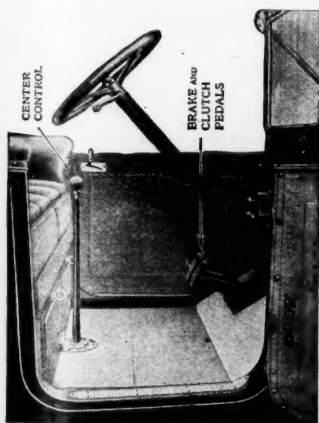
New Center Control No Levers—No Reaching

Note this new feature—the center, cane-handle control. This handle moves but three inches in each of four directions. That very slight motion does all of the gear-shifting.

Note the absence of levers. The driver's way is as clear, on either side, as the entrance

to the tonneau. Both brakes are operated by foot pedals. One pedal also operates the clutch. The driver sits as he should sit, on the left-hand side. Heretofore this was possible only with electrics.

Those are a few of the ways in which Reo the Fifth shows its up-to-dateness.



Tell your newsdealer: "Deliver this magazine to me each month."

Why Wait a Month?

Why wait a month for the continuation of a story? You don't have to do it now. We have just brought out an all-fiction WEEKLY MAGAZINE in which you get the continuation of your story every week.

A month is too long to wait. The thread of the story gets lost in the mesh of events. The WEEKLY is the ideal periodical for continued stories.

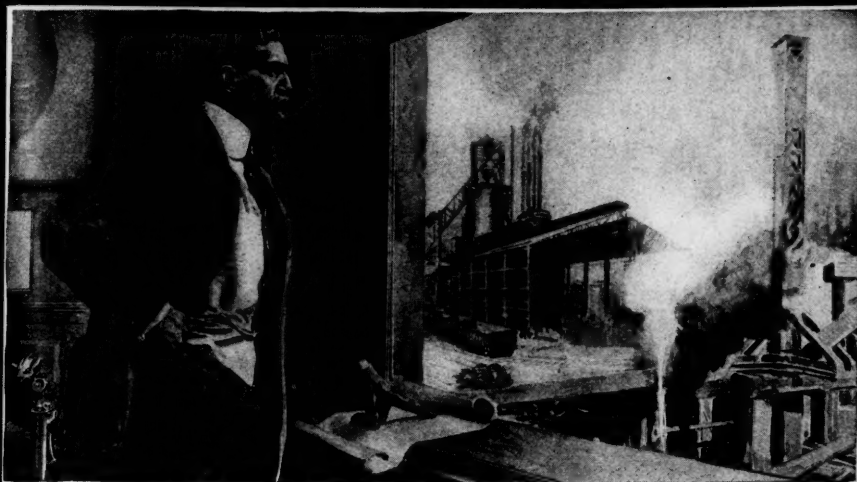
THE CAVALIER

is the name of this new WEEKLY MAGAZINE. It will publish *52 full-length book stories a year.*

A new serial begins every week—stories that make you sit up and take notice.

*On sale at all news-stands
at 10 cents a copy, \$4 a
year—a great big maga-
zine—192 pages.*

THE FRANK A. MUNSEY COMPANY
175 Fifth Avenue New York



YOU Can Rise to a Position of Power

To hold a position of power you need to know more about *your particular business* than the men working beside you.

The secret of power and success is to **KNOW EVERYTHING ABOUT SOMETHING.**

Right along these lines the International Correspondence Schools train men for Positions of Power.

The I. C. S. gives you "concentrated" knowledge—specialized training—that enables you to *master* easily and quickly everything you need to know to work up to the Position of Power.

If you can read and write, the I. C. S. can help you to succeed in the occupation of your own selection. To be convinced of this, just mark and mail the coupon—the I. C. S. will send you detailed information as to just how you can be qualified to advance higher and higher.

Marking the coupon involves no obligation on your part—do it now.

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Box 899 SCRANTON, PA.

Explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for the position before which I mark X.

Automobile Running	Civil Service
Mine Superintendent	Architect
Mine Foreman	Chemist
Plumbing, Steam Fitting	Languages
Concrete Construction	Commercial English
Civil Engineer	Building Contractor
Textile Manufacturing	Architectural Draftsman
Stationary Engineer	Industrial Designing
Telephone Expert	Commercial Illustrating
Mechan. Engineer	Window Trimming
Mechanical Draftsman	Show Card Writing
Electrical Engineer	Advertising Man
Elec. Lighting Supt.	Stenographer
Agriculture	Bookkeeper
Electric Railways	Cotton Manufacturing
Structural Engineer	Woolen Manufacturing
H. R. Construction	Toolmaking
Metal Mining	Foundry Work
English Branches	Pattern Making
Gas Engineer	Blacksmithing
Foreman Plumber	Surveyor
	Poultry Farming

Name _____
 Present Occupation _____
 Street and No. _____
 City _____ State _____

Tell your newsdealer: "Deliver this magazine to me each month."

HOW TO TREAT PIMPLES



AND BLACKHEADS

With Cuticura Soap
and Ointment

Gently smear the affected parts with Cuticura Ointment, on the end of the finger, but do not rub. Wash off the Cuticura Ointment in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water and continue bathing for some minutes. This treatment is best on rising and retiring. At other times use Cuticura Soap freely for the toilet and bath, to assist in preventing inflammation, irritation and clogging of the pores, the common cause of these distressing facial eruptions and other unwholesome conditions of the complexion and skin.



Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold everywhere. For sample of each, with 2-p. book, free, address "Cuticura," Dept. 135, Boston.

TENDER-FACED MEN

Should shave with Cuticura Soap Shaving Stick. Makes shaving a pleasure instead of a torture. At stores or by mail, 25c.

Stain Your Hair

A Most Beautiful Brown. Send for a Trial Package.



"You'd never think I stained my hair after I use Mrs. Potter's Walnut-Tint Hair Stain. The Stain doesn't hurt the hair as dyes do, but leaves it nice and fluffy, with a beautiful brown color."

It only takes you a few minutes once a month to apply Mrs. Potter's Walnut-Tint Hair Stain with your comb. Stains only the hair, doesn't rub off, it is free from lead, sulphur, silver and all metallic compounds. Has no odor, no sediment, no grease. One bottle of Mrs. Potter's Walnut-Tint Hair Stain should last you a year. Sells for \$1.00 per bottle at first-class druggists. We guarantee satisfaction. Send your name and address, and enclose 25 cents (stamps or coin) and we will mail you, charges prepaid, a trial package, in plain sealed wrapper, with valuable booklet on hair. Mrs. Potter's Hygienic Supply Co., 1485 Groton Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.



I TRUST YOU TEN DAYS. SEND NO MONEY. \$2 Hair Switch Sent on Approval. Choice of Natural wavy or straight hair. Send 10c. of your hair and I will mail a 22 inch short stem fine human hair switch to match. If you find it a life terror send \$2 in ten days, or sell it and GET YOUR SWITCH FREE. Extra shades a little more. Enclose 5c postage. Free beauty book showing latest style of hair dressing—also high grade switches, pompadours, wigs, puffs, etc. Women wanted to sell my hair goods.
ANNA AYERS, Dept. A239, 22 Quincy St., Chicago



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C. E. BROOKS, the Discoverer

to prove it. Catalogue and measure blanks mailed free. Send name and address today.
C. E. BROOKS, 1001 Brooks Bldg., Marshall, Mich.

Brooks' Appliance, the modern scientific invention, the wonderful new discovery that cures rupture will be sent on trial. No obnoxious springs or pads. Has automatic Air Cushions. **Binds and draws the broken parts together as you would a broken limb.** No salves. No lies. Durable, cheap. Pat. Sept. 10, '01. **Sent on trial**

Raising a Roof for a Rainy Day

By FRANKLIN O. KING

"Into Each Life Some Rain Must Fall," said Longfellow, and I believe You will agree with Me, Mr. Reader, that it is a Wise Man who Knows enough to Come in out of the Wet. If You haven't the Prudence and Foresight to take advantage of Good Weather and Raise a Roof for Your Family that will Protect them when the Storms come, it will be Up to Them to Find Shelter where Best They may. The wisdom of "Laying By Something for a Rainy Day," was never Better Exemplified than it is at Present, and if that *Something* is properly Invested in an Income-Producing Farm Home in Gulf Coast Texas, Your Children some Day Will Rise up and Call you Blessed.

How much Better off are You than Last Year, or the Year before that? How Much have You Actually Got that You could call Your Own? A little Furniture? A Piano, perhaps? A Few Dollars in the Bank? And how many Weary Years has it taken You to get Together that little Mite? Don't You see how Hopeless It is? You come Home each Night a little more Tired, and Your good Wife can see the gray coming into Your Hair—if It isn't already There. Chances for Promotion grow Less and Less, as each Year is added, but Ever and Always Your Expenses seem to Grow.

The Systematic Saver Accumulates slowly, unless His Savings are Put to Work where They can Earn Something Worth While. Fifteen Hundred Dollars put into the Savings Bank will, in One Year, at 3 per cent earn You less than Fifty Dollars. Half of Fifteen Hundred Dollars invested in One of our Ten-Acre Danbury Colony Farms, in convenient Monthly Payments (Protected by Sickness and Insurance Clauses) will Earn Freedom from Care, and that Comfort which comes from the Ability to Sit under One's "Own Vine and Fig Tree," with a certain Income Insured.

The Best Incentive to Persistent and Systematic Saving is the Desire to Get a Home. The Best Place I Know of to Get a Home is in the Rain Belt of Gulf Coast Texas, where You can Grow Three Big Money-Making Crops a Year, on the Same Soil, and where Irrigation and Fertilization do not Eat up the Profits Your Hands Create.

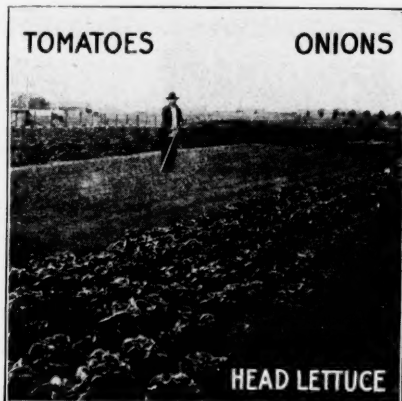
If every Man who reads this Article would

Take the Time to THINK, and the Trouble INVESTIGATE, every Acre of our Danbury Colony Land Would be Sold Within the Next Three Months. If Every Woman who glance through this Advertisement but Knew the Plain Truth about our Part of Texas, You couldn't Keep Her away from There with a Shot-Gun because the Woman is Primarily a Home-Seeker and a Home-Maker, and the Future of Her Children is the Great Proposition that is Uppermost in Her Mind and Heart.

Do You Know that Growers of Figs, Strawberries and Early Vegetables clear a Net Profit of \$300 to \$500 an Acre in Gulf Coast Texas? Do You Know men have realized more than \$1,000 an acre Growing Oranges in Our Country? If You Do Not know these things, you should read up on the subject, and you must not fail to get our Free Book, which contains nearly 100 photographs of growing Crops, etc.

What would You think of a Little Town of about 1,200 People situated near our Lands, where they ship on an average of \$400,000 worth of Fruit, Vegetables, Poultry, Eggs, etc., a year? During 1910 this Community shipped nearly \$100,000 worth of Strawberries alone.

We are situated within convenient shipping distance to Three Good Railroads, and in addition to this we have the inestimable Advantages of Water Transportation through the Splendid Harbors of Galveston, and Velasco, so that our Freight Rates are Cut Practically in Half. The Climate is Extremely Healthful and Superior to that of California or Florida—Winter and Summer—owing to the



The Man With the Hoe—and the Bank Account.

Constant Gulf Breeze.

Our Contract Embodies Life and Accident Insurance, and should You die, or become totally disabled, Your Family, or anyone else You name, will get the Farm without the Payment of another Penny. If you should be Dissatisfied, we will Absolutely Refund Your Money, as per the Terms of our Guarantee.

Write for our Free Book. Fill Out the Blank Space below with Your Name and Address, plainly written, and mail it to the Texas-Gulf Realty Company, 1355 Peoples Gas Building, Chicago, Illinois. Read it carefully, and then use Your Own Good Judgment.

* * *

Please send me your book "Independence With Ten Acres."

March Issue, Smith's Magazine.

Tell your newsdealer: "Deliver this magazine to me each month."

Mullins Boats Never Sink

The puncture-proof steel plates, the air-tight compartments—give absolute protection. 2 or 4 cycle engines—automobile control—silent, under water exhaust. We also make steel row boats and cedar canoes.

Write today for our handsome book—free postpaid.

THE W. H. MULLINS CO.

325 Franklin Street

Salem, Ohio



We Ship on Approval

without a cent deposit, prepay the freight and allow 10 DAYS FREE TRIAL on every bicycle. IT ONLY COSTS one cent to learn our unheard of prices and marvelous offers on highest grade 1912 models.

FACTORY PRICES Do not buy a bicycle or look like diamonds. Stand acid and fire diamond tests. So hard they easily scratch a file and will cut glass. Brilliantly guaranteed 25 years. All mounted in 14K solid gold diamond mountings. Will send you any style ring, pin or stud for examination—all charges prepaid—no money in advance. Write today for free illustrated booklet, special prices and ring measure. **WHITE VALLEY GEM CO., Dept. C, 709 Saks Building, Indianapolis, Ind.**

RIDER AGENTS everywhere are making big money exhibiting and selling our bicycles. We sell cheaper than any other factory.

TIRES, Coaster-Brake rear wheels, lamps, repairs and sundries at half usual prices. Do Not Wait! Write today for our special offer on "Kings" bicycle.

MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. C-110 CHICAGO



WHITE VALLEY GEMS, IMPORTED

from FRANCE

SEE THEM BEFORE PAYING!

These gems are chemical white sapphires. Look like diamonds. Stand acid and fire diamond tests. So hard they easily scratch a file and will cut glass. Brilliantly guaranteed 25 years. All mounted in 14K solid gold diamond mountings. Will send you any style ring, pin or stud for examination—all charges prepaid—no money in advance. Write today for free illustrated booklet, special prices and ring measure. **WHITE VALLEY GEM CO., Dept. C, 709 Saks Building, Indianapolis, Ind.**

BEST BIRDS, BEST EGGS, LOWEST PRICES



All leading varieties pure-bred Chickens, Ducks, Geese, and Turkeys. Largest Poultry Farm in the world. Fowls Northern-raised, healthy and vigorous. Fowls, Eggs and Incubators at lowest prices. Send for our big 132-page book, "Poultry For Profit," full of pictures. It tells you how to raise poultry and run incubators successfully. Send 10 cents for the book, to cover postage. Write today.

J. W. MILLER COMPANY, Box 217, Freeport, Ill.

BOUND VOLUMES of SMITH'S MAGAZINE now ready. **PRICE \$1.50** per volume. Address Subscription Department.

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My Magazine Investing for Profit FREE For Six Months

Send me your name and address right NOW and I will send you INVESTING FOR PROFIT magazine absolutely free for six months. It tells how to get the utmost earnings from your money—how to tell good investments—how to pick the most profitable of sound investments. It reveals how bankers and capitalists make \$1900 grow to \$22,000—in fact, gives you the vital investing information that should enable you to make your money grow proportionately. I have decided this month to give 500 six-month subscriptions to INVESTING FOR PROFIT free. Every copy is

Worth At Least \$10

to every investor—perhaps a fortune. Send your name and address now, mention this paper and get a free introductory subscription. Conditions may prevent repeating this offer. Better take it now. You'll be willing to pay 10c a copy after you have read it six months.

H. L. BARBER, Pub., R. 418, 30 Jackson Blvd., Chicago

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Made in the Largest Plant in the World devoted to manufacturing 2-cycle marine gasoline engines. **3 H.P. with Complete Outfit ready to install \$55** ALSO 3R TO 36 HR

Guaranteed by a big responsible concern. Write for big catalog—tells and shows you all about these high grade motors and how they are made.

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Flash Like Genuine

DIAMONDS

at 1/40 the cost—IN SOLID GOLD RINGS

Stand acid test and expert examination. We guarantee them. See them first—then pay. **Special Offer—14k Tiffany ring 1 ct. \$2.95. 14k ring 1 ct. \$4.95. 14k Stud 1 ct. \$4.95. Sent C.O.D. for inspection. Catalog FREE, shows full line. Patent ring gauge included. 10c.**

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FREE

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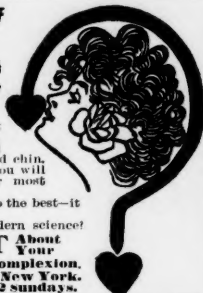
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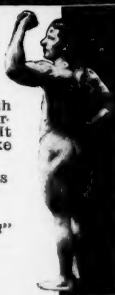
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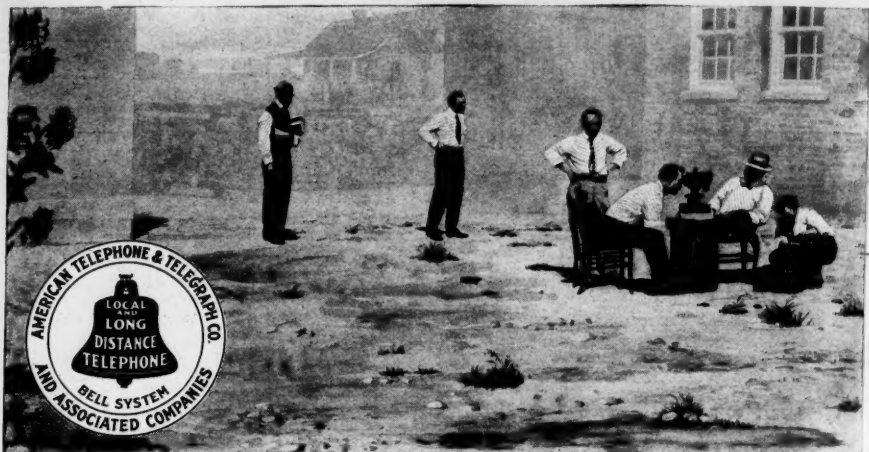
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